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Enoch Soames

A Memory of the Eighteen-nineties

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WHEN a book about the literature of the eighteen-nineties was given by Mr. Holbrook Jackson to the world, I looked eagerly in the index for Soames, Enoch. It was as I feared: he was not there. But everybody else was. Many writers whom I had quite forgotten, or remembered but faintly, lived again for me, they and their work, in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's pages. The book was as thorough as it was brilliantly written. And thus the omission found by me was an all the deadlier record of poor Soames's failure to impress himself on his decade.

I dare say I am the only person who noticed the omission. Soames had failed so piteously as all that! Nor is there a counterpoise in the thought that if he had had some measure of success he might have passed, like those others, out of my mind, to return only at the historian's beck. It is true that had his gifts, such as they were, been acknowledged in his lifetime, he would never have made the bargain I saw him make—that strange bargain whose results have kept him always in the foreground of my memory. But it is from those very results that the full piteousness of him glares out.

Not my compassion, however, impels me to write of him. For his sake, poor fellow, I should be inclined to keep my pen out of the ink. It is ill to deride the dead. And how can I write about Enoch Soames without making him ridiculous? Or, rather, how am I to hush up the horrid fact that he *was* ridiculous? I shall not be able to do that. Yet, sooner or later, write about him I must. You will see in due course that I have no option. And I may as well get the thing done now.

IN the summer term of '93 a bolt from the blue flashed down on Oxford. It drove deep; it hurtlingly embedded itself in the soil. Dons and undergraduates stood around, rather pale, discussing nothing but it. Whence came it, this meteorite? From Paris. Its name? Will Rothenstein. Its aim? To do a series of twenty-four portraits in lithograph. These were to be published from the Bodley Head, London. The matter was urgent. Already the warden of A, and the master of B, and the Regius Professor of C had meekly "sat." Dignified and doddering old men who had never consented to sit to any one could not withstand this dynamic

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little stranger. He did not sue; he invited: he did not invite; he commanded. He was twenty-one years old. He wore spectacles that flashed more than any other pair ever seen. He was a wit. He was brimful of ideas. He knew Whistler. He knew Daudet and the Goncourts. He knew every one in Paris. He knew them all by heart. He was Paris in Oxford. It was whispered that, so soon as he had polished off his selection of dons, he was going to include a few undergraduates. It was a proud day for me when I—I was included. I liked Rothenstein not less than I feared him; and there arose between us a friendship that has grown ever warmer, and been more and more valued by me, with every passing year.

At the end of term he settled in, or, rather, meteoritically into, London. It was to him I owed my first knowledge of that forever-enchanting little world-in-itself, Chelsea, and my first acquaintance with Walter Sickert and other august elders who dwelt there. It was Rothenstein that took me to see, in Cambridge Street, Pimlico, a young man whose drawings were already famous among the few —Aubrey Beardsley by name. With Rothenstein I paid my first visit to the Bodley Head. By him I was inducted into another haunt of intellect and daring, the domino-room of the Café Royal.

There, on that October evening—there, in that exuberant vista of gilding and crimson velvet set amidst all those opposing mirrors and upholding caryatids, with fumes of tobacco ever rising to the painted and pagan ceiling, and with the hum of presumably cynical conversation broken into so sharply now and again by the clatter of dominoes shuffled on marble tables, I drew a deep breath and, "This indeed," said I to myself, "is life!" (Forgive me that theory. Remember the waging of even the South African War was not yet.)

It was the hour before dinner. We drank vermuth. Those who knew Rothenstein were pointing him out to those who knew him only by name. Men were constantly coming in through the swing-doors and wandering slowly up and down in search of vacant tables or of tables occupied by friends. One of these rovers interested me because I was sure he wanted to catch Rothenstein's eye. He had twice passed our table, with a hesitating look; but Rothenstein, in the thick of a disquisition on Puvis de Chavannes, had not seen him. He was a stooping, shambling person, rather tall, very pale, with longish and brownish hair. He had a thin, vague beard, or, rather, he had a chin on which a large number of hairs weakly curled and clustered to cover its retreat. He was an odd-looking person; but in the nineties odd apparitions were more frequent, I think, than they are now. The young writers of that era—and I was sure this man was a writer—strove earnestly to be distinct in aspect. This man had striven unsuccessfully. He wore a soft black hat of clerical kind, but of Bohemian intention, and a gray waterproof cape which, perhaps because it was waterproof, failed to be romantic. I decided that "dim" was the *mot juste* for him. I had already essayed to write, and was immensely keen on the *mot juste,* that Holy Grail of the period.

The dim man was now again approaching our table, and this time he made up his mind to pause in front of it.

"You don't remember me," he said in a toneless voice.

Rothenstein brightly focused him.

"Yes, I do," he replied after a moment, with pride rather than effusion—pride in a retentive memory. "Edwin Soames."

"Enoch Soames," said Enoch.

"Enoch Soames," repeated Rothenstein in a tone implying that it was enough to have hit on the surname. "We met in Paris a few times when you were living there. We met at the Café Groche."

"And I came to your studio once."

"Oh, yes; I was sorry I was out."

"But you were in. You showed me some of your paintings, you know. I hear you 're in Chelsea now."

"Yes."

I almost wondered that Mr. Soames did not, after this monosyllable, pass along. He stood patiently there, rather

like a dumb animal, rather like a donkey looking over a gate. A sad figure, his. It occurred to me that "hungry" was perhaps the *mot juste* for him; but—hungry for what? He looked as if he had little appetite for anything. I was sorry for him; and Rothenstein, though he had not invited him to Chelsea, did ask him to sit down and have something to drink.

Seated, he was more self-assertive. He flung back the wings of his cape with a gesture which, had not those wings been waterproof, might have seemed to hurl defiance at things in general. And he ordered an absinthe. *"Je me tiens toujours fidèle,"* he told Rothenstein, *"à la sorcière glauque."*

"It is bad for you," said Rothenstein, dryly.

"Nothing is bad for one," answered Soames. "Dans ce monde il n'y a ni bien ni mal."

"Nothing good and nothing bad? How do you mean?"

"I explained it all in the preface to 'Negations.' "

" 'Negations'?"

"Yes, I gave you a copy of it."

"Oh, yes, of course. But did you explain, for instance, that there was no such thing as bad or good grammar?"

"N-no," said Soames. "Of course in art there is the good and the evil. But in life—no." He was rolling a cigarette. He had weak, white hands, not well washed, and with finger-tips much stained with nicotine. "In life there are illusions of good and evil, but"—his voice trailed away to a murmur in which the words *"vieux jeu"* and "rococo" were faintly audible. I think he felt he was not doing himself justice, and feared that Rothenstein was going to point out fallacies. Anyhow, he cleared his throat and said, *"Parlons d'autre chose."*

It occurs to you that he was a fool? It did n't to me. I was young, and had not the clarity of judgment that Rothenstein already had. Soames was quite five or six years older than either of us. Also —he had written a book. It was wonderful to have written a book.

If Rothenstein had not been there, I should have revered Soames. Even as it was, I respected him. And I was very near indeed to reverence when he said he had another book coming out soon. I asked if I might ask what kind of book it was to be.

"My poems," he answered. Rothenstein asked if this was to be the title of the book. The poet meditated on this suggestion, but said he rather thought of giving the book no title at all. "If a book is good in itself—" he murmured, and waved his cigarette.

Rothenstein objected that absence of title might be bad for the sale of a book.

"If," he urged, "I went into a bookseller's and said simply, 'Have you got?' or, 'Have you a copy of?' how would they know what I wanted?"

"Oh, of course I should have my name on the cover," Soames answered earnestly. "And I rather want," he added, looking hard at Rothenstein, "to have a drawing of myself as frontispiece." Rothenstein admitted that this was a capital idea, and mentioned that he was going into the country and would be there for some time. He then looked at his watch, exclaimed at the hour, paid the waiter, and went away with me to dinner. Soames remained at his post of fidelity to the glaucous witch.

"Why were you so determined not to draw him?" I asked.

"Draw him? Him? How can one draw a man who does n't exist?"

"He is dim," I admitted. But my *mot juste* fell flat. Rothenstein repeated that Soames was non-existent.

Still, Soames had written a book. I asked if Rothenstein had read "Negations." He said he had looked into it, "but," he added crisply, "I don't profess to know anything about writing." A reservation very characteristic of the period! Painters would not then allow that any one outside their own order had a right to any opinion about painting. This law (graven on the tablets brought down by Whistler from the summit of Fuji-yama) imposed certain limitations. If other arts than painting were not ut-

terly unintelligible to all but the men who practised them, the law tottered—the Monroe Doctrine, as it were, did not hold good. Therefore no painter would offer an opinion of a book without warning you at any rate that his opinion was worthless. No one is a better judge of literature than Rothenstein; but it would n't have done to tell him so in those days, and I knew that I must form an unaided judgment of "Negations."

Not to buy a book of which I had met the author face to face would have been for me in those days an impossible act of self-denial. When I returned to Oxford for the Christmas term I had duly secured "Negations." I used to keep it lying carelessly on the table in my room, and whenever a friend took it up and asked what it was about, I would say: "Oh, it 's rather a remarkable book. It 's by a man whom I know." Just "what it was about" I never was able to say. Head or tail was just what I had n't made of that slim, green volume. I found in the preface no clue to the labyrinth of contents, and in that labyrinth nothing to explain the preface.

> Lean near to life. Lean very near—nearer.
>
> Life is web and therein nor warp nor woof is, but web only.
>
> It is for this I am Catholick in church and in thought, yet do let swift Mood weave there what the shuttle of Mood wills.

These were the opening phrases of the preface, but those which followed were less easy to understand. Then came "Stark: *A Conte,"* about a *midinette* who, so far as I could gather, murdered, or was about to murder, a *mannequin.* It was rather like a story by Catulle Mendès in which the translator had either skipped or cut out every alternate sentence. Next, a dialogue between Pan and St. Ursula, lacking, I rather thought, in "snap." Next, some aphorisms (entitled *ἀφορίσματα*). Throughout, in fact, there was a great variety of form, and the forms had evidently been wrought with much care. It was rather the substance that eluded me. Was there, I wondered, any substance at all? It did not occur to me: suppose Enoch Soames was a fool! Up cropped a rival hypothesis: suppose *I* was! I inclined to give Soames the benefit of the doubt. I had read "L'Après-midi d'un faune" without extracting a glimmer of meaning; yet Mallarmé, of course, was a master. How was I to know that Soames was n't another? There was a sort of music in his prose, not indeed arresting, but perhaps, I thought, haunting, and laden, perhaps, with meanings as deep as Mallarmé's own. I awaited his poems with an open mind.

And I looked forward to them with positive impatience after I had had a second meeting with him. This was on an evening in January. Going into the aforesaid domino-room, I had passed a table at which sat a pale man with an open book before him. He had looked from his book to me, and I looked back over my shoulder with a vague sense that I ought to have recognized him. I returned to pay my respects. After exchanging a few words, I said with a glance to the open book, "I see I am interrupting you," and was about to pass on, but, "I prefer," Soames replied in his toneless voice, "to be interrupted," and I obeyed his gesture that I should sit down.

I asked him if he often read here.

"Yes; things of this kind I read here," he answered, indicating the title of his book—"The Poems of Shelley."

"Anything that you really"—and I was going to say "admire?" But I cautiously left my sentence unfinished, and was glad that I had done so, for he said with unwonted emphasis, "Anything second-rate."

I had read little of Shelley, but, "Of course," I murmured, "he 's very uneven."

"I should have thought evenness was just what was wrong with him. A deadly evenness. That 's why I read him here. The noise of this place breaks the rhythm. He 's tolerable here." Soames took up the book and glanced through the pages. He laughed. Soames's laugh was a short, single, and mirthless sound from the throat, unaccompanied by any movement of the face or brightening of the eyes.

"'You don't remember me,' he said in a toneless voice"

"What a period!" he uttered, laying the book down. And, "What a country!" he added.

I asked rather nervously if he did n't think Keats had more or less held his own against the drawbacks of time and place. He admitted that there were "passages in Keats," but did not specify them. Of "the older men," as he called them, he seemed to like only Milton. "Milton," he said, "was n't sentimental." Also, "Milton had a dark insight." And again, "I can always read Milton in the reading-room."

"The reading-room?"

"Of the British Museum. I go there every day."

"You do? I 've only been there once. I 'm afraid I found it rather a depressing place. It—it seemed to sap one's vitality."

"It does. That 's why I go there. The lower one's vitality, the more sensitive one is to great art. I live near the museum. I have rooms in Dyatt Street."

"And you go round to the reading-room to read Milton?"

"Usually Milton." He looked at me. "It was Milton," he certificatively added, "who converted me to diabolism."

"Diabolism? Oh, yes? Really?" said I, with that vague discomfort and that intense desire to be polite which one feels when a man speaks of his own religion. "You—worship the devil?"

Soames shook his head.

"It 's not exactly worship," he qualified, sipping his absinthe. "It 's more a matter of trusting and encouraging."

"I see, yes. I had rather gathered from the preface to 'Negations' that you were a —a Catholic."

"Je l'étais à cette époque. In fact, I still am. I am a Catholic diabolist."

But this profession he made in an almost cursory tone. I could see that what was upmost in his mind was the fact that I had read "Negations." His pale eyes had for the first time gleamed. I felt as one who is about to be examined *viva voce* on the very subject in which he is shakiest. I hastily asked him how soon his poems were to be published.

"Next week," he told me.

"And are they to be published without a title?"

"No. I found a title at last. But I sha'n't tell you what it is," as though I had been so impertinent as to inquire. "I am not sure that it wholly satisfies me. But it is the best I can find. It suggests something of the quality of the poems—strange growths, natural and wild, yet exquisite," he added, "and many-hued, and full of poisons."

I asked him what he thought of Baudelaire. He uttered the snort that was his laugh, and, "Baudelaire," he said, "was a *bourgeois malgré lui.*" France had had only one poet—Villon; "and two thirds of Villon were sheer journalism." Verlaine was "an *épicier malgré lui.*" Altogether, rather to my surprise, he rated French literature lower than English. There were "passages" in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. But, "I," he summed up, "owe nothing to France." He nodded at me. "You 'll see," he predicted.

I did not, when the time came, quite see that. I thought the author of "Fungoids" did, unconsciously of course, owe something to the young Parisian decadents or to the young English ones who owed something to *them*. I still think so. The little book, bought by me in Oxford, lies before me as I write. Its pale-gray buckram cover and silver lettering have not worn well. Nor have its contents. Through these, with a melancholy interest, I have again been looking. They are not much. But at the time of their publication I had a vague suspicion that they *might* be. I suppose it is my capacity for faith, not poor Soames's work, that is weaker than it once was.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN

Thou art, who hast not been!
Pale tunes irresolute
And traceries of old sounds
Blown from a rotted flute
Mingle with noise of cymbals rouged with rust,
Nor not strange forms and epicene
Lie bleeding in the dust,
Being wounded with wounds.

For this it is
That in thy counterpart
Of age-long mockeries
Thou hast not been nor art!

There seemed to me a certain inconsistency as between the first and last lines of this. I tried, with bent brows, to resolve the discord. But I did not take my failure as wholly incompatible with a meaning in Soames's mind. Might it not rather indicate the depth of his meaning? As for the craftsmanship, "rouged with rust" seemed to me a fine stroke, and "nor not" instead of "and" had a curious felicity. I wondered who the "young woman" was, and what she had made of it all. I sadly suspect that Soames could not have made more of it than she. Yet even now, if one does n't try to make any sense at all of the poem, and reads it just for the sound, there is a certain grace of cadence. Soames was an artist, in so far as he was anything, poor fellow!

It seemed to me, when first I read "Fungoids," that, oddly enough, the diabolistic side of him was the best. Diabolism seemed to be a cheerful, even a wholesome, influence in his life.

NOCTURNE

Round and round the shutter'd Square
I strolled with the Devil's arm in mine.
No sound but the scrape of his hoofs was there
And the ring of his laughter and mine.
We had drunk black wine.

I scream'd, "I will race you, Master!"
"What matter," he shriek'd, "to-night
Which of us runs the faster?
There is nothing to fear to-night
In the foul moon's light!"

Then I look'd him in the eyes
And I laugh'd full shrill at the lie he told
And the gnawing fear he would fain disguise.
It was true, what I 'd time and again been told:
He was old—old.

There was, I felt, quite a swing about that first stanza—a joyous and rollicking note of comradeship. The second was slightly hysterical, perhaps. But I liked the third, it was so bracingly unorthodox, even according to the tenets of Soames's peculiar sect in the faith. Not much "trusting and encouraging" here! Soames triumphantly exposing the devil as a liar, and laughing "full shrill," cut a quite heartening figure, I thought, then! Now, in the light of what befell, none of his other poems depresses me so much as "Nocturne."

I looked out for what the metropolitan reviewers would have to say. They seemed to fall into two classes: those who had little to say and those who had nothing. The second class was the larger, and the words of the first were cold; insomuch that

> Strikes a note of modernity. . . . These tripping numbers.—"The Preston Telegraph."

was the only lure offered in advertisements by Soames's publisher. I had hoped that when next I met the poet I could congratulate him on having made a stir, for I fancied he was not so sure of his intrinsic greatness as he seemed. I was but able to say, rather coarsely, when next I did see him, that I hoped "Fungoids" was "selling splendidly." He looked at me across his glass of absinthe and asked if I had bought a copy. His publisher had told him that three had been sold. I laughed, as at a jest.

"You don't suppose I *care,* do you?" he said, with something like a snarl. I disclaimed the notion. He added that he was not a tradesman. I said mildly that I was n't, either, and murmured that an artist who gave truly new and great things to the world had always to wait long for recognition. He said he cared not a sou for recognition. I agreed that the act of creation was its own reward.

His moroseness might have alienated me if I had regarded myself as a nobody. But ah! had n't both John Lane and Aubrey Beardsley suggested that I should

write an essay for the great new venture that was afoot—"The Yellow Book"? And had n't Henry Harland, as editor, accepted my essay? And was n't it to be in the very first number? At Oxford I was still *in statu pupillari*. In London I regarded myself as very much indeed a graduate now—one whom no Soames could ruffle. Partly to show off, partly in sheer good-will, I told Soames he ought to contribute to "The Yellow Book." He uttered from the throat a sound of scorn for that publication.

Nevertheless, I did, a day or two later, tentatively ask Harland if he knew anything of the work of a man called Enoch Soames. Harland paused in the midst of his characteristic stride around the room, threw up his hands toward the ceiling, and groaned aloud: he had often met "that absurd creature" in Paris, and this very morning had received some poems in manuscript from him.

"Has he *no* talent?" I asked.

"He has an income. He 's all right." Harland was the most joyous of men and most generous of critics, and he hated to talk of anything about which he could n't be enthusiastic. So I dropped the subject of Soames. The news that Soames had an income did take the edge off solicitude. I learned afterward that he was the son of an unsuccessful and deceased bookseller in Preston, but had inherited an annuity of three hundred pounds from a married aunt, and had no surviving relatives of any kind. Materially, then, he was "all right." But there was still a spiritual pathos about him, sharpened for me now by the possibility that even the praises of "The Preston Telegraph" might not have been forthcoming had he not been the son of a Preston man. He had a sort of weak doggedness which I could not but admire. Neither he nor his work received the slightest encouragement; but he persisted in behaving as a personage: always he kept his dingy little flag flying. Wherever congregated the *jeunes féroces* of the arts, in whatever Soho restaurant they had just discovered, in whatever music-hall they were most frequently, there was Soames in the midst of them, or, rather, on the fringe of them, a dim, but inevitable, figure. He never sought to propitiate his fellow-writers, never bated a jot of his arrogance about his own work or of his contempt for theirs. To the painters he was respectful, even humble; but for the poets and prosaists of "The Yellow Book" and later of "The Savoy" he had never a word but of scorn. He was n't resented. It did n't occur to anybody that he or his Catholic diabolism mattered. When, in the autumn of '96, he brought out (at his own expense, this time) a third book, his last book, nobody said a word for or against it. I meant, but forgot, to buy it. I never saw it, and am ashamed to say I don't even remember what it was called. But I did, at the time of its publication, say to Rothenstein that I thought poor old Soames was really a rather tragic figure, and that I believed he would literally die for want of recognition. Rothenstein scoffed. He said I was trying to get credit for a kind heart which I did n't possess; and perhaps this was so. But at the private view of the New English Art Club, a few weeks later, I beheld a pastel portrait of "Enoch Soames, Esq." It was very like him, and very like Rothenstein to have done it. Soames was standing near it, in his soft hat and his waterproof cape, all through the afternoon. Anybody who knew him would have recognized the portrait at a glance, but nobody who did n't know him would have recognized the portrait from its bystander: it "existed" so much more than he; it was bound to. Also, it had not that expression of faint happiness which on that day was discernible, yes, in Soames's countenance. Fame had breathed on him. Twice again in the course of the month I went to the New English, and on both occasions Soames himself was on view there. Looking back, I regard the close of that exhibition as having been virtually the close of his career. He had felt the breath of Fame against his cheek—so late, for such a little while; and at its withdrawal he gave in, gave up, gave out. He, who had never looked strong or well, looked ghastly now

—a shadow of the shade he had once been. He still frequented the domino-room, but having lost all wish to excite curiosity, he no longer read books there. "You read only at the museum now?" I asked, with attempted cheerfulness. He said he never went there now. "No absinthe there," he muttered. It was the sort of thing that in old days he would have said for effect; but it carried conviction now. Absinthe, erst but a point in the "personality" he had striven so hard to build up, was solace and necessity now. He no longer called it *"la sorcière glauque."* He had shed away all his French phrases. He had become a plain, unvarnished Preston man.

Failure, if it be a plain, unvarnished, complete failure, and even though it be a squalid failure, has always a certain dignity. I avoided Soames because he made me feel rather vulgar. John Lane had published, by this time, two little books of mine, and they had had a pleasant little success of esteem. I was a—slight, but definite—"personality." Frank Harris had engaged me to kick up my heels in "The Saturday Review," Alfred Harmsworth was letting me do likewise in "The Daily Mail." I was just what Soames was n't. And he shamed my gloss. Had I known that he really and firmly believed in the greatness of what he as an artist had achieved, I might not have shunned him. No man who has n't lost his vanity can be held to have altogether failed. Soames's dignity was an illusion of mine. One day, in the first week of June, 1897, that illusion went. But on the evening of that day Soames went, too.

I had been out most of the morning and, as it was too late to reach home in time for luncheon, I sought the Vingtième. This little place—Restaurant du Vingtième Siècle, to give it its full title—had been discovered in '96 by the poets and prosaists, but had now been more or less abandoned in favor of some later find. I don't think it lived long enough to justify its name; but at that time there it still was, in Greek Street, a few doors from Soho Square, and almost opposite to that house where, in the first years of the century, a little girl, and with her a boy named De Quincey, made nightly encampment in darkness and hunger among dust and rats and old legal parchments. The Vingtième was but a small whitewashed room, leading out into the street at one end and into a kitchen at the other. The proprietor and cook was a Frenchman, known to us as Monsieur Vingtième; the waiters were his two daughters, Rose and Berthe; and the food, according to faith, was good. The tables were so narrow and were set so close together that there was space for twelve of them, six jutting from each wall.

Only the two nearest to the door, as I went in, were occupied. On one side sat a tall, flashy, rather Mephistophelian man whom I had seen from time to time in the domino-room and elsewhere. On the other side sat Soames. They made a queer contrast in that sunlit room, Soames sitting haggard in that hat and cape, which nowhere at any season had I seen him doff, and this other, this keenly vital man, at sight of whom I more than ever wondered whether he were a diamond merchant, a conjurer, or the head of a private detective agency. I was sure Soames did n't want my company; but I asked, as it would have seemed brutal not to, whether I might join him, and took the chair opposite to his. He was smoking a cigarette, with an untasted salmi of something on his plate and a half-empty bottle of Sauterne before him, and he was quite silent. I said that the preparations for the Jubilee made London impossible. (I rather liked them, really.) I professed a wish to go right away till the whole thing was over. In vain did I attune myself to his gloom. He seemed not to hear me or even to see me. I felt that his behavior made me ridiculous in the eyes of the other man. The gangway between the two rows of tables at the Vingtième was hardly more than two feet wide (Rose and Berthe, in their ministrations, had always to edge past each other, quarreling in whispers as they did so), and any one at the table abreast of yours was virtually at yours. I thought our neighbor was amused at my

"'Excuse—permit me,' he said softly. 'I have been unable not to hear. Might I take a

failure to interest Soames, and so, as I could not explain to him that my insistence was merely charitable, I became silent. Without turning my head, I had him well within my range of vision. I hoped I looked less vulgar than he in contrast with Soames. I was sure he was not an Englishman, but what *was* his nationality? Though his jet-black hair was *en brosse,* I did not think he was French. To Berthe, who waited on him, he spoke French fluently, but with a hardly native idiom and accent. I gathered that this was his first visit to the Vingtième; but Berthe was offhand in her manner to him: he had not made a good impression. His eyes were handsome, but, like the Vingtième's tables, too narrow and set too close together. His nose was predatory, and the points of his mustache, waxed up behind his nostrils, gave a fixity to his smile. Decidedly, he was sinister. And my sense of discomfort in his presence was intensified by the scarlet waistcoat which tightly, and so unseasonably in June, sheathed his ample chest. This waistcoat was n't wrong merely because of the heat, either. It was somehow all wrong in itself. It would n't have done on Christmas morning. It would have

liberty? In this little restaurant-*sans-façon*—might I, as the phrase is, cut in?'"

struck a jarring note at the first night of "Hernani." I was trying to account for its wrongness when Soames suddenly and strangely broke silence. "A hundred years hence!" he murmured, as in a trance.

"We shall not be here," I briskly, but fatuously, added.

"We shall not be here. No," he droned, "but the museum will still be just where it is. And the reading-room just where it is. And people will be able to go and read there." He inhaled sharply, and a spasm as of actual pain contorted his features.

I wondered what train of thought poor Soames had been following. He did not enlighten me when he said, after a long pause, "You think I have n't minded."

"Minded what, Soames?"

"Neglect. Failure."

"Failure?" I said heartily. "Failure?" I repeated vaguely. "Neglect—yes, perhaps; but that 's quite another matter. Of course you have n't been—appreciated. But what, then? Any artist who—who gives—" What I wanted to say was, "Any artist who gives truly new and great things to the world has always to wait long for recognition"; but the flattery would not out: in the face of his misery

—a misery so genuine and so unmasked—my lips would not say the words.

And then he said them for me. I flushed. "That 's what you were going to say, is n't it?" he asked.

"How did you know?"

"It 's what you said to me three years ago, when 'Fungoids' was published." I flushed the more. I need not have flushed at all. "It 's the only important thing I ever heard you say," he continued. "And I 've never forgotten it. It 's a true thing. It 's a horrible truth. But—d' you remember what I answered? I said, 'I don't care a sou for recognition.' And you believed me. You 've gone on believing I 'm above that sort of thing. You 're shallow. What should *you* know of the feelings of a man like me? You imagine that a great artist's faith in himself and in the verdict of posterity is enough to keep him happy. You 've never guessed at the bitterness and loneliness, the"—his voice broke; but presently he resumed, speaking with a force that I had never known in him. "Posterity! What use is it to *me?* A dead man does n't know that people are visiting his grave, visiting his birthplace, putting up tablets to him, unveiling statues of him. A dead man can't read the books that are written about him. A hundred years hence! Think of it! If I could come back to life *then*—just for a few hours—and go to the reading-room and *read!* Or, better still, if I could be projected now, at this moment, into that future, into that reading-room, just for this one afternoon! I 'd sell myself body and soul to the devil for that! Think of the pages and pages in the catalogue: 'Soames, Enoch' endlessly—endless editions, commentaries, prolegomena, biographies"— But here he was interrupted by a sudden loud crack of the chair at the next table. Our neighbor had half risen from his place. He was leaning toward us, apologetically intrusive.

"Excuse—permit me," he said softly. "I have been unable not to hear. Might I take a liberty? In this little restaurant-*sans-façon*—might I, as the phrase is, cut in?"

I could but signify our acquiescence. Berthe had appeared at the kitchen door, thinking the stranger wanted his bill. He waved her away with his cigar, and in another moment had seated himself beside me, commanding a full view of Soames.

"Though not an Englishman," he explained, "I know my London well, Mr. Soames. Your name and fame—Mr. Beerbohm's, too—very known to me. Your point is, who am *I?*" He glanced quickly over his shoulder, and in a lowered voice said, "I am the devil."

I could n't help it; I laughed. I tried not to, I knew there was nothing to laugh at, my rudeness shamed me; but—I laughed with increasing volume. The devil's quiet dignity, the surprise and disgust of his raised eyebrows, did but the more dissolve me. I rocked to and fro; I lay back aching; I behaved deplorably.

"I am a gentleman, and," he said with intense emphasis, "I thought I was in the company of *gentlemen.*"

"Don't!" I gasped faintly. "Oh, don't!"

"Curious, *nicht wahr?*" I heard him say to Soames. "There is a type of person to whom the very mention of my name is—oh, so awfully—funny! In your theaters the dullest *comédien* needs only to say 'The devil!' and right away they give him 'the loud laugh what speaks the vacant mind.' Is it not so?"

I had now just breath enough to offer my apologies. He accepted them, but coldly, and re-addressed himself to Soames.

"I am a man of business," he said, "and always I would put things through 'right now,' as they say in the States. You are a poet. *Les affaires*—you detest them. So be it. But with me you will deal, eh? What you have said just now gives me furiously to hope."

Soames had not moved except to light a fresh cigarette. He sat crouched forward, with his elbows squared on the table, and his head just above the level of his hands, staring up at the devil.

"Go on," he nodded. I had no remnant of laughter in me now.

"It will be the more pleasant, our little deal," the devil went on, "because you are —I mistake not?—a diabolist."

"A Catholic diabolist," said Soames.

The devil accepted the reservation genially.

"You wish," he resumed, "to visit now —this afternoon as-ever-is—the reading-room of the British Museum, yes? But of a hundred years hence, yes? *Parfaitement.* Time—an illusion. Past and future—they are as ever present as the present, or at any rate only what you call 'just round the corner.' I switch you on to any date. I project you—*pouf!* You wish to be in the reading-room just as it will be on the afternoon of June 3, 1997? You wish to find yourself standing in that room, just past the swing-doors, this very minute, yes? And to stay there till closing-time? Am I right?"

Soames nodded.

The devil looked at his watch. "Ten past two," he said. "Closing-time in summer same then as now—seven o'clock. That will give you almost five hours. At seven o'clock—*pouf!*—you find yourself again here, sitting at this table. I am dining to-night *dans le monde—dans le higlif.* That concludes my present visit to your great city. I come and fetch you here, Mr. Soames, on my way home."

"Home?" I echoed.

"Be it never so humble!" said the devil, lightly.

"All right," said Soames.

"Soames!" I entreated. But my friend moved not a muscle.

The devil had made as though to stretch forth his hand across the table, but he paused in his gesture.

"A hundred years hence, as now," he smiled, "no smoking allowed in the reading-room. You would better therefore—"

Soames removed the cigarette from his mouth and dropped it into his glass of Sauterne.

"Soames!" again I cried. "Can't you" —but the devil had now stretched forth his hand across the table. He brought it slowly down on the table-cloth. Soames's chair was empty. His cigarette floated sodden in his wine-glass. There was no other trace of him.

For a few moments the devil let his hand rest where it lay, gazing at me out of the corners of his eyes, vulgarly triumphant.

A shudder shook me. With an effort I controlled myself and rose from my chair. "Very clever," I said condescendingly. "But—'The Time Machine' is a delightful book, don't you think? So entirely original!"

"You are pleased to sneer," said the devil, who had also risen, "but it is one thing to write about an impossible machine; it is a quite other thing to be a supernatural power." All the same, I had scored.

Berthe had come forth at the sound of our rising. I explained to her that Mr. Soames had been called away, and that both he and I would be dining here. It was not until I was out in the open air that I began to feel giddy. I have but the haziest recollection of what I did, where I wandered, in the glaring sunshine of that endless afternoon. I remember the sound of carpenters' hammers all along Piccadilly and the bare chaotic look of the half-erected "stands." Was it in the Green Park or in Kensington Gardens or *where* was it that I sat on a chair beneath a tree, trying to read an evening paper? There was a phrase in the leading article that went on repeating itself in my fagged mind: "Little is hidden from this august Lady full of the garnered wisdom of sixty years of Sovereignty." I remember wildly conceiving a letter (to reach Windsor by an express messenger told to await answer): "Madam: Well knowing that your Majesty is full of the garnered wisdom of sixty years of Sovereignty, I venture to ask your advice in the following delicate matter. Mr. Enoch Soames, whose poems you may or may not know—" Was there *no* way of helping him, saving him? A bargain was a bargain, and I was the last man to aid or abet any one in wriggling out of a reasonable obligation. I would n't have lifted a little finger to save *Faust.* But poor Soames! Doomed

to pay without respite an eternal price for nothing but a fruitless search and a bitter disillusioning.

Odd and uncanny it seemed to me that he, Soames, in the flesh, in the waterproof cape, was at this moment living in the last decade of the next century, poring over books not yet written, and seeing and seen by men not yet born. Uncannier and odder still that to-night and evermore he would be in hell. Assuredly, truth was stranger than fiction.

Endless that afternoon was. Almost I wished I had gone with Soames, not, indeed, to stay in the reading-room, but to sally forth for a brisk sight-seeing walk around a new London. I wandered restlessly out of the park I had sat in. Vainly I tried to imagine myself an ardent tourist from the eighteenth century. Intolerable was the strain of the slow-passing and empty minutes. Long before seven o'clock I was back at the Vingtième.

I sat there just where I had sat for luncheon. Air came in listlessly through the open door behind me. Now and again Rose or Berthe appeared for a moment. I had told them I would not order any dinner till Mr. Soames came. A hurdy-gurdy began to play, abruptly drowning the noise of a quarrel between some Frenchmen farther up the street. Whenever the tune was changed I heard the quarrel still raging. I had bought another evening paper on my way. I unfolded it. My eyes gazed ever away from it to the clock over the kitchen door.

Five minutes now to the hour! I remembered that clocks in restaurants are kept five minutes fast. I concentrated my eyes on the paper. I vowed I would not look away from it again. I held it upright, at its full width, close to my face, so that I had no view of anything but it. Rather a tremulous sheet? Only because of the draft, I told myself.

My arms gradually became stiff; they ached; but I could not drop them—now. I had a suspicion, I had a certainty. Well, what, then? What else had I come for? Yet I held tight that barrier of newspaper. Only the sound of Berthe's brisk footstep from the kitchen enabled me, forced me, to drop it, and to utter:

"What shall we have to eat, Soames?"

"Il est souffrant, ce pauvre Monsieur Soames?" asked Berthe.

"He 's only—tired." I asked her to get some wine—Burgundy—and whatever food might be ready. Soames sat crouched forward against the table exactly as when last I had seen him. It was as though he had never moved—he who had moved so unimaginably far. Once or twice in the afternoon it had for an instant occurred to me that perhaps his journey was not to be fruitless, that perhaps we had all been wrong in our estimate of the works of Enoch Soames. That we had been horribly right was horribly clear from the look of him. But, "Don't be discouraged," I falteringly said. "Perhaps it 's only that you—did n't leave enough time. Two, three centuries hence, perhaps—"

"Yes," his voice came; "I 've thought of that."

"And now—now for the more immediate future! Where are you going to hide? How would it be if you caught the Paris express from Charing Cross? Almost an hour to spare. Don't go on to Paris. Stop at Calais. Live in Calais. He 'd never think of looking for you in Calais."

"It 's like my luck," he said, "to spend my last hours on earth with an ass." But I was not offended. "And a treacherous ass," he strangely added, tossing across to me a crumpled bit of paper which he had been holding in his hand. I glanced at the writing on it—some sort of gibberish, apparently. I laid it impatiently aside.

"Come, Soames, pull yourself together! This is n't a mere matter of life or death. It 's a question of eternal torment, mind you! You don't mean to say you 're going to wait limply here till the devil comes to fetch you."

"I can't do anything else. I 've no choice."

"Come! This is 'trusting and encouraging' with a vengeance! This is diabolism run mad!" I filled his glass with wine. "Surely, now that you 've *seen* the brute—"

"It 's no good abusing him."

"You must admit there 's nothing Miltonic about him, Soames."

"I don't say he 's not rather different from what I expected."

"He 's a vulgarian, he 's a swell mobsman, he 's the sort of man who hangs about the corridors of trains going to the Riviera and steals ladies' jewel-cases. Imagine eternal torment presided over by *him!*"

"You don't suppose I look forward to it, do you?"

"Then why not slip quietly out of the way?"

Again and again I filled his glass, and always, mechanically, he emptied it; but the wine kindled no spark of enterprise in him. He did not eat, and I myself ate hardly at all. I did not in my heart believe that any dash for freedom could save him. The chase would be swift, the capture certain. But better anything than this passive, meek, miserable waiting. I told Soames that for the honor of the human race he ought to make some show of resistance. He asked what the human race had ever done for him. "Besides," he said, "can't you understand that I 'm in his power? You saw him touch me, did n't you? There 's an end of it. I 've no will. I 'm sealed."

I made a gesture of despair. He went on repeating the word "sealed." I began to realize that the wine had clouded his brain. No wonder! Foodless he had gone into futurity, foodless he still was. I urged him to eat, at any rate, some bread. It was maddening to think that he, who had so much to tell, might tell nothing. "How was it all," I asked, "yonder? Come, tell me your adventures!"

"They 'd make first-rate 'copy,' would n't they?"

"I 'm awfully sorry for you, Soames, and I make all possible allowances; but what earthly right have you to insinuate that I should make 'copy,' as you call it, out of you?"

The poor fellow pressed his hands to his forehead.

"I don't know," he said. "I had some reason, I know. I 'll try to remember." He sat plunged in thought.

"That 's right. Try to remember everything. Eat a little more bread. What did the reading-room look like?"

"Much as usual," he at length muttered.

"Many people there?"

"Usual sort of number."

"What did they look like?"

Soames tried to visualize them.

"They all," he presently remembered, "looked very like one another."

My mind took a fearsome leap.

"All dressed in sanitary woolen?"

"Yes, I think so. Grayish-yellowish stuff."

"A sort of uniform?" He nodded. "With a number on it perhaps—a number on a large disk of metal strapped round the left arm? D. K. F. 78,910—that sort of thing?" It was even so. "And all of them, men and women alike, looking very well cared for? Very Utopian, and smelling rather strongly of carbolic, and all of them quite hairless?" I was right every time. Soames was only not sure whether the men and women were hairless or shorn. "I had n't time to look at them very closely," he explained.

"No, of course not. But—"

"They stared at *me,* I can tell you. I attracted a great deal of attention." At last he had done that! "I think I rather scared them. They moved away whenever I came near. They followed me about, at a distance, wherever I went. The men at the round desk in the middle seemed to have a sort of panic whenever I went to make inquiries."

"What did you do when you arrived?"

Well, he had gone straight to the catalogue, of course,—to the S volumes.—and had stood long before SN-SOF, unable to take this volume out of the shelf because his heart was beating so. At first, he said, he was n't disappointed; he only thought there was some new arrangement. He went to the middle desk and asked where the catalogue of *twentieth*-century books was kept. He gathered that there was still only one catalogue. Again he looked

up his name, stared at the three little pasted slips he had known so well. Then he went and sat down for a long time.

"And then," he droned, "I looked up the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and some encyclopedias. I went back to the middle desk and asked what was the best modern book on late nineteenth-century literature. They told me Mr. T. K. Nupton's book was considered the best. I looked it up in the catalogue and filled in a form for it. It was brought to me. My name was n't in the index, but—yes!" he said with a sudden change of tone, "that 's what I 'd forgotten. Where 's that bit of paper? Give it me back."

I, too, had forgotten that cryptic screed. I found it fallen on the floor, and handed it to him.

He smoothed it out, nodding and smiling at me disagreeably.

"I found myself glancing through Nupton's book," he resumed. "Not very easy reading. Some sort of phonetic spelling. All the modern books I saw were phonetic."

"Then I don't want to hear any more, Soames, please."

"The proper names seemed all to be spelt in the old way. But for that I might n't have noticed my own name."

"Your own name? Really? Soames, I 'm *very* glad."

"And yours."

"No!"

"I thought I should find you waiting here to-night, so I took the trouble to copy out the passage. Read it."

I snatched the paper. Soames's handwriting was characteristically dim. It and the noisome spelling and my excitement made me all the slower to grasp what T. K. Nupton was driving at.

The document lies before me at this moment. Strange that the words I here copy out for you were copied out for me by poor Soames just eighty-two years hence!

From page 234 of "Inglish Littracher 1890–1900" bi T. K. Nupton, publishd bi th Stait, 1992.

Fr egzarmpl, a riter ov th time, naimed Max Beerbohm, hoo woz stil alive in th twentith senchri, rote a stauri in wich e pautraid an immajnari karrakter kauld "Enoch Soames"—a thurd-rait poit hoo beleevz imself a grate jeneus an maix a bargin with th Devvl in auder ter no wot posterriti thinx ov im! It iz a sumwot labud sattire, but not without vallu az showing hou seriusli the yung men ov th aiteen-ninetiz took themselvz. Nou that th littreri profeshn haz bin auganized az a departmnt of publik servis, our riters hav found their levvl an hav lernt ter doo their duti without thort ov th morro. "Th laibrer iz werthi ov hiz hire" an that iz aul. Thank hevvn we hav no Enoch Soameses amung us to-dai!

I found that by murmuring the words aloud (a device which I commend to my reader) I was able to master them little by little. The clearer they became, the greater was my bewilderment, my distress and horror. The whole thing was a nightmare. Afar, the great grisly background of what was in store for the poor dear art of letters; here, at the table, fixing on me a gaze that made me hot all over, the poor fellow whom—whom evidently—but no: whatever down-grade my character might take in coming years, I should never be such a brute as to—

Again I examined the screed. "Immajnari." But here Soames was, no more imaginary, alas! than I. And "labud"—what on earth was that? (To this day I have never made out that word.) "It 's all very—baffling," I at length stammered.

Soames said nothing, but cruelly did not cease to look at me.

"Are you sure," I temporized, "quite sure you copied the thing out correctly?"

"Quite."

"Well, then, it 's this wretched Nupton who must have made—must be going to make—some idiotic mistake. Look here, Soames, you know me better than to suppose that I— After all, the name Max Beerbohm is not at all an uncommon one, and there must be several Enoch Soameses running around, or, rather, Enoch Soames

"'They stared at *me*, I can tell you. I attracted a great deal of attention. . . . I think I rather scared them'"

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is a name that might occur to any one writing a story. And I don't write stories; I 'm an essayist, an observer, a recorder. I admit that it 's an extraordinary coincidence. But you must see—"

"I see the whole thing," said Soames, quietly. And he added, with a touch of his old manner, but with more dignity than I had ever known in him, *"Parlons d'autre chose."*

I accepted that suggestion very promptly. I returned straight to the more immediate future. I spent most of the long evening in renewed appeals to Soames to come away and seek refuge somewhere. I remember saying at last that if indeed I was destined to write about him, the supposed "stauri" had better have at least a happy ending. Soames repeated those last three words in a tone of intense scorn.

"In life and in art," he said, "all that matters is an *inevitable* ending."

"But," I urged more hopefully than I felt, "an ending that can be avoided *is n't* inevitable."

"You are n't an artist," he rasped. "And you 're so hopelessly not an artist that, so far from being able to imagine a thing and make it seem true, you 're going to make even a true thing seem as if you 'd made it up. You 're a miserable bungler. And it 's like my luck."

I protested that the miserable bungler was not I, was not going to be I, but T. K. Nupton; and we had a rather heated argument, in the thick of which it suddenly seemed to me that Soames saw he was in the wrong: he had quite physically cowered. But I wondered why—and now I guessed with a cold throb just why—he stared so past me. The bringer of that "inevitable ending" filled the doorway.

I managed to turn in my chair and to say, not without a semblance of lightness, "Aha, come in!" Dread was indeed rather blunted in me by his looking so absurdly like a villain in a melodrama. The sheen of his tilted hat and of his shirt-front, the repeated twists he was giving to his mustache, and most of all the magnificence of his sneer, gave token that he was there only to be foiled.

He was at our table in a stride. "I am sorry," he sneered witheringly, "to break up your pleasant party, but—"

"You don't; you complete it," I assured him. "Mr. Soames and I want to have a little talk with you. Won't you sit? Mr. Soames got nothing, frankly nothing, by his journey this afternoon. We don't wish to say that the whole thing was a swindle, a common swindle. On the contrary, we believe you meant well. But of course the bargain, such as it was, is off."

The devil gave no verbal answer. He merely looked at Soames and pointed with rigid forefinger to the door. Soames was wretchedly rising from his chair when, with a desperate, quick gesture, I swept together two dinner-knives that were on the table, and laid their blades across each other. The devil stepped sharp back against the table behind him, averting his face and shuddering.

"You are not superstitious!" he hissed.

"Not at all," I smiled.

"Soames," he said as to an underling, but without turning his face, "put those knives straight!"

With an inhibitive gesture to my friend, "Mr. Soames," I said emphatically to the devil, "is a *Catholic* diabolist"; but my poor friend did the devil's bidding, not mine; and now, with his master's eyes again fixed on him, he arose, he shuffled past me. I tried to speak. It was he that spoke. "Try," was the prayer he threw back at me as the devil pushed him roughly out through the door—*"try* to make them know that I did exist!"

In another instant I, too, was through that door. I stood staring all ways, up the street, across it, down it. There was moonlight and lamplight, but there was not Soames nor that other.

Dazed, I stood there. Dazed, I turned back at length into the little room, and I suppose I paid Berthe or Rose for my dinner and luncheon and for Soames's; I hope so, for I never went to the Vingtième again. Ever since that night I have avoided Greek Street altogether. And for years I did not set foot even in Soho Square, because on that same night it was

there that I paced and loitered, long and long, with some such dull sense of hope as a man has in not straying far from the place where he has lost something. "Round and round the shutter'd Square" —that line came back to me on my lonely beat, and with it the whole stanza, ringing in my brain and bearing in on me how tragically different from the happy scene imagined by him was the poet's actual experience of that prince in whom of all princes we should put not our trust!

But strange how the mind of an essayist, be it never so stricken, roves and ranges! I remember pausing before a wide door-step and wondering if perchance it was on this very one that the young De Quincey lay ill and faint while poor Ann flew as fast as her feet would carry her to Oxford Street, the "stony-hearted stepmother" of them both, and came back bearing that "glass of port wine and spices" but for which he might, so he thought, actually have died. Was this the very door-step that the old De Quincey used to revisit in homage? I pondered Ann's fate, the cause of her sudden vanishing from the ken of her boy friend; and presently I blamed myself for letting the past override the present. Poor vanished Soames!

And for myself, too, I began to be troubled. What had I better do? Would there be a hue and cry—"Mysterious Disappearance of an Author," and all that? He had last been seen lunching and dining in my company. Had n't I better get a hansom and drive straight to Scotland Yard? They would think I was a lunatic. After all, I reassured myself, London was a very large place, and one very dim figure might easily drop out of it unobserved, now especially, in the blinding glare of the near Jubilee. Better say nothing at all, I thought.

And I was right. Soames's disappearance made no stir at all. He was utterly forgotten before any one, so far as I am aware, noticed that he was no longer hanging around. Now and again some poet or prosaist may have said to another, "What has become of that man Soames?" but I never heard any such question asked. As for his landlady in Dyott Street, no doubt he had paid her weekly, and what possessions he may have had in his rooms were enough to save her from fretting. The solicitor through whom he was paid his annuity may be presumed to have made inquiries, but no echo of these resounded. There was something rather ghastly to me in the general unconsciousness that Soames had existed, and more than once I caught myself wondering whether Nupton, that babe unborn, were going to be right in thinking him a figment of my brain.

In that extract from Nupton's repulsive book there is one point which perhaps puzzles you. How is it that the author, though I have here mentioned him by name and have quoted the exact words he is going to write, is not going to grasp the obvious corollary that I have invented nothing? The answer can be only this: Nupton will not have read the later passages of this memoir. Such lack of thoroughness is a serious fault in any one who undertakes to do scholar's work. And I hope these words will meet the eye of some contemporary rival to Nupton and be the undoing of Nupton.

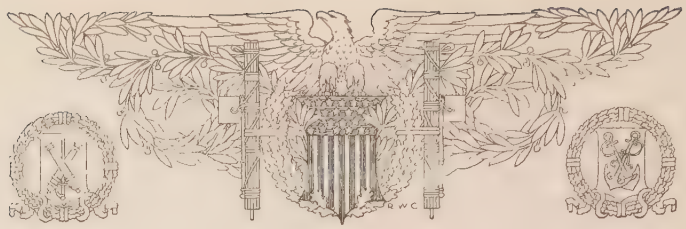
I like to think that some time between 1992 and 1997 somebody will have looked up this memoir, and will have forced on the world his inevitable and startling conclusions. And I have reason for believing that this will be so. You realize that the reading-room into which Soames was projected by the devil was in all respects precisely as it will be on the afternoon of June 3, 1997. You realize, therefore, that on that afternoon, when it comes round, there the selfsame crowd will be, and there Soames will be, punctually, he and they doing precisely what they did before. Recall now Soames's account of the sensation he made. You may say that the mere difference of his costume was enough to make him sensational in that uniformed crowd. You would n't say so if you had ever seen him, and I assure you that in no period would Soames be anything but dim. The fact that people are

going to stare at him and follow him around and seem afraid of him, can be explained only on the hypothesis that they will somehow have been prepared for his ghostly visitation. They will have been awfully waiting to see whether he really would come. And when he does come the effect will of course be—awful.

An authentic, guaranteed, proved ghost, but only a ghost, alas! Only that. In his first visit Soames was a creature of flesh and blood, whereas the creatures among whom he was projected were but ghosts, I take it—solid, palpable, vocal, but unconscious and automatic ghosts, in a building that was itself an illusion. Next time that building and those creatures will be real. It is of Soames that there will be but the semblance. I wish I could think him destined to revisit the world actually, physically, consciously. I wish he had this one brief escape, this one small treat, to look forward to. I never forget him for long. He is where he is and forever. The more rigid moralists among you may say he has only himself to blame. For my part, I think he has been very hardly used. It is well that vanity should be chastened; and Enoch Soames's vanity was, I admit, above the average, and called for special treatment. But there was no need for vindictiveness. You say he contracted to pay the price he is paying. Yes; but I maintain that he was induced to do so by fraud. Well informed in all things, the devil must have known that my friend would gain nothing by his visit to futurity. The whole thing was a very shabby trick. The more I think of it, the more detestable the devil seems to me.

Of him I have caught sight several times, here and there, since that day at the Vingtième. Only once, however, have I seen him at close quarters. This was a couple of years ago, in Paris. I was walking one afternoon along the rue d'Antin, and I saw him advancing from the opposite direction, overdressed as ever, and swinging an ebony cane and altogether behaving as though the whole pavement belonged to him. At thought of Enoch Soames and the myriads of other sufferers eternally in this brute's dominion, a great cold wrath filled me, and I drew myself up to my full height. But—well, one is so used to nodding and smiling in the street to anybody whom one knows that the action becomes almost independent of oneself; to prevent it requires a very sharp effort and great presence of mind. I was miserably aware, as I passed the devil, that I nodded and smiled to him. And my shame was the deeper and hotter because he, if you please, stared straight at me with the utmost haughtiness.

To be cut, deliberately cut, by *him!* I was, I still am, furious at having had that happen to me.



Military Training for Our Youth

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "The Hopes of the Hyphenated," etc.

COMPULSORY military training, in its essence, is merely an extension of compulsory education by which the citizen is equipped not only to achieve his very American privilege of fighting for an individual place in the sun to earn a decent living and to strengthen his mental and moral fiber, but also to achieve his equally American duty of fighting to maintain the collective rights of all American citizens.

Education develops individuality; military education develops nationality. In this country to-day it is a menacing fact that the average citizen, while jealous of his prerogatives, has only a vague conception of his duties to his country.—THE EDITOR.

AS a matter of policy, preparedness has been taken out of the province of sincere debate. Regardless of extremists, who balance absurdities of pacifism against absurdities of militarism, the people of the United States are resolved upon some sound plan of national defense that will not only assure the safety of democratic institutions, but also enable America to give force and effect to the spirit of those institutions. The one question at issue, when evasion is put aside, is whether dependence shall continue to be placed upon the volunteer system or whether the protection of the republic shall constitute a natural and inescapable obligation of citizenship.

Is patriotism a duty that must be discharged by all or a favor to be bestowed at will? In the United States, where cities, commonwealths, and nation equally *compel* obedience to a multitude of laws concerned with the general good, is it to be the case that defense shall remain on no firmer base than the differing impulses of individual men?

These are not by any means questions of abstract interest. Mr. Chamberlain, chairman of the senate committee on military affairs, has introduced a bill that provides for universal training, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States stands pledged to this idea, and all over the country there is evidence that the lessons taught by Switzerland and Australia are filling the thought of the great mass of people. The preparedness that is intended for all time, and not merely for the political campaign of 1916, must take account of this new policy that has risen to dispute the superiority of the old. There are investigations to be made, comparisons to be instituted, and they cannot be evaded in the interests of ancient prejudices and inherited traditions.

The volunteer system is now an obvious and admitted failure, and it is in the light of this breakdown that its hopes and assurances for the future must be viewed. It is on trial in the court of public opinion, and it must make the attempt to justify itself. The organized militia of the United States is naturally the first witness to be called, since it has ever been the choice medium for uncompelled patriotism.

Although there are over twenty million

men available for enlistment, the aggregate strength of the organized militia in the United States to-day is 129,398. Of this number, thirty-six per cent. did not attend twenty-four drills during the last year, and in many States the attendance was as low as sixteen per cent. Four States—New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Pennsylvania—contribute one third of the total strength, the beggarly hundreds of other commonwealths tapering down until Nevada is reached, where no militia of any kind exists in organized form.

In the interstate competitions arranged by the war department only fourteen States took part; only 1400 enlisted men took advantage of camps of instruction; and in 1915 only one State, Washington, was equipped as prescribed by the war department. Target practice was satisfactory in eight States only, and General Mills, head of the division of militia affairs, reports that six months of active preparation would be required to put the slipshod body in shape for real service.

It is claimed, of course, that lack of money has been the fault, just as promises of efficiency are based upon larger appropriations. Figures of record dispute both excuse and appeal. From 1903 to 1915, inclusive, the Federal Government spent $66,540,412 upon these state troops, a vast sum that does not include the expenses of regular army officers assigned to militia duty, or the cost of sending officers and enlisted men of the organized militia to service schools.

The state appropriations for 1915 alone were $7,725,127, and it must be remembered that this expenditure has been a steady annual drain on every State since the Revolutionary War. It is safe to say that the organized militia has cost the taxpayers of the United States a round billion, yet not all this money has been able to win enlistments, increase competency, or arouse interest.

Not one of the present arguments in favor of a militia pay-bill are new, for all were heard in 1903, when the Dick Bill was under discussion. It was pleaded then that should the Government irrigate the organized militia with golden streams from the treasury, strength and efficiency would follow instantly and steadily. The requested millions were appropriated, yet though the population of the United States increased twenty millions between 1903 and 1914, the national guard increase was only 12,456. For twelve years the Government has offered pay, transportation, and subsistence to all members of the organized militia yielding themselves to the intensive training of regular army manœuvers and state encampments, yet fewer than one per cent. of the militiamen have responded.

The real meaning of the federalization now urged is pay for the futile weekly armory drills that have been carried on for a hundred years without the slightest return in fitness.

It is in a large measure true that the organized militia has labored under the disadvantage of the police duties that are imposed upon it by the States. Men of the laboring class have refused, and will refuse, to enlist, and it is equally the case that many others in nowise party to the industrial dispute do not care to join a body that may be called upon at any moment to shoot down fellow-citizens. The proposed federalization, however, does not affect this disability in any particular, for the Constitution specifically reserves the control of the organized militia to the various States, limiting the command of the President to time of actual war.

To base any plan for national defense upon the organized militia through any law in the power of Congress to enact is to spend additional millions upon a body that has steadfastly resisted every activity toward betterment, and which in its very essence defies unity and proper federal control.

Consideration of the regular army only adds another count to the indictment against the volunteer system. The law of the land allows a total enlisted strength of 100,000; yet not all the alluring posters and recruiting officers have been able to secure this number. Even were Congress

to decide to disrupt industry, burden the taxpayer, and menace free institutions by the creating of a large standing army, where would the men come from? The American private is better paid, better fed, and better housed than the private soldier of any other nation, yet the regular service makes no greater appeal than does enlistment in the organized militia.

Surely, after one hundred and thirty-eight years of earnest effort and enormous expenditure, it will not be urged that 129,000 half-drilled, half-fit men is a result that merits continued reliance upon the volunteer system as a sound basis for national safety, or the showing of a raked-and-scraped regular army of fewer than 90,000 that costs over one hundred millions a year to maintain?

The truth must be faced that the volunteer system has been attended at every step by waste and failure, draining the national treasury while contributing little or nothing to the adequate preparedness that is now seen as a national need. It is the lesson of history that every great country in every great war has had to resort to conscription because of the cowardice or indifference that hides at home while bravery and patriotism make their sacrifices of blood upon the battle-field. The question for the United States to decide is whether this step shall be taken at the twelfth hour, when precious time must be lost in winnowing and drilling, or now, when years of peace permit a slow, scientific process that contains no menace to democratic ideals or the impairment of the civic virtues.

Major-General Leonard Wood is one soldier who has not permitted the prejudices of his calling to limit his social vision or blind him to the larger aspects of life. Because of these things he enjoys a public confidence that gives weight to his opinions. Asked for them, he spoke in this unhesitating fashion:

> Any plan which fails to recognize the basic principle of universal military training is a makeshift and an expedient. The volunteer system as a system has been a dismal failure in every war that we have engaged in, and always will be. The good men will go first; then volunteering will stop, as it did in the Revolution, in 1812, and in the Civil War, forcing resort to the draft. It makes for inequality of service. The rich, when drafted, have been able to buy the poor to take their places. The result has been a debauchery of public morals.
>
> The difficulties in the way of universal military training are not so great as people think. Let assent be given to the principle itself, and details can be worked out with small trouble. Congressional districts can be used as a basis of division for purposes of registration and training, and the all-important question of instruction can be met primarily by regular army officers, national-guard officers, and graduates of military institutions until the force is supplemented by courses of specific preparation.
>
> Universal training means more than national defense and national safety. It means national health, national virility, national progress; for there is not a weakness in American life that it would not strengthen. Stronger bodies, clearer minds, higher civic ideals, a keener sense of the man's obligation to his fellows, his community, and his country, a solution of the immigrant problem, by giving aliens a sense of belonging—all these are only a few of the benefits that might be expected to flow.
>
> The Australian system includes calisthenic training from twelve to fourteen. The procedure is simple, as is the apparatus required. From fourteen to eighteen the boys receive training in the elements of drill, camp-work, map-reading and map-making, target practice, plus the general type of instruction given to the older boy scouts. Take a youngster with this preparation, give him a brief period of intensive training under efficient officers, and you have a fit defender well on his way to join an adequate reserve.
>
> Instruction in sanitation and personal hygiene does not stop with the individual person, for he carries it home with him to the improvement of local conditions. I can conceive of no more direct attack upon the preventable diseases that ravage America as a result of ignorance and indifference.

Character will be built as well as mind and body. Australia reports that her system of universal training has greatly reduced juvenile delinquency. In Switzerland, where every fit male is trained for defense, the murder-rate is twelve per million, as against one hundred and twenty-four per million in the United States.

I advocate universal training not as an approach to militarism, but as an escape from it. It is democracy in its essence, for it is without inequalities and discriminations. Make our millions fit for every exigency of defense, and they will be fit for the peace that such preparation will insure. America can be prepared without being unjust. She can be strong without being aggressive.

Compulsory military training is not compulsory military service, but the very reverse, carrying with it none of the sinister implications that attend the Continental idea. Merely accepting compulsion in military instruction even as compulsion in education is now accepted, the system operates during the growing period of individual life so that maturity may be devoted to normal civil pursuits without interference or interruption. Whole years are not lifted out of an adult's career, nor is the mind of the citizen exposed to prolonged contact with things martial and thoughts of war. The process is natural, reasonable, and orderly, strengthening manhood even as it bulwarks the nation.

A principal objection to such a plan is based upon the assumption that it is inseparably a part of the educational system of the country, thus raising points of constitutional law as well as academic problems. As a matter of fact, it is distinctly a live question whether the educational processes of the nation would not be quickened immeasurably by federalization. According to census reports, 7.7 per cent. of the population over ten is illiterate, which means that in a democracy, where every voice may come to share in important national decisions, 5,516,163 persons are utterly lacking in any education whatsoever. Of this number, over three million are white, and a million and a half are native-born whites.

Mississippi and Georgia have no compulsory education laws, and the illiteracy percentages are 22.4 and 20.7 respectively. The worthless laws of the following States are equally reflected in the census returns: Louisiana 29, South Carolina 25.7, North Carolina 18.5, Alabama 22.9, and Virginia 15.2 per cent.

Education is no less vital a concern than national defense itself, for illiteracy may breed dangers within as menacing as any peril from without. In this important regard, no less than in the matter of the organized militia, state control has broken down, permitting stagnancy in the very well-springs of American life. In view of this breakdown, such federalization of the system as may be necessary to install compulsory military training is seen as a rational undertaking demanded by the needs of education itself.

Under federal control, with poverty-blocked or indifferent States either aided or spurred, one wise compulsory education law may obtain from coast to coast, ministering to adults as well as to children, putting emphasis upon preparedness for the business of life as well as for the cultural values, taking every school-house from the backwaters, and planting it in the living stream.

It is not by any means a novel principle. The war department administers public education in the Philippines, the interior department acts similarly in Alaska, the labor department looks after the educational problems of adults, and there are fully fifty universities and agricultural colleges that receive funds from the Government in return for maintaining military tactics in their curricula.

The words of Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York, may be considered an authoritative expression of the educational sentiment of the United States. These are his views:

I am not so unpractical as not to know that for a weary time, at least, we must

prepare for protection, but care must be taken that our activities in this direction do not reach their acme in recrudescent savagery or in preparation for it. The perpetuation of international hatreds and brutish warfare as a purposeful feature of the education of our children cannot be allowed.

If by universal training it is meant that we must turn our great public-school system into recruiting-stations or barracks for the idea that war, as illustrated in Belgium, Poland, or Servia, is the supreme expression, or the necessary school, of a nation's valors or of a virile civilization, I protest against it and oppose it.

On the other hand, I can conceive a system of universal training able to release an incalculable power for the general good—a system that, even while having the national defense in mind, would discipline and organize the children and youth with the same rigor to fight the real foes of mankind, the savage instincts or latencies within ourselves, the hostile forces of physical nature, to fight for the absolute good, but to fight as nobly as the absolute good demands; and not for our individual selves alone, but for something of which ourselves are but an ephemeral, yet significant part—the *state*. Let them be trained to fight against the real foes of a city, a nation, a race.

A camp for such purposes I should like to make every school, public and private; a place not only where children are trained to realize their individual potencies, but where all shall feel themselves a contributing part in the making of a better community, a better state, a better world, a finer race on the planet.

We have too much softened our vocabulary and our spirits. We speak of "public service" and "doing good" when we ought to be making such war, fighting evil and enduring hardships. We ought, as some old militant Christian said, to put on our armor and not to take it off until we put on our shrouds. For life is not service. Life is struggle alone, struggle together. Life is war.

Let us crowd out the militarism of individual valors with the militarism productive of miracles of organization; the militarism that calls into specific sacrificial service what each man has to give, even if it takes him away from his personal prospects or his personal gain or takes from him his life; a militarism that will bring us to the day when the Landsturm of fear and envy and hate will become the Landsturm of disciplined, scientific, aspiring industrial and invincible struggle for man's supremacy over earth, sea, sky, and self.

It is the war department that has dug the Panama Canal, that has made some regions accessible, that has stayed pestilence, and ministered most effectively to cities overwhelmed by disaster. Doing away with ancient savageries and harsh superstitions, I would have the conservation of health and the direction of education conceived as functions of the war department, scientifically, austerely administered for the common good.

It is a lofty conception, one that takes away the present ignoble emphasis upon war as the mere destruction of human beings, substituting a definition that entails militant attack upon all the evils and injustices that scar American life and rot the national character. Whether or not use is made of the educational system in connection with universal training, Dr. Finley's warnings must be heeded, and the instruction course decided upon must be the fruit of conference that will represent the ideals and aspirations of a true national democracy as well as its defensive needs.

The Swiss and Australian systems, however, do not rest upon the public schools, nor does Senator Chamberlain's bill contemplate any such foundation. Stated briefly, it provides that every congressional district shall constitute a registration and training division; and it provides for the inclusion of all non-exempt males between the ages of twelve and twenty-three in the Citizen Cadet Corps, and between eighteen and twenty-three in the Citizen Army, after which they are released to enter the Citizen Army Reserve. It is stated specifically that the prescribed training may be given in public and private schools, academies, colleges, and uni-

versities, or in boy-scout groups and similar organizations.

The first years are concerned solely with the physical development of the youth; military instruction is introduced evenly and carefully, and from eighteen to twenty-three, ten days a year in a camp of continuous training is set down as the time necessary to coördinate his knowledge, to confirm it, and to familiarize him with work in the mass in the field.

It is an Americanization of the system that enables Switzerland, with its population of four million, to mobilize 500,000 trained soldiers at a day's notice, all at an annual cost of $8,000,000 as compared with the $101,959,196 that the United States spends on its regular army of 87,000, or the fourteen millions lavished on the organized militia of 129,000. It is a system bedrocked in democracy, for it does away with the vicious discriminations of the volunteer plan, letting the high duty of national defense rest with equal weight on every fit citizen, the highest as well as the lowest, the richest as well as the poorest. No disruption of industry is entailed, and democratic ideals are strengthened, not destroyed.

The total number of American boys between the ages of ten and fourteen is 9,107,140. To give this great number a proper physical training, to heighten their patriotism, to inform them in the science of defense, is not only a guarantee of future peace and permanent safety, but an immeasurable contribution to the wholesomeness and virility of the race.

America is not by any means a fit nation. Of the thirty million wage-earners in the United States, each loses an average of nine days a year through sickness, a wage loss of $500,000,000 alone, not to take account of the millions spent in medical attendance and the diminution of productivity. Even with comparatively low standards, and despite the fact that those who present themselves are the physical elect, one out of every six applicants for the army and navy is rejected as unfit. Fifty per cent. of all volunteers fail to pass tests, and of the remaining fifty per cent. one half die before the firing-line is reached because they have too much chalk in their bones.

The time to remedy these defects is not after manhood has been reached, but in youth. Even should the vital matter of national defense be thrown out of consideration, compulsory military training of the young would still stand justified by reason of its physical value. With proper regard for the right sort of emphasis, the same preparation that makes the true defender will also make the true citizen. The distinction between militarism and citizen defense is the difference between the ambition of kings and the voice of a people.

Compulsory military training, substituted for the outworn, outgrown volunteer system, would mean economy as well as adequacy. It might almost be said that its cost could be cared for out of the funds that are now poured into the rat-holes of failure and inefficiency.

The regular army is huddled to-day in forty-eight posts, crazy relics of Indian warfare perpetuated by the congressmen in whose districts they are. These pork-barrel products devour taxes and paralyze utility. At least six millions, now squandered annually in maintenance, could be saved by the abolition of forty of these posts, and another $10,626,518 is squandered every year on the transportation of troops from one God-forsaken station to another. Universal military training would compel intelligent concentration of the regular army, not only gaining sixteen millions a year, but bringing officers and men themselves into touch with democracy and efficiency.

Additional millions could be saved annually by the withdrawal of federal support from the state police forces now masquerading as a national guard. The militia pay-bill, introduced in Congress in 1914, asked a federal appropriation of $26,000,000 annually for the 129,000 troops then enrolled. With the militia recruited to 400,000, as proposed, the annual cost to the taxpayers would be close to $100,000,000.

Then, too, there is the four or five millions that the Federal Government spends annually on the fifty-odd colleges that maintain military departments. It has been money wasted from the first, for save in exceptional instances like the state universities of California, Ohio, and Illinois, these institutions have regarded their cadet corps as mere subterfuges to obtain national appropriations. The total enrolment of males in these colleges, at the last report, was 81,097, and of this number a bare twenty-three per cent. made any pretense of drill.

As General Wood has pointed out, the question of instructors is not such a bogy as appears at first. Regular army officers are now assigned to instruction duty with the militia of every State, and in the sparsely settled Western States the change would mean nothing more than the transference of duty. Lieutenant Steever, instructor-officer with the Wyoming militia, for instance, organized cadet corps in the high schools of the State in his spare time, and brought the lads to a degree of efficiency that invites comparison with the trained troops of Europe.

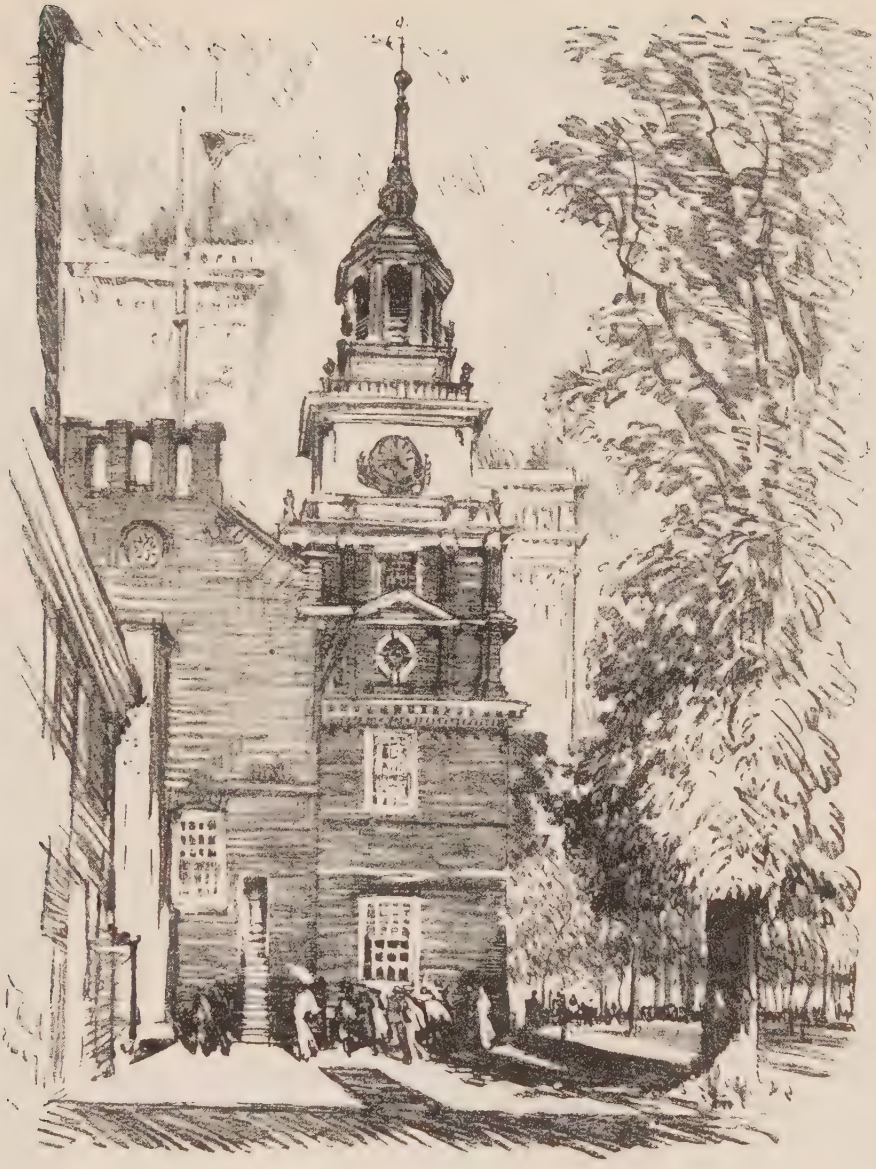
It is also true that call can be made upon such officers of the militia as may demonstrate competency, and there are also the retired lists of the army that could be drawn upon with profit. The United States is now paying $3,000,000 a year to officers on the retired list, and $2,482,000 to soldiers on the retired list. The great majority have years of good service left in them, a truth proved by the fact that many take important places in private employment, and the adoption of a system of compulsory military training would permit the utilization of their services as instructors.

When one adds together the millions that have been wasted in the past and the millions that will be wasted if Congress decides to base national defense upon a militia that is paid for attending armory drills, one will see that compulsory military training is not only more efficient, but far cheaper.

When all is said and done, however, the great value of universal military training does not lie principally in its adequacy or in its economy, but in its far-reaching and lasting effects upon the nation itself and the national character. Brag and bluster and hysteria, when analyzed, are seen to be the natural consequences of unpreparedness or semi-preparedness. The country that does not know whether it *can* fight or not is always a country that lends itself to extremes of bravado and alarm; and did the United States know itself to be ready for any emergency, it would be more difficult for a yellow press and yellower politicians to work up emotional debauches by preaching a religion of valor.

There are also the advantages of a finer, firmer physical base, the result of youthful training; an improved national health; a nobler conception of patriotism; a keener understanding of civic obligations and the meaning of fraternity; and a far saner, more wholesome outlook on life in every possible way.

Compulsory military training must come. Then why not now? What is the point of making numberless toothless bites at the cherry of national defense?



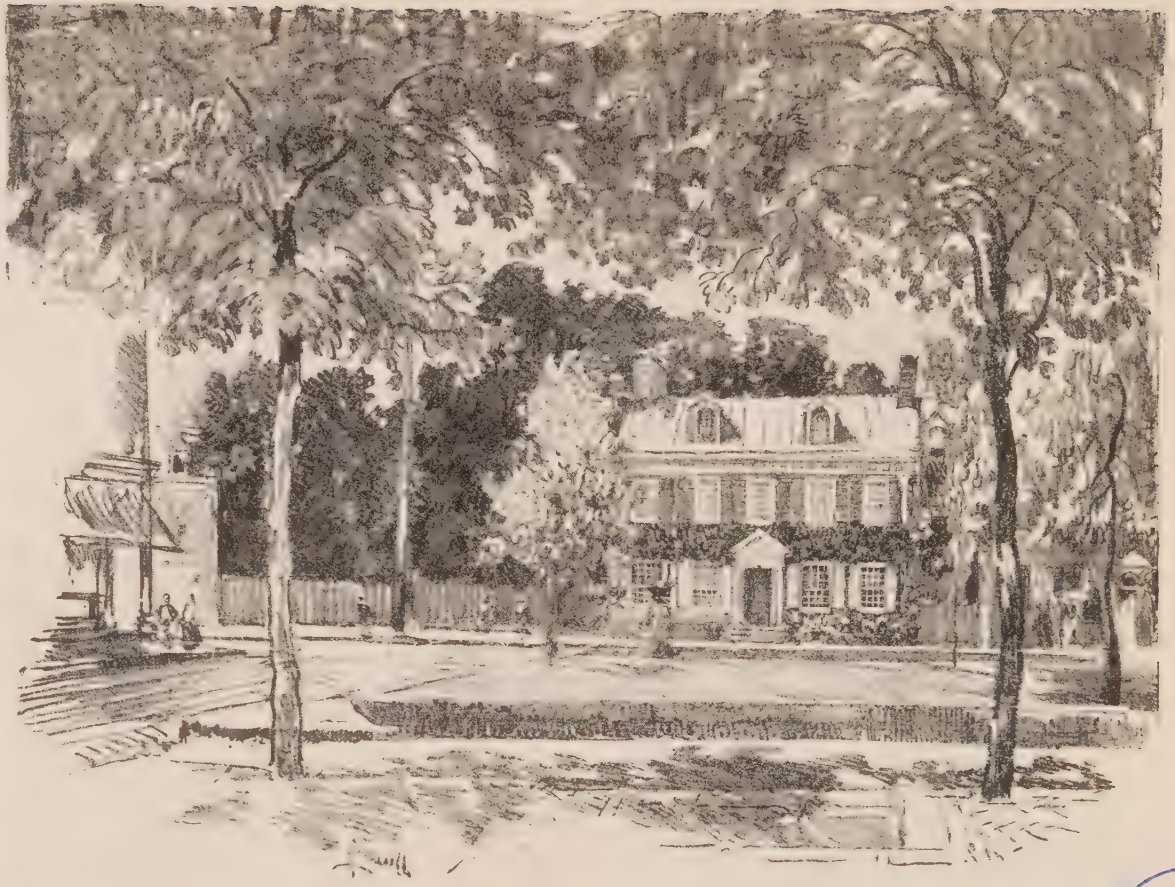
Independence Square

Philadelphia Old and New

Lithographs by

Joseph Pennell

Main Street, Germantown



The Morris House

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

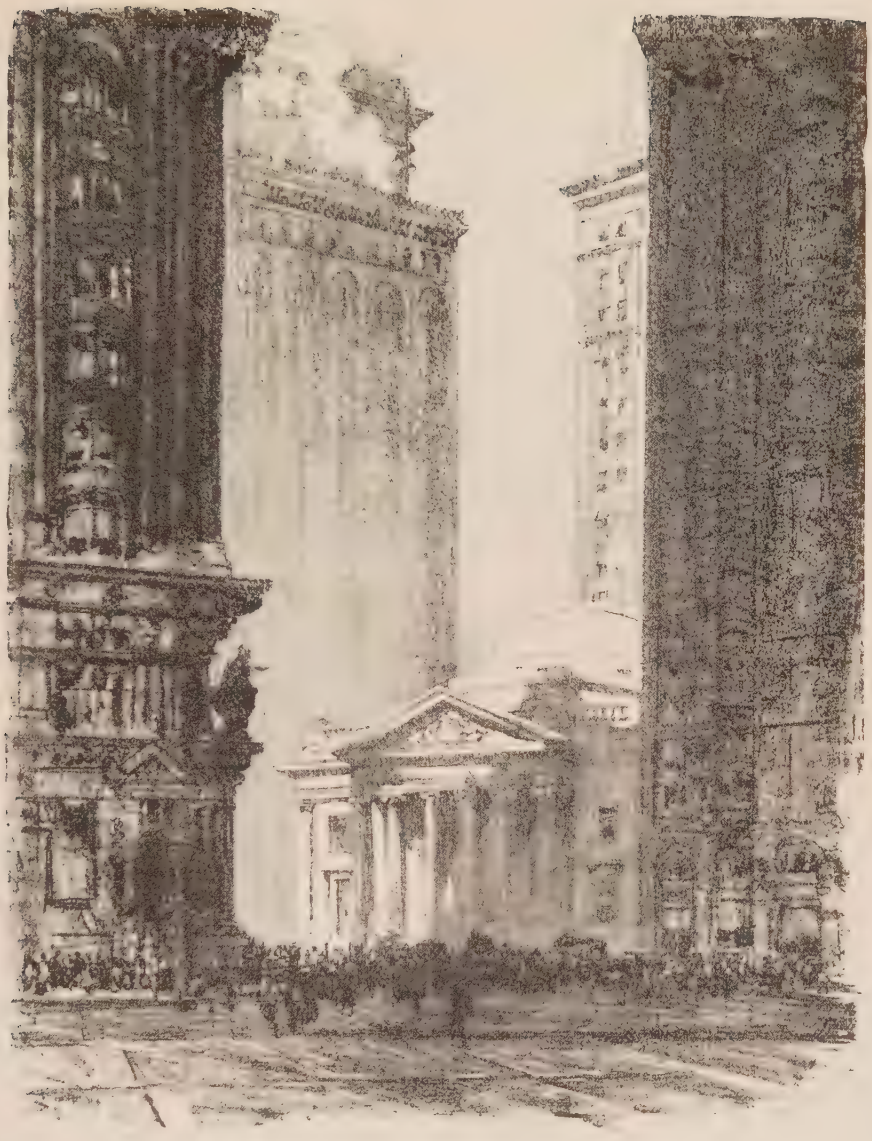
The Chew House

Friends' Meeting-house

The Store and the Houses

The Union League Club

Broad Street



Girard Trust Building

A Belgian village after a year of war

Flies

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Young Hilda at the Wars," "The Play-boys of Brittany," etc.

OUTSIDE the window stretched the village street, flat, with bits of dust rising on the breaths of wind and volleying into rooms, upon the table-cloth and into pages of books. It was a street of small, yellow brick houses, a shapeless church, a convent school, freckled, dingy buildings. Up and down the length of it it was without one touch of beauty. It gave back dust in the eyes; it sounded with thunder of transports, rattle of wagons, soft whir of officers' speed-cars, yelp of motor-horns, and the *tap-tap* of wooden shoes on tiny peasants, boys and girls. A little sick, black dog slunk down the pavement, smelling and staring. A cart bumped over the cobbles.

Inside the window, a square room with a litter of sixpenny novels in a corner, fifty or sixty books flung down haphazard, some of them open, with the leaves crushed back by the books above. In another corner lay a heap of commissariat stuff—tins of Bully beef, rabbit, sardines, herring, and glasses of jam and marmalade. On the center-table, a large jug of marmalade, ants busy in the yellow trickle at the rim. Filth had worked its way into the red table-cover. Filth was on every object in the room, like a soft mist, blurring the color and outlines of things. In the corners, under books and tins, insects moved, long, thin. A hot noon sun came dimly through the dirty glass of the closed window, and slowly baked a sleeping man in the large plush arm-chair. Around the chair, as if it were a promontory in a heaving sea, were billows of stale, crumpled newspapers, some wadded into a ball, others torn across the page, all flung aside in ennui.

The face of the man was weary and weak. It showed all of his forty-one years, and revealed, too, a great emptiness. Flies kept rising and settling again on the hands, the face, and the head of the man —moist flies that felt damp on the skin. They were slow and languid flies, which wanted to settle and stay. It was his breathing that made them restless, but not enough to clear them away; only enough to make a low buzzing in the sultry room.

Across the top of his head a bald streak ran from the forehead, and it was here they returned to alight after each twitching and heave of the sunken body of the sleeping man.

In the early months he had fought a losing fight with them. The walls and ceiling and panes of glass were spotted with the marks of his long battle. But his foes had advanced in ever-fresh force, clouds and swarms of them beyond number. He had gone to meet them with a wire killer and tightly rolled newspapers, he had imported fly-paper from Dunkirk; but they could afford to sacrifice the few hundreds that his strokes could reach, and still overwhelm him. Lately he had given up the struggle, and let them take possession of the room. They harassed him when he read, so he gave up reading. They got into the food, so he ate less. Between his two trips to the front daily, at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M., he slept. He found he could lose himself in sleep. Into that kingdom of sleep they could not enter. As the weeks rolled on, he was able to let himself down more and more easily into silence. That became his life: a slothfulness, a languor, even when awake; a half-conscious forcing of himself through the routine work; a looking forward to the droning room; and then the settling deep into the old plush chair and the blessed unconsciousness.

He drove a Red Cross ambulance twice a day to the French lines at Nieuport, collected the sick and wounded soldiers, and brought them to the Poste de Secours at Coxyde, two miles back of the trenches. It was in Coxyde that he lived, a hundred feet from the *poste,* always within call. But the emergency call rarely came. There were only the set runs, for the war had settled to its own regularity. A wonderful idleness hung over the lines where millions of men were unemployed, waiting with strange patience for some unseen event. Only the year before, these men were chatting in cafés and busy in a thousand ways. Now the long hours of the day were lived without activity, in thoughtless routine. Under the routine there was always the sense of waiting for a sudden crash and horror.

The man was an English gentleman. It was his own car he had brought, paid for by him, and he had offered it and his services to the Fusiliers Marins. They had been glad of his help, and for twelve months he had performed his daily duty and returned to his loneliness. The men under whom he worked were the French doctors of the *poste,* the chief, M. Claude-Marie Le Bot, with four stripes on his arm; the courteous, grave administrator, Eustache-Emmanuel Couillandre, a three-stripes man; and half a dozen others, with three stripes and two. They had welcomed him to their group when he came to them from London. They had found him lively and likable, bringing gossip of the West End, with a dash of Leicester Square. Then slowly a change had come on him; he went moody and silent.

"What 's the matter with you?" asked Dr. Le Bot one day.

"Nothing 's the matter with me," answered the man. "It 's war that 's the matter."

"What do you mean by that?" put in one of the younger doctors.

"The trouble with war," began the man, slowly, "is n't that there 's danger and death. They are easy. The trouble with war is this: it 's dull—damned, deadly dull. It 's the slowest thing in the world. It wears away at your mind, like water dripping on a rock. The old torture of letting water fall on your skull, drop by drop, till you went raving crazy is nothing to what war does to the mind of millions of men. They can't think of anything else but war, and they have no thoughts about that. They can't talk of another blessed thing, and the result is they have nothing to say at all."

As he talked, a flush came into his face. He gathered speed till his words came with a rush, as if he were relieving himself of inner pain.

"Have you ever heard the true inside account of an arctic expedition?" he went on. "There 's a handful of men locked up inside a little ship for thirteen or fourteen

months. Nothing to look out on but snow and ice, one color, and a horizonful of it. Nothing to dream of but arriving at a pole, and that is a theoretical point in infinite space. There 's no such thing. The midnight sun and the frozen stuff get on their nerves; same old sun in the same old place, same kind of weather. What happens? The natural thing, of course. They get so they hate one another like poison. They go around with a mad on. They carry hate against the commander and the cook and the fellow whose berth creaks every time he shifts. Each man thinks the shipload is the rottenest gang ever thrown together. He wonders why they did n't bring somebody decent along. He gets to scoring up grudges against the different people, and waits his chance to get back."

He stopped a minute, and looked around at the doctors, who were giving him close attention. Then he went on with the same intensity:

"Now, that 's war, only war is more so. Here you are in one place for sixteen months. You shovel yourself into a stinking hole in the ground. At seven in the morning you boil yourself some muddy coffee that tastes like the River Thames at Battersea Bridge. You take a knife that 's had welts hacked out of it and cut a hunk of dry bread that chews like sand. You eat some Bully beef out of a tin, the same tinned stuff that you 've been eating ever since your stomach went on strike a year ago. Once a week, for a treat, you cut a steak off the flank of a dead horse. That tastes better, because it 's fresh meat. When you 're sent back a few miles *en piquet,* you sleep in a village that looks like Sodom after the sulphur struck it: houses singed and tumbled, dead bodies in the ruins, a broken-legged dog trailing its hind foot in front of the house where you are. Tobacco, surely. You 'd die if you did n't have a smoke. But the rotten little cigarettes with no taste to them that smoke like chopped hay! And the cigars made out of rags and shredded toothpicks—"

"Here, have a cigarette," suggested the youngest doctor.

But the man was too busy in working out his own thoughts.

"The whole thing," he continued, "is a mixture of a morgue and a hospital, only those places have running water, and people in white aprons to tidy things up. And a battle! Three days under bombardment, living in the cellar, the guns going off five, six times to the minute, and then waiting a couple of hours and dropping one in next door. The crumpling noise when a little brick house caves in like a man when you hit him in the stomach—just going all together in a heap. And the sick smell that comes out of the mess from plaster and brick dust.

"And getting wounded, that 's jolly, is n't it? Rifle-ball through your left biceps. Dick walks you back to the dressing-station. Doctor busy at luncheon with a couple of visiting officers. Lie down in the straw. Straw has a pleasant smell when it 's smeared with iodine and blood. Wait till the doctor has had his bottle of wine.

" 'Nothing very much,' he says when he gets around to you. Drops some juice in, ties the white rag around, and you go back to your straw. Three, four hours, and along come the body-snatchers. The chauffeur chap does n't know how to drive; bumps into every shell-hole for seven miles. Every half-mile drives out into the ditch mud to get out of the way of some ammunition-wagons going to the front. The wheel gets stuck. Puts on power in jumps to bump the car out. Every jerk tears at your open sore as if the wheel had got stuck in your arm and was being pulled out. Two hours to do the seven miles. You get to the field-hospital. No time for you. Lie on your stretcher in the court, where the flies swarm on you. Always flies—flies on the blood of the wounded, glued to the bandage; flies on the eyelids of the dead."

So he had once spoken, and left them wondering. But that whirling burst of words was long before, in those earlier days of his work. Nothing like that had happened in weeks. No such vivid pictures lighted him now. The man slept on.

There was a scratching at the window, then a steady tapping, then a resounding fist on the casement. Gradually the sleeping man came up through the deep waters of unconsciousness. His eyes were heavy. He sat a moment, brooding, then turned toward the insistent noise.

"Monsieur Watts!" said a voice.

"Yes," answered the man. He stretched himself, and raised the sash. A brisk little French *marin* was at the window.

"The doctors are at luncheon. They are waiting for you," the soldier said; "today you are their guest."

"Of course," replied the man; "I had forgotten. I will come at once."

He stretched his arms over his head, a tall figure of a man, but bent at the shoulders, as if all the dreariness of his surroundings had settled there. He had the stoop of an old man, and the walk. He stepped out of his room into the street, and stood blinking a moment in the midday sunshine. Then he walked down the village street to the *poste*, and pushed through the dressing-rooms to the dining-room at the rear. The doctors looked up as he entered. He nodded, but gave no speech back for their courteous, cordial greeting. In silence he ate the simple relishes of sardines and olives. Then the treat of the luncheon was brought in by the orderly. It was a duckling, taken from a refugee farm, and done to a brown crisp. The head doctor carved and served it.

"See here," said Watts, loudly. He lifted his wing of the duckling, where a dead fly was cooked in with the gravy. He pushed his chair back. It grated shrilly on the stone floor. He rose.

"Flies," he said, and left the room.

Watts was the guest at the informal trench luncheon. The officers showed him little favors from time to time, for he had served their wounded faithfully for many months. It is the highest honor they can pay when they admit a civilian to the first line of trenches. Shelling from Westende was mild and inaccurate, going high overhead, and falling with a mutter into the seven-times wrecked and thoroughly deserted houses of Nieuport village. But the sound of it gave a gentle tingle to the act of eating. There was occasional rifle-fire, the bullet singing like a telegraph wire in the wind.

"They 're improving," said the commandant. "A fellow reached over the trench this morning for his billy-can, and they got him in the hand."

Two *marins* cleared away the strip of board on which the bread and coffee and tinned meat had been served.

The hot August sun cooked the loose earth, and heightened the smells of food. A swarm of flies poured over the outer rim, and dropped down on squatting men and the scattered commissariat. Watts was sitting at a little distance from the group. He closed his eyes, but soon began striking methodically at the settling flies. He fought them with the right arm and the left in long, heavy strokes, patiently, without enthusiasm. The soldiers brought out a pack of cards, and leaned forward for the deal. Suddenly Watts rose, lifted his arms above the trench, and deliberately stretched. Three faint cracks sounded from across the hillock, and he tumbled out at full length, as though some one had flung him away. The men hastened to him, coming crouched over, but swiftly.

"Got him in the right arm," said the commandant.

"Thank God!" muttered Watts, sleepily.

It was the convent hospital of Furnes. There was quiet in the ward of twenty-five beds, where side by side slept the wounded of France and Germany and Belgium and England. Suddenly a resounding whack rang through the ward. A German boy jumped up, sitting in his cot. The sound had awakened memories. He looked over at the tall Englishman in the next cot, who had struck out at one of the innumerable flies that hover over wounded men and pry down under bandages.

"Let me tell you," said the youth, eagerly, "I have a preparation,—I 'm a

chemist, you know,—I 've worked out a powder that kills flies."

Watts looked up from his pillow. His face was weary.

"It 's sweet, you know, and attracts them," went on the boy; "then the least sniff of it finishes them. They trail away, and die in a few minutes. You can clear a room in half an hour. Then all you have to do is to sweep up. See here," he said, "I 'll show you. Sister!" he called. The nurse hurried to his side.

"Sister, you were kind enough to save my kit. May I have it a moment?"

He took out a tin flask, and squeezed it; a brown powder puffed through the pin-point holes at the mouth. It settled in a dust on the white coverlet.

"Please be very quiet," he said. He settled back as if for sleep, but his half-shut eyes were watchful. A couple of minutes passed, then a fly circled his head, and made for the spot on the spread. It nosed its way in, crawled heavily a few inches up the coverlet, and turned its legs up. Two more came, sniffed, and died.

"You see," he said.

Next day the head of the Coxyde Poste motored over to Furnes for a call on his wounded helper.

"Where does all that chatter come from?" he asked.

Sister Teresa smiled.

"It 's your silent friend," she said; "he is the noisiest old thing in the ward."

"Talking to himself?" inquired the doctor.

"Have a look for yourself," urged the nurse.

They stepped into the ward, and down the stone floor till they came to the supply-table. Here they pretended to busy themselves with lint.

"Most interesting," Watts was saying. "That is a new idea to me. Here they 've been telling me for a year that there 's no way but the slow push, trench after trench—"

"Let me say to you—" interrupted the Saxon lad.

"You will pardon me if I finish what I am saying," went on Watts in full tidal flow. "What was it I was saying? Oh, yes, I remember. That slow hard push is not the only way, after all. You tell me—"

"That 's the way it is all day long," explained the sister—"chatter, chatter, chatter. They are telling each other all they know. You would think they would get fed up; but as fast as one of them says something, that seems to be a new idea to the other. Mr. Watts acts like a man who has been starved."

Watts caught sight of his friend.

"We 've killed all the flies," he shouted to the doctor.

Surrender

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

AS I look back upon your first caress,
I understand why from your sudden touch,
Angered, I sprang with words of bitterness.
You asked at once too little and too much.
But now that of my spirit you require
Love's very soul, that unto death endures,
Crown as you will the cup of your desire,
I am all yours.

Photograph by E. Druet

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

France, 1916

A Study in Criticism

By JOHN PALMER

AMONG the gifts which M. Rodin gave to England in the autumn of 1914 as a "little token" of his country's fellowship was a medallion head in bronze of France herself. The sculptor, in a time of worried peace which disguised the spirit of his country, saw clearly through to the essential character of his people, and faithfully recorded what he saw. We can read the genius and history of France in the face which here confronts us, including a history which, when Rodin fashioned it, was yet unwritten. He shows us the candid intellect of France looking straight at life without illusion and without fear, but keeping, along with her knowledge, a perpetual youth. He has expressed in strange harmony the contradictory qualities of his race—qualities which have provoked observers alternately to declare that France is the most worldly and the most quixotic of nations. How, we ask, can a people which knows so much; which is so logical, critical, and skeptical; which has cruelly uprooted everything that does not square with right reason; which prudently enthrones the golden mean in conduct and speculation; which satirizes all vague excess and desires to be quite rational even in its enthusiasm—how can this nation be still so obviously young and passionate, can still at bottom retain an inexhaustible idealism? How can a spirit fashioned for pleasure be so clearly urged by a restless intellectual prompting and so resolute a will to think and lead? How can disillusion lurk where youth persists, and how can innocence be so wary? Ro-

din has asked and answered these questions as only an artist can. He presents the enigma, and leaves it for the halting psychologists to explain. He shows us the intellect of France lying level upon her brow and looking out of her wide eyes; he shows us centuries of experience in her faintly hollowed cheek, an unworn capacity for pleasure in her full, firm lips, and in the lifted chin an alertness and a resolution, an eagerness to meet destiny half-way and to be spared no discovery or discipline which the future may contain. Above all, the faith of the artist is triumphantly declared that France has kept unspoiled her vernal capacity to be passionately moved in behalf of the simple virtues.

Rodin, moreover, has expressed what some of us have long suspected of his country—a paradox obscured by accidental qualities which, as we shall see, the war has stripped away. When we have noted and analyzed our impressions of Rodin's France in detail, and can surrender ourselves to the general mood of the whole, we are made aware that the prevailing note is a note of discipline and austerity, of patience to endure, of an ascetic devotion capable of a firm frugality. Rodin interpreted the spirit of France at a time when few could have so bravely divined it. He looked beneath the social politics and pleasures of Paris, where the *arriviste* seemed to be a typical product of an age without a soul, and he showed us a France which seemed more fitted to be the inheritor of Sparta than of Sybaris.

Many writers have discovered and proclaimed "the new France" during the last twelve months, but it may perhaps be permitted an English critic who has always loved and insisted upon the austerity and discipline of France in her art and literature to record exactly how France to-day in her national life reveals more clearly than ever before the essential qualities of the French character, more especially those qualities wherein the French character presents a deep, instructive contrast with the British. The comparison, though healthy and instructive, is not necessarily odious. English virtue is not less than the virtue of France, but it is different; and in this time of war it is for the English rather to discover what is admirable in their friends than in themselves. We can none the less hold fast to the things which make England unlike her neighbor, though we praise and delight in exactly those things which make us proud to-day of our neighbor's partnership.

The contrast between France and England is found at once in Paris. We do not need to penetrate into the region of safe-conducts to discover that the spirit of France is quite distinct from the spirit of England. The impressions of a visitor newly come from London to Paris are, indeed, so powerful and diverse that some reflection is necessary before the root of the divergence between the two countries can be disinterred from a general mass of dissimilarity.

That Paris herself should start a train of observation which carries us straight into the battle-line is one of the happiest results of the war. Normally Paris—the Paris which insistently offers herself to the casual passenger—is less a typical city of France than London is a typical city of Great Britain. But Paris stands to-day as a fair representative of the nation. People will look in vain for cosmopolitan Paris—Paris which belonged equally to all who carried the necessary purse. Paris has ceased to play the part of a general entertainer. She now expresses the brain and heart of a people. Paris would stand to-day high among Ruskin's "cities of the soul." *Spirituel* Paris has always been and will always remain; but *spiritual* she has only now become in her testing time. Hitherto the world has had to divine Paris under an international disguise. Not many strangers have hitherto come at the French kernel of Paris. Paris has been superficially delivered up to things which are common to the dullest, as well as to the most brilliant, cities of the world. But that is changed now, and every lover of France rejoices to see in Paris the fundamental virtues of France. Visitors looked for Paris in the Moulin Rouge, the Folies

Bergères, the boulevards, and the Latin extremity of the Luxembourg. It was a Paris of foreign colonists, of international interests and professions. America was there, and Great Britain; almost every country but France. But Paris now is the heart of France, the natural gate whereby one enters into her battle-fields. Without leaving the streets of Paris we can learn to understand the new spirit in France—the *union sacrée* which has made of M. Barrés an eloquent friend of the republic; the marvelous patience of the *poilu;* the phlegmatic and incessant energy of the work-people and peasants; the curiously impersonal way in which every Frenchman regards his own particular case; the assurance with which every one faces the need to endure to the end a burden the full weight of which has been measured. In Paris to-day we are haunted at every turn by Rodin's clear and masterful expression of the soul of his country. We find that expression upon the faces of her people and in the aspect of her streets and squares.

It is not easy to say how one arrives at the prevailing mood of a big city. Certainly it is not from the merely formal evidence. It is easily said that the illumination of Paris is something a little brighter than the illumination of London according to the latest order; that Paris sleeps at eleven o'clock; that Montmartre, which was never really a part of Paris, has mercifully ceased to exist; that the boulevards have been cleared of their international rout; that no one can enter, remain in, or leave Paris without consulting the commissioner of police; that the only recreations which show any signs of vitality are the *"actualités"* of the Cinema and the Comédie Française; that most of the shops are closed; that the public services are worked by women who do not consider it necessary to go into uniform; that the streets are checkered at all hours of the day with the black of the bereaved and the faded azure of the wounded. But when all these things are said and have been indefinitely expanded, Paris remains unexpressed.

What is it that makes the atmosphere of Paris, the capital of an invaded country, where neither business nor pleasure nor daily bread is as usual, a place essentially more tranquil and smiling than London? Why do we feel a curious relief as, newly arrived from England, we drive into its streets from St. Lazare?

This first impression in Paris of a general atmosphere more light and free than the atmosphere of London is eventually found to be due chiefly to the complete contrast in political, military, and industrial discipline between the two countries. In France the war is a public service; in England it is a private adventure. In France every man is under orders. He is troubled with no problems of conduct. He is under no responsibility to choose. He is not pulled between his private duty to a family and his public duty to the state. The war in France is not, as in England, the gallant, personal affair of picked adventurers. It is a national enterprise, a sober, practical business in which every man and woman has been given a fixed and settled position. One missed in Paris the unrest, the hesitation, the puzzlement—the thousand private agonies of will and temper which have recently made of London a city of moral conflict. In place of a multitude of personal and private problems, of individual decisions taken after a long and painful balancing of alternatives, of unsolicited explanations why this man has not gone into the war and why this other man has felt bound to do so, of urgent public speeches and fierce controversy in the press and in the clubs and in households all over the country, of propaganda which in vain has sought to be free of doctrinal animus—in place of all the consequences that needs must ensue from running a national enterprise upon individualist and voluntary lines we find everywhere in Paris the evidence of a general and settled will. No man in Paris is craven or a hero. He is simply a patriot under orders; and his heroism, when it comes, belongs to France. The country is not distracted between the men who have said yes and the men who

have said no. There is in Paris a complete absence of misgiving or of emotional celebration. The soldiers of France are not regarded as being about any heroic personal adventure. They have obeyed a decree of the state. The city has not had to pass through those periods of excitement, questioning, and introspection which for months past have tormented London, abasing the self-respect of hundreds of men and women who have not been equal to the awful responsibility—a responsibility which only the broad shoulders of the state can adequately bear—of deciding whether the war has or has not a personal call for them.

Here undoubtedly is an explanation in part of the indescribable serenity of Paris. Paris has come squarely to terms with the war. There is no dispute or heart-searching anywhere among the people. Virtually every man and woman has an appointed task, and no one wonders whether it is exactly the right one. It has been appointed as an essential thing, and must be looked to. There are no problems in Paris, no political rumor or social unrest. We escape from an atmosphere of change and interrogation into an atmosphere of assurance and discipline; and the change is an immediate relief to a traveler from London, where every third man is standing at this or that parting of the ways, where the air is thick with discussion, and where the whole nation is adapting itself to new necessities and new ideas.

This, the first and most superficial contrast of all between France and England in the last few months, was itself the result of a deeper national divergence. England is as characteristically a country of the amateur and the opportunist, the country of lonely furrows and wilful adventure, as France is the country of ordered and collected effort, the country of activities sociable and regular. The superficial license of French politics has never affected the deep, methodical life of the French people. There has never been any real frivolity or inconsequence in the vivacity of French thought. The enthusiasms of France have always been as rational as her intensive culture. France is intolerant of personal license and peculiarity, of anything oddly individual, of all idiosyncrasy and excess. A man who offends the general taste in dress or manner can always walk quite unmolested in London. In Paris he will be at once remarked, and will be fortunate if he avoids an open quarrel. The instinct for thinking and working together in France is as great as the instinct in England for each man to go his individual way. It is therefore perfectly natural that, at a time which brings out the essential qualities of race, France should assume that every member of the nation is upon an equality of honor and effort, whereas in England men are suffered to divide themselves to the right or left as personal inclination drives them.

The next point in which we are sensible of a difference in atmosphere between London and Paris is partly due to the essential divergence already emphasized between a nation of adventurers and a nation disciplined to a common task. The fact that every Frenchman is part of the state machine means that every Frenchman has what we may describe as a professional interest in the war. He is more in touch with the true position of affairs and knows better how to take long and level views. The British public has from the first been at the mercy of its press and of self-elected strategists who irresponsibly discuss and prophesy concerning the war, who raise or depress the public temper without any real authority or knowledge, who talk upon the merest hint of "victories," and are surprised when they suddenly become aware that things are not going altogether successfully. There is in Paris a much more stable public opinion as to the war. There is none of the eagerness to be fed with scraps of gossip, none of the swift alternations of extravagant hope and unwarranted depression, which in London is continuous and exhausting. Paris has taken full measure of the task in hand, is resolute to finish it, and has already come to terms with the worst. There is a high confidence in Paris that

the war will end in a complete victory for the Allies; but this confidence is quite unlike London's hot fits of sanguine expectation. In London it was possible not so long ago to start a rumor in the morning that the British troops were through in Gallipoli and to find that half the town believed it in the evening. That has not been possible in Paris since Paris, in the autumn of 1914, attained to its present irrefragable serenity. It was not always true that the French public had a more level temper than the British. There was a time, indeed, when the French armies wondered whether civilian France might not collapse behind them, when the phrase ran through the trenches, *pourvu les civils tiennent*. But the whole French public has to-day a war sense which the British public has yet to acquire—a sense which enables it to see every small success or defeat in perspective, and to keep at a constant level its appreciation of the ultimate chance of victory and of the efforts required to secure it.

So far the contrast between London and Paris has consisted mainly in points which would not so forcibly strike a neutral observer as it strikes one who comes out of the heart of the controversial life of the one city into the assured peace of the other. It is a contrast which upon a visitor who has passed every day of the war in the heart of London rumor and discussion has the instant effect of bracing the heart and soul. One is able to write home on the second day, "Now that I have seen Paris I know that we are going to win the war." Only when this instant and fresh sense of contrast has slightly faded is one free and able to perceive how wonderfully the war has stripped the French people of all disguise and shown to the world the fundamental qualities of France—qualities as clear to-day in the streets of Paris as in the hospitals and encampments of the battle area.

The words for which we instinctively feel to describe France thus newly revealed all suggest rather the "budge doctors of the Stoic fur" than the rout of Comus. We penetrate the outer rind of Parisian flippancy, elegance, and eroticism to the kernel of the Gallic temperament. All the world can now perceive what once was familiar only to observers of the sober practical and frugal life of provincial France; namely, that the Gallic temperament is essentially patient, thrifty, and equable. France in her life to-day illustrates at its best the precious talent of France for living graciously without ostentation or expense. A gracious economy lies at the heart of French life. That thrift need not imply constraint or poverty is for most English visitors to France a social discovery. The Frenchwoman knows, as few Englishwomen know, how to be sparing without being meager. Paris to-day appears to be living as by a miracle upon almost nothing at all. It *is* living upon almost nothing at all, and yet contriving to add to its living that infallible comeliness which is too often lacking in the most sumptuously directed expenditure of cities which have never understood the art or honored the virtue of economy. Here again, in coming at the essential quality of life in France at this time, we are driven to realize how fundamentally the French and British temperaments are contrasted. The people of London could not, without a complete change in their standards and habits, live as France is living to-day. A lavish and sanguine expenditure is almost essential to the English nature. Whereas the French point to *Harpagon* as a warning and an example of the corruption of their supreme quality of thrift, the British point as constantly to the prodigal son. Nothing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer can say or that taxation can do has arrested the flow of British expenditure in war-time. There could be no more difficult task for a British statesman than to get into the brain and heart of England the lesson that economy is really a virtue. The Englishman, if he regards thrift as a virtue at all, regards it as a very inferior virtue. No Englishman likes his friends to think of him as being eminently a thrifty man. The description would imply a slur upon

his hospitality and manliness. He feels that thrift is never far off from meanness; and rather than be suspected of wishing to save his pence, he will pay more for a thing than he need. He will pay more than he can really afford rather than pay less than his neighbor. France always, and more particularly to-day, shows a fundamental difference of feeling in regard to the spending of money and in all matters of household economy. The French character is in this regard more rational and more practical. Paris can live well for a week, without feeling mean or stinted, upon resources which would not keep London without grumbling for a day. There is a fundamental austerity in the French character which enables Paris to "carry on" without discouragement or complaint, without an oppressive sense of poverty or open squalor, after most of the normal comforts and assurances of life have disappeared.

These things are obvious in the streets and restaurants of Paris; but one meets them perhaps most unmistakably in the hospitals of France. The patience and frugality which lie at the root of the French character, the philosophic will to endure with a shrug conditions which would rouse the more Sybaritic English temperament to a storm of rebellion, is shown in its most extreme degree in the French military hospitals. There could be no more unforgetable lesson in national temperament than to go from the luxurious hospitals organized by the British to the bleak wards of Val de Grâce.

No more moving experience can be conceived than to walk from room to room of this vast building, and to discover, in snatches of conversation with men in all stages of sickness and mutilation, how perfectly the rudeness of their shelter symbolizes their fortitude and simplicity. The English visitor, keenly sensible of the absence of all amenity and comfort, full of the British conception of the soldier as an heroic and exceptional adventurer, is humiliated and touched to the heart by a sudden realization that these soldiers of France ask almost nothing of their country and are entirely unaware of any claim to special consideration or care. They do not rebel against the bleak austerity of their surroundings and the terrible monotony of their days. Their standard of comfort is less than our own. It is part of their racial genius to be patient. They have supremely the gift of taking things for granted, a phlegm and a naïve acceptance of things as they are, which move the spectator to a pity deeper than words can utter.

Here, in a moving and striking fashion, we come into touch with the sang-froid of the French temperament, the matter-of-fact, rational, and steady look of the French intelligence at things which meets the traveler in France to-day at every turn. One heard it tersely and imperishably expressed in the phrases of a wounded soldier quite unaware that his words were eloquent of his race. He was wearing the *medaille militaire,* and despite one's knowledge that he would dislike to be reminded of his achievement, it was impossible to forbear a reference to the supreme distinction he had won. *"Pour mon œil"* (he had lost his eye in the fighting), was all the explanation he could give as to why his chief had decorated him, and, pressed further, he could only repeat *"C'était la guerre."* To think of modesty in this connection does not occur. This soldier simply had no idea that modesty was required of him. He had received his wound and his compensation with the same almost fatal acceptance of the whole business of war—an acceptance so complete that he hardly realized his case as a thing personal to himself. The thing he had done —*c'était la guerre!* something outside himself which belonged to his time and country. He accepted his own performance as he accepted the competent, but unemotional, arrangements of Val de Grâce, and as his neighbor, with a hole in his back, accepted with philosophy the good fortune which had made him a clerk, and so had made it unnecessary for him to lift or carry a weight, which he would never again in this life be able to do.

Generations of patient labor, thrifti-

ness, simple feeling, and brave thought lie behind the people of France in their fight to-day for an invaded land which cannot richly reward them with pageantry or comfort. British soldiers, when necessary, will meet their worst enemy, which is discomfort, along with the rest, and will put a brave face upon it; but normally they expect to be "done well" in war as in peace. The French soldier has a far lower standard, and has frequently stood in amazed contemplation of our field kitchens and Red Cross palaces. In the field, as in the streets of Paris and London, the same contrast is observed. London obviously is continuously and richly fed from rich shops and the army and navy stores, whereas Paris seems now to be fed by the ravens.

Passing out from Paris to the country behind the lines one's impressions are deepened. The quiet country surrounding the famous little town of Meaux presents in little the life of France to-day.

Meaux itself, lying in the valley of the Marne, in the shadow of its cathedral, was once known to the world as the ancient home of an illustrious bishop, and to the traveler as a town of the mill; but to-day it is wholly filled with echoes of the immortal history which was made in September, 1914. Monseigneur Marbeau, the present Bishop of Meaux, a little aware that he sits in the seat of Bossuet; unaffectedly proud and content that fate has allowed him the *beau geste* on behalf of himself, his country, and his church; not reluctant that the world should know how, when Meaux awaited the Germans for three anxious days, the church was tried and found faithful to her trust—Monseigneur Marbeau has helped to make history as surely as his famous predecessor. As one hears him talk of the days when the Battle of the Marne raged upon every side of the town, when, after General Joffre had delivered his magnificent order of the day, the French armies made the names of Barcy, Entrepilly, and Chambry, all the little villages of the Marne, names to inspire generations of Frenchmen now unborn, one begins to realize that here is something which history will put beside the immortal British retreat from Mons as a fruit of the national spirit equally enduring. It was in this quiet country about Meaux that the trust and patience of the retreating armies were suddenly rewarded. General Joffre had hitherto asked of his soldiers endurance under continual reverse and disappointment. He had tested to breaking-point a fortitude which few casual observers of the French temperament had divined in her soldiers. Finally he asked in plain terms for the highest sacrifice—asked it, as of right, from Frenchmen on behalf of France. He asked them for their lives.

But the Battle of the Marne is a theme for France herself. One turns from a contemplation of the battle itself to note how quietly the town of Meaux made ready under its bishop to receive the German invaders and avoid all panic or confusion. One hears everywhere the same phrase, *C'était la guerre;* and finally one climbs far out of the town to find in the French country-side, behind the French and British armies, the same equable, austere good sense, frugality, and faith which prevailed in civilian Paris.

This impression becomes suddenly fixed and complete as one stands within the high orchard of the farm or château of Champfleury, holding at command the whole of the country-side where the most desperate fighting took place. It was here, under the eyes of Kluck, that the French and Germans came and went as the battle turned. Paris was in the scale, as Kluck well knew, and it is not difficult to imagine with what impatience and anxiety he watched the struggle from a spot which seemed specially designed by nature to serve for the spectators of one of the vaster spectacles of modern warfare. The German staff have wedged the iron garden chairs of the orchard high into the trees, and the French have left them there untouched, as they have left the German writing on the wall of the house, and the room where Kluck distracted himself with billiards. This is one of the historic spots

in the world's history; for here Paris was saved, and here the first great plan of the German military staff went astray. But it hardly requires a sense of the fatal and the momentous, or any reminder from the battered house and broken trees, to quicken in a watcher from this bleak hill a sense of the immense significance of the spectacle before him. As far as one can see, from Champfleury down to the spot where the French artillery was posted, there rests to-day only one conspicuous trace of the terrible fighting which raged from point to point from the Marne to the Aisne. The shell-pits have been filled, the trenches are obliterated, all the trophies and litter of the contest have been removed; only the graves of the fallen remain.

The true significance of this at once appears. The pocked and scarred fields were required at once for the crops of the ensuing season. With a cool sense of France's need to be fed and sustained, the peasants, many of whose houses had been battered to pieces, whose land had been torn and trampled, set immediately to work to prepare the soil anew. The matter-of-fact way in which they go about this necessary work to-day right up to the line of fire would seem to argue a callosity of the imagination until we have appreciated its true character. Then we realize, what is the hardest thing for civilians in an uninvaded country to realize, what it means for a practical nation to come to plain terms with war. France's clear sanity is completely symbolized in the graves of her soldiers, marked from afar with the white cross and tricolor, lying at hazard among the growing crops, little patches of soil respected by the plow, but close bordered with a harvest which comes down to the extreme edge of their sacred inclosure.

Going down the road from Champfleury to Meaux one has time and motive enough for these thoughts to take hold and grow. At every turn of the road are the graves of the French, and, near to them, marked in black, the graves of their invading enemies; and everywhere the peasants have carried their crops to the extreme edge. In passing you see one of them working in the fields, and watch him drawing near to a spot where many of the Chasseurs d'Afrique fell in a magnificent charge, the graves, side by side, of friend and enemy showing that here the fighting was *à la baionette*. The peasant there—and equally the peasant beside one who drives, callously informative, through the haunted country—seems to be insensitive to what he sees. Then suddenly one notices that the peasant below has removed his cap. The other man, instinctively responding with a similar act of grace, mutters as he salutes the dead, *"Ils le méritent."*

France appears in that hour as a few recovered fields, tilled by her peasants and watched in death by the men who fell to recover them for their country's daily need. Of the noise and squalor of war nothing here remains save a few battered villages and torn trees, some marks upon the turf of a high bank where the German soldiers crouched and waited, or a high cemetery wall pierced and used as firing-screen first from this side, then from that, as the French and German armies came and went. But the whole country is astir with the tricolor above white crosses in the dusk and the slow movements of the peasants at work in the fields. So simple and calm an expression of a nation's struggle for existence and of her shrewd, heroic virtues as is offered by this homely and constant scene may possibly be regarded as inadequate, but it seemed that evening to contain all that France has uttered in all her generations.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

Portrait of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree,
with Three of His Impersonations
of Shaksperian Characters

Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"

King Richard III

On Sunday

By

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHAT are your Sundays to you? To me they are heaven.
I do not hurry through breakfast or rise at seven.
I have time to play with Jim,
Who is one and a half, yellow-haired, quite a jolly viking,
With this earth a lot to his liking,
Fond of adventures in words and an artist in whim;
The Marcelline of the infant world, with the heart of a dauntless hero,
And also a dash of tears, swift-swirled,
That would soften even Nero.

Then, if my pen is
Slow, and the jobs are done, and she says I may,
And the year 's too late for a swim together, I ramble off toward the bay
To play at tennis.

In the autumn it sets the blood leaping
And clears the brain to a cool, crisp-thinking joy
To swing at the ball and to charge to the net and volley,
Even to race "all out" for a lob to the base-line
Or fizzle a manful smash with a smack "on the wood"!

The cold sweat stings on your forehead, the tape of your racket
Sticks to your hand or grinds too gritty with sand
In your palm; but this cannot irk one for more than an instant,
The play is too hot.

And shuttlecock-battledore leaps the barbarous banter
Of the doubles players. The grunts and the curses and sighs
Of your partner, of your opponent, of you yourself,
Float up like delectable incense.
And his cross-court return forever shoots at my feet!
Why can I only "get in" when the serve is a fault?

. . . . . .

The shower-bath starts with a sprinkle of drops that drum
On the slatted floor of the bath-house. Then *swish-swish-*
SWISH! it is mantling your shoulders, soaking your hair,
Thrusting whole sheaves of icicles under your shuddering skin.
"Yow!" you leap. "Yow! *Yow!*" and yank at the handle.
SWISH!

The confronting bay is all cold-blue glitter,
But these fields and undulant hills and rich-colored woods
Are wistful with afternoon sunlight, garnet, and bronze.
The smell of the stalks of milkweed and withered grass,
The flaunt of chestnut and beech
And oak, in Assyrian robes, set raiment on God,
And throne Him on high in the ruddying afterglow
That turns such an embered crimson through ash-colored clouds.

He is there!
Lo! with all principalities, angels, and powers of the air,
He is there!

He careers in a chariot drawn by the blazing-eyed beasts
Of St. John's Apocalypse sheer o'er the rioting sky;
His face is the setting sun,
Radiant, but sad, irradiating life,
And solemn with finer meanings, a nobler mien;
A lion-like face, and mournful, with a wild and golden mane,
Yet with intelligence infinite shining in love all-wise
Out of brilliant, not cruel, eyes;
Love in each lineament, majesty dwarfing the skies,
The God that must reign!

On Sunday night
At first we got our own suppers
When even more "on our uppers"
Than now, and the yellow lamp cast its mellow beam
On a table of picnic dream,
And we both spread many a theme
With verbal jam, like our toast. And now we do much the same,
Save for our cook. The babies quiet down,
The street sounds drown
In darkness, the chill stars sentry the sleeping hill.
Hurry and worry are still.
Peace breathes through the town
Like a flicker of lambent flame—
Peace and good-will.

We read
According to mood and need
To each other or alone,
Remarks and laughter thrown
Hit or miss in the air to echo around the lamp.
Our enthusiasms come out, nose around, unruffle their wings, and stamp,
Shake their silvery forelocks and curvet about, and champ
The golden oats of some seer's fit phrase
That we feed them, some poet's blossomy, succulent bays.
And then we sit and gaze
Long at a picture, and think that we think instead
Of merely rechewing a chewed-out cud of the last thing said,
And we simply cannot haul a heavy head
Up thought's frail, difficult, gleaming spider-thread.
And it 's time for the baby's bottle, and time—to—go—to—bed.

I lie in my bed, and think of my soul, and decide,
I am only a mixture of animal spirits and pride
And conventional sleekness and sudden emotional blether,
And I don't know whether
I *have* a soul; but I lie in my bed and see
A bright-green star in a violet haze through a moon-stark tree.
Whee-ee-ee!

The Bookkeeper's Wife

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Author of "The Joy of Nelly Deane," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

NOBODY but the janitor was stirring about the offices of the Remsen Paper Company, and still Percy Bixby sat at his desk, crouched on his high stool and staring out at the tops of the tall buildings flushed with the winter sunset, at the hundreds of windows, so many rectangles of white electric light, flashing against the broad waves of violet that ebbed across the sky. His ledgers were all in their places, his desk was in order, his office coat on its peg, and yet Percy's smooth, thin face wore the look of anxiety and strain which usually meant that he was behind in his work. He was trying to persuade himself to accept a loan from the company without the company's knowledge. As a matter of fact, he had already accepted it. His books were fixed, the money, in a black-leather bill-book, was already inside his waistcoat pocket.

He had still time to change his mind, to rectify the false figures in his ledger, and to tell Stella Brown that they could n't possibly get married next month. There he always halted in his reasoning, and went back to the beginning.

The Remsen Paper Company was a very wealthy concern, with easy, old-fashioned working methods. They did a long-time credit business with safe customers, who never thought of paying up very close on their large indebtedness. From the payments on these large accounts Percy had taken a hundred dollars here and two hundred there until he had made up the thousand he needed. So long as he stayed by the books himself and attended to the mail-orders he could n't possibly be found out. He could move these little shortages about from account to account indefinitely. He could have all the time he needed to pay back the deficit, and more time than he needed.

Although he was so far along in one course of action, his mind still clung resolutely to the other. He did not believe he was going to do it. He was the least of a sharper in the world. Being scrupulously honest even in the most trifling matters was a pleasure to him. He was the sort of young man that Socialists hate more than they hate capitalists. He loved his desk, he loved his books, which had no handwriting in them but his own. He never thought of resenting the fact that he had written away in those books the good red years between twenty-one and twenty-seven. He would have hated to let any one else put so much as a pen-scratch in them. He liked all the boys about the office; his desk, worn smooth by the sleeves of his alpaca coat; his rulers and inks and pens and calendars. He had a great pride in working economics, and he always got so far ahead when supplies were distributed that he had drawers full of pencils and pens and rubber bands against a rainy day.

Percy liked regularity: to get his work done on time, to have his half-day off every Saturday, to go to the theater Saturday night, to buy a new necktie twice a month, to appear in a new straw hat on the right day in May, and to know what was going on in New York. He read the morning and evening papers coming and going on the elevated, and preferred journals of approximate reliability. He got excited about ball-games and elections and business failures, was not above an interest in murders and divorce scandals, and he checked the news off as neatly as he checked his mail-orders. In short, Percy Bixby was like the model pupil who is satisfied with his lessons and his teachers and his holidays, and who would gladly go to school all his life. He had never

wanted anything outside his routine until he wanted Stella Brown to marry him, and that had upset everything.

It was n't, he told himself for the hundredth time, that she was extravagant. Not a bit of it. She was like all girls. Moreover, she made good money, and why should she marry unless she could better herself? The trouble was that he had lied to her about his salary. There were a lot of fellows rushing Mrs. Brown's five daughters, and they all seemed to have fixed on Stella as first choice and this or that one of the sisters as second. Mrs. Brown thought it proper to drop an occasional hint in the presence of these young men to the effect that she expected Stella to "do well." It went without saying that hair and complexion like Stella's could scarcely be expected to do poorly. Most of the boys who went to the house and took the girls out in a bunch to dances and movies seemed to realize this. They merely wanted a whirl with Stella before they settled down to one of her sisters. It was tacitly understood that she came too high for them. Percy had sensed all this through those slumbering instincts which awake in us all to befriend us in love or in danger.

But there was one of his rivals, he knew, who was a man to be reckoned with. Charley Greengay was a young salesman who wore tailor-made clothes and spotted waistcoats, and had a necktie for every day in the month. His air was that of a young man who is out for things that come high and who is going to get them. Mrs. Brown was ever and again dropping a word before Percy about how the girl that took Charley would have her flat furnished by the best furniture people, and her china-closet stocked with the best ware, and would have nothing to worry about but nicks and scratches. It was because he felt himself pitted against this pulling power of Greengay's that Percy had brazenly lied to Mrs. Brown, and told her that his salary had been raised to fifty a week, and that now he wanted to get married.

When he threw out this challenge to Mother Brown, Percy was getting thirty-five dollars a week, and he knew well enough that there were several hundred thousand young men in New York who would do his work as well as he did for thirty.

These were the factors in Percy's present situation. He went over them again and again as he sat stooping on his tall stool. He had quite lost track of time when he heard the janitor call good night to the watchman. Without thinking what he was doing, he slid into his overcoat, caught his hat, and rushed out to the elevator, which was waiting for the janitor. The moment the car dropped, it occurred to him that the thing was decided without his having made up his mind at all. The familiar floors passed him, ten, nine, eight, seven. By the time he reached the fifth, there was no possibility of going back; the click of the drop-lever seemed to settle that. The money was in his pocket. Now, he told himself as he hurried out into the exciting clamor of the street, he was not going to worry about it any more.

When Percy reached the Browns' flat on 123d Street that evening he felt just the slightest chill in Stella's greeting. He could make that all right, he told himself, as he kissed her lightly in the dark three-by-four entrance-hall. Percy's courting had been prosecuted mainly in the Bronx or in winged pursuit of a Broadway car. When he entered the crowded sitting-room he greeted Mrs. Brown respectfully and the four girls playfully. They were all piled on one couch, reading the continued story in the evening paper, and they did n't think it necessary to assume more formal attitudes for Percy. They looked up over the smeary pink sheets of paper, and handed him, as Percy said, the same old jolly:

"Hullo, Perc'! Come to see me, ain't you? So flattered!"

"Any sweet goods on you, Perc'? Anything doing in the bong-bong line tonight?"

"Look at his new neckwear! Say, Perc',

"'I 've put back three hundred, but the books are still seven hundred out of true'"

remember me. That tie would go lovely with my new tailored waist."

"Quit your kiddin', girls!" called Mrs. Brown, who was drying shirt-waists on the dining-room radiator. "And, Percy, mind the rugs when you 're steppin' round among them gum-drops."

Percy fired his last shot at the recumbent figures, and followed Stella into the dining-room, where the table and two large easy-chairs formed, in Mrs. Brown's estimation, a proper background for a serious suitor.

"I say, Stell'," he began as he walked about the table with his hands in his pockets, "seems to me we ought to begin buying our stuff." She brightened perceptibly. "Ah," Percy thought, "so that *was* the trouble!" "To-morrow 's Saturday; why can't we make an afternoon of it?" he went on cheerfully. "Shop till we 're tired, then go to Houtin's for dinner, and end up at the theater."

As they bent over the lists she had made of things needed, Percy glanced at her face. She was very much out of her sisters' class and out of his, and he kept congratulating himself on his nerve. He was going in for something much too handsome and expensive and distinguished for him, he felt, and it took courage to be a plunger. To begin with, Stella was the sort of girl who had to be well dressed. She had pale primrose hair, with bluish tones in it, very soft and fine, so that it lay smooth however she dressed it, and pale-blue eyes, with blond eyebrows and long, dark lashes. She would have been a little too remote and languid even for the fastidious Percy had it not been for her hard, practical mouth, with lips that always kept their pink even when the rest of her face was pale. Her employers, who at first might be struck by her indifference, understood that anybody with that sort of mouth would get through the work.

After the shopping-lists had been gone over, Percy took up the question of the honeymoon. Stella said she had been thinking of Atlantic City. Percy met her with firmness. Whatever happened, he could n't leave his books now.

"I want to do my traveling right here on Forty-second Street, with a high-price show every night," he declared. He made out an itinerary, punctuated by theaters and restaurants, which Stella consented to accept as a substitute for Atlantic City.

"They give your fellows a week off when they 're married, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes, but I 'll want to drop into the office every morning to look after my mail. That 's only businesslike."

"I 'd like to have you treated as well as the others, though." Stella turned the rings about on her pale hand and looked at her polished finger-tips.

"I 'll look out for that. What do you say to a little walk, Stell'?" Percy put the question coaxingly. When Stella was pleased with him she went to walk with him, since that was the only way in which Percy could ever see her alone. When she was displeased, she said she was too tired to go out. To-night she smiled at him incredulously, and went to put on her hat and gray fur piece.

Once they were outside, Percy turned into a shadowy side street that was only partly built up, a dreary waste of derricks and foundation holes, but comparatively solitary. Stella liked Percy's steady, sympathetic silences; she was not a chatterbox herself. She often wondered why she was going to marry Bixby instead of Charley Greengay. She knew that Charley would go further in the world. Indeed, she had often coolly told herself that Percy would never go very far. But, as she admitted with a shrug, she was "weak to Percy." In the capable New York stenographer, who estimated values coldly and got the most for the least outlay, there was something left that belonged to another kind of woman—something that liked the very things in Percy that were not good business assets. However much she dwelt upon the effectiveness of Greengay's dash and color and assurance, her mind always came back to Percy's neat little head, his clean-cut face, and warm, clear, gray eyes, and she liked them better than Charley's fullness and

blurred floridness. Having reckoned up their respective chances with no doubtful result, she opposed a mild obstinacy to her own good sense. "I guess I 'll take Percy, *anyway,*" she said simply, and that was all the good her clever business brain did her.

Percy spent a night of torment, lying tense on his bed in the dark, and figuring out how long it would take him to pay back the money he was advancing to himself. Any fool could do it in five years, he reasoned, but he was going to do it in three. The trouble was that his expensive courtship had taken every penny of his salary. With competitors like Charley Greengay, you had to spend money or drop out. Certain birds, he reflected ruefully, are supplied with more attractive plumage when they are courting, but nature had n't been so thoughtful for men. When Percy reached the office in the morning he climbed on his tall stool and leaned his arms on his ledger. He was so glad to feel it there that he was faint and weak-kneed.

Oliver Remsen, Junior, had brought new blood into the Remsen Paper Company. He married shortly after Percy Bixby did, and in the five succeeding years he had considerably enlarged the company's business and profits. He had been particularly successful in encouraging efficiency and loyalty in the employees. From the time he came into the office he had stood for shorter hours, longer holidays, and a generous consideration of men's necessities. He came out of college on the wave of economic reform, and he continued to read and think a good deal about how the machinery of labor is operated. He knew more about the men who worked for him than their mere office records.

Young Remsen was troubled about Percy Bixby because he took no summer vacations—always asked for the two weeks' extra pay instead. Other men in the office had skipped a vacation now and then, but Percy had stuck to his desk for five years, had tottered to his stool through attacks of grippe and tonsilitis. He seemed to have grown fast to his ledger, and it was to this that Oliver objected. He liked his men to stay men, to look like men and live like men. He remembered how alert and wide-awake Bixby had seemed to him when he himself first came into the office. He had picked Bixby out as the most intelligent and interested of his father's employees, and since then had often wondered why he never seemed to see chances to forge ahead. Promotions, of course, went to the men who went after them. When Percy's baby died, he went to the funeral, and asked Percy to call on him if he needed money. Once when he chanced to sit down by Bixby on the elevated and found him reading Bryce's "American Commonwealth," he asked him to make use of his own large office library. Percy thanked him, but he never came for any books. Oliver wondered whether his bookkeeper really tried to avoid him.

One evening Oliver met the Bixbys in the lobby of a theater. He introduced Mrs. Remsen to them, and held them for some moments in conversation. When they got into their motor, Mrs. Remsen said:

"Is that little man afraid of you, Oliver? He looked like a scared rabbit."

Oliver snapped the door, and said with a shade of irritation:

"I don't know what 's the matter with him. He 's the fellow I 've told you about who never takes a vacation. I half believe it 's his wife. She looks pitiless enough for anything."

"She 's very pretty of her kind," mused Mrs. Remsen, "but rather chilling. One can see that she has ideas about elegance."

"Rather unfortunate ones for a bookkeeper's wife. I surmise that Percy felt she was overdressed, and that made him awkward with me. I 've always suspected that fellow of good taste."

After that, when Remsen passed the counting-room and saw Percy screwed up over his ledger, he often remembered Mrs. Bixby, with her cold, pale eyes and long

lashes, and her expression that was something between indifference and discontent. She rose behind Percy's bent shoulders like an apparition.

One spring afternoon Remsen was closeted in his private office with his lawyer until a late hour. As he came down the long hall in the dusk he glanced through the glass partition into the counting-room, and saw Percy Bixby huddled up on his tall stool, though it was too dark to work. Indeed, Bixby's ledger was closed, and he sat with his two arms resting on the brown cover. He did not move a muscle when young Remsen entered.

"You are late, Bixby, and so am I," Oliver began genially as he crossed to the front of the room and looked out at the lighted windows of other tall buildings. "The fact is, I 've been doing something that men have a foolish way of putting off. I 've been making my will."

"Yes, sir." Percy brought it out with a deep breath.

"Glad to be through with it," Oliver went on. "Mr. Melton will bring the paper back to-morrow, and I 'd like to ask you to be one of the witnesses."

"I 'd be very proud, Mr. Remsen."

"Thank you, Bixby. Good night." Remsen took up his hat just as Percy slid down from his stool.

"Mr. Remsen, I 'm told you 're going to have the books gone over."

"Why, yes, Bixby. Don't let that trouble you. I 'm taking in a new partner, you know, an old college friend. Just because he is a friend, I insist upon all the usual formalities. But it is a formality, and I 'll guarantee the expert won't make a scratch on your books. Good night. You 'd better be coming, too." Remsen had reached the door when he heard "Mr. Remsen!" in a desperate voice behind him. He turned, and saw Bixby standing uncertainly at one end of the desk, his hand still on his ledger, his uneven shoulders drooping forward and his head hanging as if he were seasick. Remsen came back and stood at the other end of the long desk. It was too dark to see Bixby's face clearly.

"What is it, Bixby?"

"Mr. Remsen, five years ago, just before I was married, I falsified the books a thousand dollars, and I used the money." Percy leaned forward against his desk, which took him just across the chest.

"What 's that, Bixby?" Young Remsen spoke in a tone of polite surprise. He felt painfully embarrassed.

"Yes, sir. I thought I 'd get it all paid back before this. I 've put back three hundred, but the books are still seven hundred out of true. I 've played the shortages about from account to account these five years, but an expert would find 'em in twenty-four hours."

"I don't just understand how—" Oliver stopped and shook his head.

"I held it out of the Western remittances, Mr. Remsen. They were coming in heavy just then. I was up against it. I had n't saved anything to marry on, and my wife thought I was getting more money than I was. Since we 've been married, I 've never had the nerve to tell her. I could have paid it all back if it had n't been for the unforeseen expenses."

Remsen sighed.

"Being married is largely unforeseen expenses, Percy. There 's only one way to fix this up: I 'll give you seven hundred dollars in cash to-morrow, and you can give me your personal note, with the understanding that I hold ten dollars a week out of your pay-check until it is paid. I think you ought to tell your wife exactly how you are fixed, though. You can't expect her to help you much when she does n't know."

THAT night Mrs. Bixby was sitting in their flat, waiting for her husband. She was dressed for a bridge party, and often looked with impatience from her paper to the Mission clock, as big as a coffin and with nothing but two weights dangling in its hollow framework. Percy had been loath to buy the clock when they got their furniture, and he had hated it ever since. Stella had changed very little since she came into the flat a bride. Then she wore

"'Oh, you 've been playing solitaire with the books, have you?'"

her hair in a Floradora pompadour; now she wore it hooded close about her head like a scarf, in a rather smeary manner, like an Impressionist's brush-work. She heard her husband come in and close the door softly. While he was taking off his hat in the narrow tunnel of a hall, she called to him:

"I hope you 've had something to eat down-town. You 'll have to dress right away." Percy came in and sat down. She looked up from the evening paper she was reading. "You 've no time to sit down. We must start in fifteen minutes."

He shaded his eyes from the glaring overhead light.

"I 'm afraid I can't go anywhere to-night. I 'm all in."

Mrs. Bixby rattled her paper, and turned from the theatrical page to the fashions.

"You 'll feel better after you dress. We won't stay late."

Her even persistence usually conquered her husband. She never forgot anything she had once decided to do. Her manner of following it up grew more chilly, but never weaker. To-night there was no spring in Percy. He closed his eyes and replied without moving:

"I can't go. You had better telephone the Burks we are n't coming. I have to tell you something disagreeable."

Stella rose.

"I certainly am not going to disappoint the Burks and stay at home to talk about anything disagreeable."

"You 're not very sympathetic, Stella."

She turned away.

"If I were, you 'd soon settle down into a pretty dull proposition. We 'd have no social life now if I did n't keep at you."

Percy roused himself a little.

"Social life? Well, we 'll have to trim that pretty close for a while. I 'm in debt to the company. We 've been living beyond our means ever since we were married."

"We can't live on less than we do," Stella said quietly. "No use in taking that up again."

Percy sat up, clutching the arms of his chair.

"We 'll have to take it up. I 'm seven hundred dollars short, and the books are to be audited to-morrow. I told young Remsen and he 's going to take my note and hold the money out of my pay-checks. He could send me to jail, of course."

Stella turned and looked down at him with a gleam of interest.

"Oh, you 've been playing solitaire with the books, have you? And he 's found you out! I hope I 'll never see that man again. Sugar face!" She said this with intense acrimony. Her forehead flushed delicately, and her eyes were full of hate. Young Remsen was not her idea of a "business man."

Stella went into the other room. When she came back she wore her evening coat and carried long gloves and a black scarf. This she began to arrange over her hair before the mirror above the false fireplace. Percy lay inert in the Morris chair and watched her. Yes, he understood; it was very difficult for a woman with hair like that to be shabby and to go without things. Her hair made her conspicuous, and it had to be lived up to. It had been the deciding factor in his fate.

Stella caught the lace over one ear with a large gold hair-pin. She repeated this until she got a good effect. Then turning to Percy, she began to draw on her gloves.

"I 'm not worrying any, because I 'm going back into business," she said firmly. "I meant to, anyway, if you did n't get a raise the first of the year. I have the offer of a good position, and we can live in an apartment hotel."

Percy was on his feet in an instant.

"I won't have you grinding in any office. That 's flat."

Stella's lower lip quivered in a commiserating smile. "Oh, I won't lose my health. Charley Greengay 's a partner in his concern now, and he wants a private secretary."

Percy drew back.

"You can't work for Greengay. He 's got too bad a reputation. You 've more pride than that, Stella."

The thin sweep of color he knew so well went over Stella's face.

"His business reputation seems to be all right," she commented, working the kid on with her left hand.

"What if it is?" Percy broke out. "He 's the cheapest kind of a skate. He gets into scrapes with the girls in his own office. The last one got into the newspapers, and he had to pay the girl a wad."

"He don't get into scrapes with his books, anyway, and he seems to be able to stand getting into the papers. I excuse Charley. His wife 's a pill."

"I suppose you think he 'd have been all right if he 'd married you," said Percy, bitterly.

"Yes, I do." Stella buttoned her glove with an air of finishing something, and then looked at Percy without animosity. "Charley and I both have sporty tastes, and we like excitement. You might as well live in Newark if you 're going to sit at home in the evening. You ought n't to have married a business woman; you need somebody domestic. There 's nothing in this sort of life for either of us."

"That means, I suppose, that you 're going around with Greengay and his crowd?"

"Yes, that 's my sort of crowd, and you never did fit into it. You 're too intellectual. I 've always been proud of you, Percy. You 're better style than Charley, but that gets tiresome. You will never burn much red fire in New York, now, will you?"

Percy did not reply. He sat looking at the minute-hand of the eviscerated Mission clock. His wife almost never took the trouble to argue with him.

"You 're old style, Percy," she went on. "Of course everybody marries and wishes they had n't, but nowadays people get over it. Some women go ahead on the quiet, but I 'm giving it to you straight. I 'm going to work for Greengay. I like his line of business, and I meet people well. Now I 'm going to the Burks'."

Percy dropped his hands limply between his knees.

"I suppose," he brought out, "the real trouble is that you 've decided my earning power is not very great."

"That 's part of it, and part of it is you 're old fashioned." Stella paused at the door and looked back. "What made you rush me, anyway, Percy?" she asked indulgently. "What did you go and pretend to be a spender and get tied up with me for?"

"I guess everybody wants to be a spender when he 's in love," Percy replied.

Stella shook her head mournfully.

"No, you 're a spender or you 're not. Greengay has been broke three times, fired, down and out, black-listed. But he 's always come back, and he always will. You will never be fired, but you 'll always be poor." She turned and looked back again before she went out.

Six months later Bixby came to young Oliver Remsen one afternoon and said he would like to have twenty dollars a week held out of his pay until his debt was cleared off.

Oliver looked up at his sallow employee and asked him how he could spare as much as that.

"My expenses are lighter," Bixby replied. "My wife has gone into business with a ready-to-wear firm. She is not living with me any more."

Oliver looked annoyed, and asked him if nothing could be done to readjust his domestic affairs. Bixby said no; they would probably remain as they were.

"But where are you living, Bixby? How have you arranged things?" the young man asked impatiently.

"I 'm very comfortable. I live in a boarding-house and have my own furniture. There are several fellows there who are fixed the same way. Their wives went back into business, and they drifted apart."

With a baffled expression Remsen stared at the uneven shoulders under the skin-fitting alpaca desk coat as his bookkeeper went out. He had meant to do something for Percy, but somehow, he reflected, one never did do anything for a fellow who had been stung as hard as that.

"'I believe.' 'You believe? What do you believe?' 'Him. That he is risen.'"

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–IV

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

V

THE emotional frenzies, recurring through the day, were past, and she could speak steadily to the man, in the absence of greeting which often emphasizes the self-forgetfulness of love as well as marks the formlessness of common life:

"Your supper 's waitin' for you, Laban; I 've had mine; you must be hungry. It 's out in the shed; it 's cooler there. Go round; baby 's asleep."

The man obeyed, and she heard him drop the bucket into the well, and lift it by the groaning sweep, and pour the water into the basin, and then splash himself, with murmurs of comfort, presently muffled in the towel. Her hearing followed him through his supper, and she knew he was obediently eating it, and patiently waiting for her to account for whatever was unwonted in her greeting. She loved him most of all for his boylike submission to her will and every caprice of it, but now she hardly knew how to deny his tacit question as he ventured in from the shed.

"Don't come near me, Laban," she said with a stony quiet. "Don't touch me. I ain't your wife any more."

He could not speak at first; then it was like him to ask:

"Why—why— What have I done, Nancy?"

"*You,* you poor soul?" she answered. "Nothing but good all your days. He 's come back."

He knew whom she meant, but he had to ask:

"Joseph Dylks? Why, I thought he was—"

"Don't say it! It 's murder! I don't want you to have his blood on you, *too.* Oh, if he was *only* dead! Yes, yes; I have a right to wish it! O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

"When—when—how did you know it, Nancy?"

"Yesterday morning or day before—just after you left. I reckon he was waitin' for you to go. I 'm glad you went first." The man looked up at the rifle resting on the pegs above the fireplace. "Laban, don't!" she cried. "*I* looked at

it when he was walkin' away, and I know what you 're thinkin'."

"What is he goin' to do?" the man asked from his daze.

"Nothing. He said he would n't do nothing if I did n't. If he had n't said it, I might believe it!"

Laban shifted his weight, where he stood, from one foot to the other.

"He passed the night at David's. He 's passed two nights there."

"Was it the snorting man?"

"I reckon."

"I heard about him at the Cross Roads. Why did n't David tell us yesterday?" he asked.

"Maybe he had n't thought it out. David thinks slow. He likes to be sure before he speaks. He was sure enough this morning!" the woman ended bitterly.

"What did he say?"

"He said it was livin' in sin for us to keep together if he was alive."

Laban pondered it.

"I reckon, if we come together without knowin' he was alive, it ain't no sin."

"Yes it is!" she shrieked.

"We was married just like anybody; we did n't make no secret of it; we 've lived together four years. Are you goin' to unlive them years by stoppin' now?"

"Don't you s'pose I been over all that a million times? My mind 's sore workin' with it; there ain't a thought in me that don't ache from it. But David 's right. We 've got to part. I put your things in this poke here," she said, and she gave him a bag made from an old pillow tick, with a few clothes lumping it half full. "I 'll carry the baby, Laban." She pulled back from him with the child in her arms. "Or, no, you can carry her; you 'll have to leave *her,* too, and you 've got a right to all the good you can get of her now. Don't touch anything. I 'll stay at David's to-night, but I 'll come back in the morning, and then I 'll see what I 'll do—stay, or go and live with David. Come!"

"And what about Joey?" Laban asked, half turning with the child when they were outside.

"I declare, I forgot about Joey! I 'll see to-morrow. It seems as if my very soul was tired now. Joey will just think we 've gone over to David's for a minute; he 'll go to bed when he comes; he 'll have had his supper at Peter Hingston's, anyway." As they walked away, she said: "You 're a good man, Laban Billings, to feel the way you always do about Joey. You 've been a true father to him; I wonder what his *own* father 'd have been."

"No truer father to him than I 've been a husband to you, Nancy," the man said, and as they walked along together, so far apart, his speech came to him, and he began to plead their case with her as before an adverse judge. Worn as she was with the arguments for and against them after the long day of iteration, she could not refuse to let him plead. She scarcely answered him, but he knew when they reached Gillespie's cabin that she had seen them in the fierce light of her conscience, where there was no shadow of turning.

David was alone; Jane, he said, had gone to the Reverdys, and was going with the woman to the Temple.

Nancy did not seem to hear him. She took the sleeping baby from its father's arms.

"Laban has come with me to say goodby before you, David. I hope you 'll be satisfied."

"I hope your conscience will be satisfied, Nancy. It does n't matter about me. Laban, do you see this thing like I do?"

"I see it like Nancy does."

"God will bless your effort for righteousness. Your path is dark before you now, but His light will shine upon it."

The old man paused helplessly, and Nancy asked:

"Does Jane know?"

"Not yet. And I will confess I 'm not certain what to do about her and about the neighbors. This is a cross to me, too, Nancy. I have lived a proud life here; there has never been talk about me or mine. Now, when you and Laban are parted, there will be talk."

"There 's no need to be," Laban said; "not at once. They want me back at the Cross Roads, the Wilkinses do. I can go

now as well as in the morning. I forgot to tell you," he added to his wife. "It was drove out of my mind."

"Oh, I don't blame you," she answered.

"I can have work there all the fall."

David Gillespie rubbed his forehead, and said tremulously:

"I don't know what to say. I suppose I am weak. It 'll be *one* kind of a lie. But, Laban—I thank you—"

"I can come back here Sundays and see Nancy and the baby," Laban suggested.

The old man's voice shook.

"You 'll be making it harder for yourself," was all he could say.

"But perhaps—perhaps there 'll be light—that light you said—by and by—"

"Let us pray that there 'll be no light from the Pit. I am a sinful man, Laban, to let you do this thing. I ought to have strength for all of us. But I am older now; I 'm not what I was—the day has tried me, Nancy."

"Good-by, then, Laban," the woman said. "And don't you think hard of David. I don't. And I 'm not sure I 'll ever let you come. Say good-by as if it was for life." She turned to her brother. "We can kiss, I reckon?"

"Oh, I reckon," he lamented, and went indoors.

Laban opened his arms as if to take her in them; but she interposed the baby.

"Kiss her first. Me last. Just once. Now go! I won't be weak with you like David is. And don't you be afraid for *me*. *I* can get along. *I 'm not a man!*" She went into the cabin, with her baby over her shoulder; but in a little while she came back without it, and stared after the figure of Laban losing itself in the night. Then she sat down on the doorstep and cried: it seemed as if she never could stop: but the tears helped her.

When she lifted her head she caught the sounds of singing from the village below the upland where the cabin stood. It was the tune that carried, not the words, but she knew them from the tune; as well as if she were in the Temple with them she knew what the people were singing. While she followed the lines helplessly, almost singing them herself, she was startled by the presence of a boy who had come silently round the cabin in his bare feet and stood beside her.

"Oh!" she cried out.

"Why, did I scare you, Mom?" he asked tenderly. "I did n't mean to."

"No, Joey. I did n't know any one was there; that 's all. I did n't expect you. Why ain't you at home in bed? You must be tired enough, poor boy."

"Oh, no, I ain't tired. Mr. Hingston is real good to me; he lets me rest plenty; and he says I 'll make a first-rate miller. I helped to dress the burs this morning—the millstones, you know," the boy explained, proud of the technicality. "Oh, I tell you, I just like it there!" he said, and he laughed out his joy in it.

"You always was a glad boy, Joey," his mother said ruefully.

"Well, you would n't thought so if you seen me over at our house. It seemed like there was somebody dead; I das n't hardly go in, it was so dark and still. Why n't you there? Did n't pop come home?"

"Yes, but he had to go back to the Cross Roads; he 's got work there all the fall."

"Well! We do seem to be gittin' along!" He laughed again. "I reckon you come over here because it seemed kind o' lonesome. Goin' to stay all night with uncle?"

"Yes. You won't mind being there alone?"

"Oh, no! Not much, I reckon."

"You can stay here, too, if you want to—"

"Oh, no! Mom," he confessed shyly, "I brung Benny Hingston with me. I thought you 'd let him stay all night with me."

"Why, certainly, Joey—"

"He 's just behind the house; I wanted to ask first—"

"You know you can always bring Benny. There 's plenty of room for both of you in your bed. But now when you go back with him be careful of the lamp. I put a fresh piece of rag in, and there 's plenty of grease. You can blow up a coal

on the hearth. I covered the fire; only be careful."

"Oh, we 'll be careful. Benny 's about the carefullest boy the' is in Leatherwood. Oh, I do like being in the mill with Mr. Hingston!" He laughed out his joy again, and then he asked doubtfully, "Mom?"

"Yes, Joey?"

"Benny and me was wonderin'—we 'd go straight back home, and not light any lamp at all—if you 'd let us go to the Temple. There 's a big meetin' there tonight." The mother hesitated, and the boy urged: "They say that strange man—well, some calls him the Snorter and some the Exhorter—is goin' to preach." The mother was still silent, and the boy faltered on, "He dresses like the people do Over-the-Mountains, and he wears his hair down his back—"

The mother gasped.

"I don't like your being out late, Joey. I 'd feel better if you and Benny was safe in bed."

"Oh, well." The boy's voice sank to the level of his disappointment; but after a silent interval he caught it up again cheerily. "Oh, well, I reckon Benny won't care much. We 'll go right back home. We can have a piece before we go to bed?"

"Yes—"

"Benny thinks our apple-butter is the best the' is. Can we have some on bread, with sugar on top?"

His mother did not answer at once, and he said again, as if relinquishing another ideal:

"Oh, well."

Nancy rose up and kissed him.

"Yes, go to the Temple. You might as well."

"Truly, Mom? O Benny, hurrah! She 's let me! Come along!"

He ran round the cabin to his comrade, and she heard them shouting and laughing together, and then the muted scamper of their bare feet on the soft mud road toward the settlement.

The mother said to herself:

"He 'd get to see him sooner or later." She drew her breath in a long sigh, and went into the cabin. "What a day, what a day! It seems a thousand years," she said aloud.

"Are you talking to me, Nancy?" her brother asked from somewhere in the dark.

"No, no; only to myself, David. Where did I put the baby? Oh, I know. I 've let Joey go to the Temple to hear his father preach. Lord have mercy!"

VI

THE discourse of Dylks the second night was a chain of biblical passages, as it had been the first night; but an apparent intention, which had been wanting before, ran through the incoherent texts, leaping as it were from one to another, and there binding them in an intimation of a divine mission. He did not say that he had been sent of God, but he made the texts, which he gave swiftly and unerringly, say something like that for him to such as were prepared to believe it. Not all were prepared; many denied; the most doubted: but those who accepted that meaning of the inspired words were of the principal people, respected for their higher intelligence and their greater wealth.

He had come to the Temple with Peter Hingston and he went with him from it. Hingston was the owner of a quarter section of the richest farmland in the Bottom; it bordered his mill privilege, with barns and corn-cribs and tobacco-sheds, and his brick house, behind the mill, was the largest and finest dwelling in the place. His flocks and herds abounded; his state was patriarchal; but he ruled less by will than by good-will in his family, and the neighborhood loved and honored him for some favor and kindness done nearly every man there: for money when the crops failed; for the storage of their wheat and corn in the deep bins of his mill when the yield was too great for their barns; for the use of his sheds in drying their tobacco before their own were ready. His growing sons and daughters, until they were grown men and women, obeyed his counsel as they had obeyed his will while children. But he was severe with no one; since his wife had died his natural gentleness was his manner

as it had always been his make, and it tempered the piety, which in many was forbidding and compelling, to a wistful kindness. His faith admitted no misgiving for himself, but his toleration of doubts and differences in others extended to the worst of skeptics. He believed that revelation had never ceased; he was of those who looked for a sign, because if God had ever given Himself in communion with His creatures, it was not reasonable that He should afterward always withhold Himself. A friendly humor looked from his dull eyes, and, in never quite coming to a formulated joke, stayed his utterance as if he were hopeful of some such event in time. He stood large in bulk as well as height, and drew his breath in slow, audible respirations.

The first people of the community tacitly recognized him as the first man in it, though none would have compared him in education with his nearest friend, Richard Enraghty, who had been the schoolmaster and was now the foremost of the United Brethren. He led their services in the Temple, and sometimes preached for them when it came their turn to occupy the house which they shared with the other sects. Hingston was a Methodist, but perhaps because their sects were so akin in doctrine and polity their difference made no division between the friends: Enraghty little and fierce and restless, Hingston large and kind and calm. What they joined in saying prevailed in questions of public interest; those who yielded to their wisdom liked to believe that Enraghty's opinion ruled with Hingston. Matthew Braile alone had the courage to disable their judgment, which he liked to say was no more infallible than so much Scripture; but the hardy infidel, who knew so much law and was inexpugnable in his office, owned that he could not make head against their gospel. He could darken their counsel with citations from "Common Sense" and "The Age of Reason," but the piety of the community remained safe from his mockery.

The large charity of Hingston covered the multitude of the squire's sins; he would have argued that he had not been understood perhaps in the worst things he said: but the fiercer godliness of Enraghty was proof against the walk of a man whose conversation was an exhalation from the Pit. He had bitterly opposed Matthew Braile's successive elections; he had made the pulpit of the Temple an engine of political warfare, and had launched its terrors against the invulnerable heathen. He was like Hingston in looking for a sign; in that day of remoteness from any greater world the people of the backwoods longed to feel themselves near the greatest world of all, and well within the radius of its mysteries. They talked mostly of these when they met together, and in the solitude of their fields they dwelt upon them; on their week-days and workdays they turned over the threats and promises of the Sabbath, and expected a light or a voice from on high which should burst their darkness and silence.

To most of them there was nothing sacrilegious in the pretensions which could be read into the closely scriptured discourse of Dylks when he preached the second time in the Temple. The affability which he used in descending from the pulpit among them, and shaking hands and hailing them brother and sister, and personally bidding each come to the mercy-seat, convinced them of his authority; no common man would so fearlessly trust his dignity among those who had little of their own. They thronged upon him gladly, and the women, old and young alike, trembled before him with a strange joy.

"Where is your father, Sister Gillespie?" he demanded of the girl who wavered in his strong voice like a plant in the wind.

"I don't know. He 's at home," she said.

"See that he comes another time. I send him my peace, and tell him that it will not return to me. Say that I said he needs me."

He went out between Enraghty and Hingston, and as they walked away he sank his voice back in words of Scripture; farther away he began his hymn:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,"

and ended with his shout of "Salvation!"

VII

THE cabin of the Reverdys stood on a byway beyond the Gillespies. Sally had joined the girl on her way out of the Temple, and was prancing beside her as they went homeward together.

"Oh, ain't it just great? I feel like as if I could fly. I never seen the Power in Leatherwood like it was to-night. He 's *sent;* you can tell that as plain as the nose on your face. How happy I do feel! I believe in my heart I got salvation this minute. Don't you feel the Spirit any? But you was always such a still girl! I did like the way the women folks was flop-pun' all round. *I* say, if you feel the Power workun' in you, show it, and help the others to git it. What do you s'pose he meant by your paw's needun' him?"

"I don't know. Perhaps *he* will," the girl answered briefly.

"Goun' to tell him? Well, that 's right, Janey. I kep' wonderun' why he did n't come to-night. If Abel had n't be'n so beat out with his work at the Cross Roads to-day, you bet I 'd 'a' made *him* come; but he said I 'd git enough glory for both. I believe his talkun' with Squire Braile don't do him no good. You b'lieve Washington and Jefferson was friends with Tom Paine? The squire says they was, but I misdoubt it myself; I always hearn them two was good perfessun' Christians. Kind o' lonesome along here where the woods comes so close't, ain't it? Say, Janey, I wisht you 'd come a little piece with me, though I don't suppose the bad spirits would dast to come around a body right on the way home from the Temple this way—"

They had reached the point where Sally must part with the girl, who stopped to lift the top rail of the bars to the lane leading from the road to her father's cabin. She let it drop again.

"Why, I 'll go the whole way with you, Sally."

"Will you? Well, I declare to gracious, you 're the best girl I ever seen. I believe in my heart I 'll rout Abel out and make him go back home with you."

"You need n't," the girl said. "I 'm not afraid to go alone in the dark."

"Well, just as you say, Janey. What do you do to keep from beun' afraid?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just think, I suppose."

"Well, *I* just want to *squeal.*" As they went on, Sally kept talking in her loud, loose voice to keep her courage up. "Well, I declare if we ain't there a'ready! If you just say the word, I 'll have Abel out in half a minute, and—"

"No," the girl said. "Good night."

"Well, good night. I 've got half a mind to go back with you myself," Sally called as she lifted her hand to pull the latch-string of her door.

Jane Gillespie found her father standing at the bars when she went back. He mechanically let them down for her.

"I thought you would be in bed, Father," she said gently, but coldly.

"I 've had things to keep me awake; and it 's hot indoors," he answered, and then he demanded, "Well?" If it was his way of bidding her tell him of her evening's experience, she did not obey him, and he had to make another attempt on her silence. "Was Hughey there?"

"Hughey? I don't know."

"Did n't he ask to come home with you?"

"I did n't see him. Sally Reverdy came with me."

"Yes, I knew that."

She was silent for another moment and then she said:

"Father, I have a message for you. He said, 'I send my peace to him, and it will not return to me.' He said you needed him."

Gillespie knew that she meant Dylks and he knew that she kept out of her voice whatever feeling she had in delivering his message.

In the dark she could not see her father's frown, but she was aware of it in his answer.

"You went there against my will. Well?"

"I believe."

"You believe? What do you believe?"

"Him. That he is sent."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you. He made me; he made all the people there."

Her father was standing between her and the door. He stood aside.

"Go to bed now, but be quiet. Your Aunt Nancy is there."

"Aunt Nancy?"

"Laban came, but he went back to the Cross Roads, and she 's over for the night with the baby."

"The baby? Oh, I 'll be careful!" A joy came into her voice, and the strain left it in something like a laugh.

Early in the morning she crept down the ladder from the loft; her father had looped his cot up against the cabin wall and gone out. Nancy was sitting up in the bed she had made for herself on the floor, coiling a rope of her black hair into a knot at her neck. The baby lay cooing and kicking in her lap. The morning air came in fresh and sweet at the open door.

"Oh, Aunt Nancy, may I take her?" she asked.

"Yes; I 'll get the breakfast. Your father 'll be hungry; he 's been up a good while, I reckon."

"I 'll make the fire first, and then I 'll take the baby."

The girl uncovered the embers on the hearth and blew them into life; then she ran out into the corn-field and gathered her apron full of the milky ears and grated them for the cakes which her aunt molded to fry for breakfast. She took the baby and washed its hands and face, talking and laughing with it.

"You talk to it a sight more than you do to anybody else, Jane," the mother said. "Don't put anything but its little shimmy on; it 's goin' to be another hot day."

"I believe," the girl said, "I 'll get some water in the tub, and wash her all over. There 'll be time enough."

"It 'u'd be a good thing, I reckon. But you must n't forget your milkin'. I dunno what *our* cow 'd do this morning if it was n't for Joey. But he 'll milk her, him and Benny Hingston between them, somehow. Benny stayed with him last night."

"I did forget the milking," the girl said, putting the baby's little chemise on. "But I 'll do it now. Sissy will have to wait till after breakfast for her washing." She got the tin bucket from where it blazed a-tilt in the sun beside the back door of the cabin, and took her deep bonnet from its peg. She did not ask why the boys slept alone in the cabin, but her aunt felt that she must explain.

"Laban 's got work for the whole fall at the Cross Roads. He went straight back last night. I come here." She had got through without telling the lie which she feared she must. "I 'm goin' home after breakfast."

Jane asked nothing further, but called from the open door, "Sukey, Sukey! Suk, Suk, Suk!" A plaintive lowing responded; then the snapping sound of a cow's eager hoofs; the hoarse drumming of the milk in the bucket followed, subduing itself to the soft final murmur of the strippings in the foam. Jane carried the milk to the spring-house before she reappeared in the cabin with a cup of it for the baby.

"It 's so good for her to have it warm from the cow," she said as she tilted the tin for the last drop on the little one's lips. "I wish you 'd leave her here with me, Aunt Nancy."

"It 's about time she was weaned," the mother said. "I reckon you better call your father now. He must be ready for his breakfast, bendin' over that tobacco ever since sun-up."

Jane took down the tin dinner horn from its peg, and went to the back door with it, and blew a long, loud blast, crumbling away in broken sounds.

The baby was beating the air with its hands up and down, and gurgling its delight in the noise when she came back. "O Honey, Honey, Honey!" she cooed, catching it up and hugging it to her.

The mother looked at them over her shoulder as she put the cakes of grated

corn in the skillet and set it among the coals on the hearth.

"It 's a pity you ha' n't got one of your own."

"I don't want one of my own," the girl said.

"I thought a spell back"—the woman took up the subject again after a decent interval—"that you and Hughey Blake was goin' to make a match." The girl said nothing, but her aunt pursued, "Was he there last night?"

"I did n't notice."

"Many folks?" her aunt asked with whatever change or fulfilment of a first intent.

From kneeling over to play with the baby, the girl sank back on her heels, with her hands fallen before her.

"I don't know."

"What did he preach?"

"The Word of God; God's own words. All Scripture; but it was like as if it was the first time you ever heard it."

The girl was looking at the woman, but seemed rapt from the sight of her in a vision of the night before.

"I reckon Satan could make it sound that way," Nancy said, but her niece seemed not to hear her. Nancy stood staring at her, with words bitter beyond saying in her heart—words that rose in her throat and choked her. When she spoke she only said, "Get up, Jane; your father 'll be here in a minute."

"I 'm not going to eat anything. I 'm going into the woods." She staggered to her feet, and dashed from the door. The child looked after her with outstretched arms and whimpered pitifully, but she did not mind its call.

"Where 's Jane?" her father said, coming in at the back door.

"Gone into the woods," she said.

"To pray, I reckon."

He sat down at the table-leaf lifted from the wall, and his sister served him his breakfast. He ate greedily, but his hand trembled so in lifting his cup that the coffee spilled from it.

When he had ended and sat leaning back from the board, she asked him:

"What are you going to do?"

The old man cleared his throat.

"Nothing yet. Let the Lord work His will."

"And let Joseph Dylks work *his* will, too! I 'll have something to say about that."

"Be careful, woman! Be careful!"

"Oh, I 'll be careful. He has as much to lose as I have."

"No, not half so much."

VIII

WHERE Matthew Braile sat smoking most of the hot forenoon away on the porch of his cabin there came to him rumor of the swift spread of the superstition running from mind to mind in the neighborhood, and catching like fire in dry grass. The rumor came in different voices, some piously meant to shake him with fear in the scorner's seat which he held so stubbornly, some in their doubt seeking the help of his powerful unfaith; but he required their news from them all with the same mocking. They were not of the Scribes and Pharisees, the pillars of the Temple, the wise and rich and proud who had been the first to follow Dylks, but the poorer and lowlier sort who wavered before the example of their betters, and were entirely willing to submit it to the searching of the old Sadducee's scrutiny.

The morning after Abel Reverdy had finished his work at the Cross Roads, and had returned to the cares patiently awaiting him at home, he rode his claybank so hesitantly toward the squire's cabin that his desire to stop and talk was plain, and Braile called to him:

"Well, Abel, what do they think of the prophet over at Wilkins's? Many converts? Many dipped or sprinkled, as the case required?"

Reverdy drew rein and faced the squire with a solemnity presently yielding to his natural desire to grin at any form of joke, and his belief that when the squire indulged such flagrant irreverence as this he must be joking. Yet he answered evasively:

"Nancy stood staring at her, with words bitter beyond saying in her heart—words that rose in her throat and choked her"

"You hearn't he says now he hain't never goun' to die?"

"No. But I 'm not surprised to hear it; about the next thing on the docket. Did he say that at the Cross Roads?"

"Said it right here in Leatherwood. Sally told me the first thing when I got home. You was n't at the Temple last night, I reckon?"

"Well, not *last* night," Braile said with an implication that he had been at the Temple all the other nights, which made Reverdy laugh with guilcy joy.

"One o' the Hounds—no, it was Jim Redfield hisself—stopped on the way out, and he says: 'What 's this I hear? You say you ain't goin' to die.' And Dylks he lifts his hands up over his head and he says, 'This shell will fall off'; and Jim he says, 'I 've got half a mind to *crack* your shell,' and the believers they got round, and begun to hustle Jim off, but Dylks he told them to let him alone, and he says, 'I can endure strong meat, but I must be fed on milk for a while.' What you s'pose he meant, Squire?"

Braile took his pipe out and cackled toothlessly.

"I 'm almost afraid to think, Abel. Something awful, though. You say Sally told you?"

"Yes."

"I should think Sally would know what he meant, if anybody." He looked at Abel, and Sally's husband joined him in safe derision. "Tell you anything else?"

"Well, no, not just in so many words; but it 'pears he 's been teachin' round all sorts of things in private-like. Who do you reckon he says he is?"

"Not John the Baptist, I hope. I don't know where we should get the locusts and wild honey for him in *this* settlement. Might try grasshoppers, but the last bee-tree on the Bottom was cut down when I was a boy. I got a piece of the comb, I remember."

"I don't know if he said John the *Baptist;* but it was John, anyway. And they say—or that 's what Sally hearn tell—that when he was off with Enraghty and Hingston on some 'pointments down round Seneca there was doun's that 'u'd make your hair stand up."

"You don't happen to know just what the doings were?"

"Well, no, I don't, Squire; but they was doun's to deceive the very elec', from all I hearn."

"That 's just what Hingston and Enraghty both are—the very elect. What deceived *them?*"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Squire! You know I don't mean they were deceived! That 's just a Bible sayin'. You see, Brother Briggs was sick, and Brother Enraghty went along with Dylks and Brother Hingston to preach in his place."

"Could n't Dylks have done the preaching?"

"I reckon he could; but there was three 'p'intments, and maybe Dylks could n't fill 'em all, and maybe he did n't want to. Fust Brother Enraghty preached in the Temple at Seneca, and then at Brother Christhaven's house off south of that, and then at David Mason's, the local preacher; but Brother Mason has got the consumption, and he could n't preach, so Brother Enraghty had to do *all* the preachin'."

"I see. Well?"

"Well, that was n't anything out o' the common, but what Dylks done to the devil beat all the preachun', I reckon."

"How d' it get out? Devil tell?"

"No. Brother Enraghty told, and Sally she got it poortty straight from the wife of the man that he told it to."

"Go on," Braile said. "I can hardly wait to hear."

"Well, sir, they had just got acrost the Leatherwood, and Brother Enraghty felt as if he was lifted all at once into heaven; air diff'ent and full of joy. Dylks's face got brighter and brighter, and his voice sounded like music. When they got to the top of the hill where you can look back and see the Temple, Dylks turned his horse and stretched out his hands, and says he: 'How ignorant them people is of my true natur'! But time will show 'em.' Well, not just them words, you know—more dictionary; and they preached with a great outpourun' at Seneca. They did n't

go to bed that night at all, accordun' to the woman's tell that Enraghty told her man; sot up tell mornun' prayun', and singun' hymns and readun' the Bible. Next mornun' when they started out Brother Enraghty seen a bright ring round Dylks's head, and whenever Dylks got down to pray, the ring just stayed in the air over the saddle tell he got back, and then it dropped round his head ag'in."

Reverdy stopped for the effect, but Braile only said:

"Go on! Go on!"

"Well, sir, so they kep' on all that day and all the next night, prayun', and singun', and readun' the Bible. The next mornun' when they started, Brother Enraghty felt kind o' cold all over, and his teeth chattered, and Dylks looked at him hard in the face, and says he: 'Time is precious now. This is the time for work. I now reveal unto you that you are Paul the Apostle.'"

"And what did Paul the Apostle say? Did he own up that he was Paul?"

Reverdy halted in his tale.

"Look here, Squire, I don't feel jest right havun' you say such things. It sounds—well, like profane swearun'."

"Any worse than Dylks or Enraghty? You go right ahead, Abel. I 'll take the responsibility before the law."

"Well," Reverdy continued with a reluctance that passed as he went on, "what Dylks told him was that he would increase his faith, so 't he could see the sights of his power, and glorify him among men, and then Enraghty he commenced to git warm ag'in, and Dylks he turned up his eyes and kep' still, and it was so bright all round him that it made the daylight like dusk, and Dylks made him hark if he did n't hear a kind of rush in the air, and Dylks said it was the adversary of souls, but he would conquer him. They come into a deep holler in the woods, and there they see the devil standun' in their way, and Dylks he lights and hollers out, 'Fear not, Paul; this day my work is done,' and he went towards Satan, and Satan he raised his burnun' wings and bristled his scales, and stuck out his forked tongue and dropped melted fire from it; and he rolled his eyes in his head, hissun' and bubblun' like sinners boilun' in hell's kittles. Then Dylks he got down on his knees and prayed, and got up and give his shout of 'Salvation!' and the devil's wings fell, and he took in his tongue, and his eyes stood still, and Dylks he blowed his breath at him, and Satan he turned and jumped, and every jump he give the ground shook, and Dylks and the balance of 'em follered him till the devil come to Brother Mason's house, and then he jumped through the shut winder out of sight. They found Brother Mason's son David in bed sick, but he got up and took Dylks in his arms and called him his Saviour, and everybody got down on their knees and prayed, and their faces was shinun' beautiful, and Dylks he walks round David Mason, and rubs his hands over him, and says, 'I bind the devil for a thousand years,' and he hugged David, and said, 'The work is done.' And he would n't stay to preach there, but told 'em they must come back with him to the Temple here in Leatherwood. On the way back he would n't talk at all, hardly, but jest kep' sayun', 'The perfect work is done,' and he did n't give his shout no more; just snorted."[1]

Braile's pipe had gone out, but he pulled slowly at it two or three times before he said:

"Well, Abel, I don't wonder Sally is excited. I suppose *you* would be if you believed a word of this yarn?"

"Well, it 's poortty cur'ous doun's, Squire," Reverdy said, daunted between his natural bent and his wish to be of the squire's thinking. "Don't *you* believe it?"

"Oh, yes, *I* believe it; but you know *I* believe anything. If Dylks did it, and Enraghty says he did it, why there we 've got the gospel for it—right from St. Paul himself."

He said no more, and Reverdy lingered a moment in vague disappointment. Then he sighed out:

"Well, I must be goun', I reckon," and

[1] The fiction throughout generally follows the historical facts, especially as they are narrated by Judge Taneyhill in a volume of the "Ohio Valley Series," Robert Clarke Co.

thumped his bare heels into the claybank's ribs and rode away.

Day by day the faith in Dylks spread with circumstance which strengthened it in the converts: they accepted the differences which parted husband and wife, parent and child, and set strife between brothers and neighbors as proof of his divine authority to bring a sword; they knew by the hate and dissension which followed from his claim that it was of supernatural force, and when the pillars of the old spiritual temple fell one after another under his blows, they exulted in the ruin as the foundation of a new sanctuary. They drove the worshipers out of the material Temple, Methodists and Moravians and Baptists who had used it in common. They met to dedicate it solely to the doctrine of the prophet who came teaching that neither he nor they should ever die, but should enter in the flesh into the New Jerusalem, which should come down to them at Leatherwood. His steps in passing from teacher to prophet and to Messiah were contested by a few with bitter and strenuous dissent, but on the night when Dylks proclaimed before the thronging assembly in the stolen Temple, "I am God, and there is none else," they pressed round him, men and women and children, and worshiped him. "I am God and the Christ in one," he proclaimed. "In me Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are met. There is no salvation except by faith in me. They who put their faith in me shall never taste death, but shall be translated into the New Jerusalem, which I am going to bring down from heaven." He snorted; the few unbelievers protested in abhorrence, but the sisters in the faith shrieked and the brothers shouted, "We shall never die!" Dylks came down from the pulpit among them, and Enraghty called out, "Behold our God!" and they fell on their knees before him. As it had been from the beginning, the wisest and best, the first in prayer and counsel, were foremost in the idolatry; and young girls and wives and mothers joined in hailing Dylks as their Creator and Saviour, and besought him to bless and keep them.

The believers were in such force that none of the Hounds, veteran disturbers of camp-meetings and revivals, who were there dared molest them; the few members of the sects expelled from the Temple of their common worship held aloof from the tumult in dismay, and made no attempt to reclaim the sanctuary. One man, not of any church, but of standing in the community, tried to incite the sectarians to assert their rights, but found no following among them. They left the Temple together with certain others who had been trembling toward belief in Dylks, but whom the profanation repelled; when they were gone the tumult sank enough to let Enraghty announce another meeting a week hence, and then dismiss the congregation.

"An' afore that we 're goun' to have a murricle," Sally Reverdy told Squire Braile, sitting early the next morning at the receipt of gossip on his cabin porch with his pipe between his teeth; her cow had not come up the night before, and Abel had not found her in the woods-pasture when he went to look. "An' I could n't wait all day, an' I jest slipped over to git some milk of Mis' Braile," she explained to the squire as she paused with the bucket in her hand. "I told her I 'd bring it back the first chance 't I git at our cow; I reckon Abel will find her some time or 'nuther; and I 'lowed you had plenty."

Braile had already heard her explaining all this to his wife, but now he kept her for the full personal detail of the last night's event at the Temple. She ended an unsparing report of the wonders seen with a prophecy of wonders to come.

"Why," Braile said, "I don't see what you want of a miracle more than what you 've had already. The fact that your cow did n't come up last night and Abel could n't find her in the woods-pasture this morning is miracle enough to prove that Dylks is God. Besides, did n't he say it himself, did n't Enraghty say it?"

"Well, yes, they did," Sally assented, overborne for the moment by his logic.

"And did n't you all believe them?"

"Well, *we* all did," Sally said. "But look here, Squire Braile, what about them that did n't believe it?"

"Oh, then there were some there that did n't believe it! Well, I suppose nothing less than more miracles will do for *them*. Who were they?"

"Well, of course, there was Jim Redfield; he 's been ag'inst him from the first; and there was old George Nixon, and there was Hughey Blake, and a passel of the Hounds that I don't count."

"Why, certainly not; the Hounds would doubt anything. But I 'm surprised at Redfield and Nixon and Hughey Blake. What reason did they give for the faith that was n't in them? When a man stood up and snorted like a horse and said he was God, why did n't they believe him? Or the other fellows that did n't snort, but said they knew it was God from a sound that he made?"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Squire Braile!" Sally gurgled. She did not yield quite with Abel's helplessness at a joke, but the squire's blasphemous irony had its force with her, too, though she felt it right to bring herself back to her religious conviction with the warning, "Some day you 'll go too fur."

"Yes, I 'm always expecting the lightning to strike in the wrong place. Did n't Nixon or Redfield or Hughey Blake say anything? Or did they just look ashamed of you, down there on your knees before a man that you worshiped for a God because he snorted like a horse? Did n't anybody in their senses say anything, or could n't those that were out of their senses hear anything but their own ravings?" The old man had pleased himself with his mockeries, but now he let the scorn which his irony had hidden blaze out. "Was n't anybody ashamed of it all? Were n't you ashamed yourself, Sally?"

"Well, I dunno," Sally said, easing herself from one foot to another and shifting the milk-bucket from her right hand to her left. "Where everybody is goun' one way, you don't know what to think exactly. Jane Gillespie was there, and she went on as bad as the best."

"Jane Gillespie?"

"Yes. She come with me, and she was goun' to come home with me as fur 's the door, and she would ha' done it if it had n't ha' been for her father. He bruk through the believers and drug her up from the floor where she was kneelin' and stoopin' her forehead over to the ground, and pulled her out through the crowd. 'You come home with me!' says he, kind o' harsh-like; and if it had n't ha' been for Nancy Billun's' Joey, I 'd ha' had to git through the woods alone, and the dear knows I 'm always skeered enough. But Joey and Benny Hingston they come with me, or I don't feel as if I 'd been here to tell it."

"You 'd have been safe from the devil, though; he stayed with Dylks. Did n't David say anything to the girl?"

"Jest 'You come home with me,' and he looked so black that Hughey Blake he kind o' started from where he was standin' with the unbelievers, and he says, 'Oh, don't, Mr. Gillespie!'—like that, and Jane she said, 'It 's my father, Hugh,' and she went along with him, kind o' wild-lookin', like she was walkun' in her sleep. I noticed it at the time."

"Did n't Dylks do anything, say anything?"

"Well, not that *I* seen or hearn. But some o' them that was standun' nigh him was talkun' about it when we all got out, and they was sayun' he said, 'Go with your earthly father; your heavenly father will keep you safe.' I don't know whether he did or not; but that 's what they was sayun'."

"And did Gillespie say anything back?"

"Not 't anybody heared. Jest give Dylks a look like he wanted to kill him, and then Dylks snorted, and yelled, 'Salvation!' Squire," Sally broke off, "some of us believers was talkun' it over when we started home, and wonderun' what ought we to call him. Jest Dylks don't sound quite right, and you can't say Almighty, to a body, exactly, and you can't say Lord. What should you think was the right way?"

Braile got back to his irony.

"Well, that 's an important question, Sally. I should call him Beelzebub myself; but, then, I 'm not a believer. That night when he first came did n't he tell the people to call him just Dylks?"

"Yes, he did; but that was for the present, he said."

"Has he given himself any other name?"

"Well, no."

"Then I should let it go at Dylks," he said.

"Just plain Dylks? *Mr.* Dylks would n't do, or Brother Dylks would n't. Father Dylks don't sound quite the thing—"

"Might try Uncle Dylks," Braile said, cackling round his pipe-stem, and now Sally perceived that it was in vain to attempt serious discussion of the point with him. She said:

"Oh, pshaw, Squire Braile!" and lankly let herself down sidewise from the porch, and flopped away on the road. Then she stopped, and called back, "Say, Squire, what do you think of the Good Old Man?"

"What good old man?"

"Why, Dylks. For a name. That 's what most of 'em wants to call him."

"Sounds like a good name for them that like a name like it."

"He calls *us* the Little Flock."

"Well, well! Geese or sheep?"

"Oh, pshaw, now! I would n't belong to the Herd of the Lost, anyway. That 's what he calls the unbelievers."

"You don't tell me! Well, now I *will* be scared in the dark."

Failing of any retort, Sally now flopped definitively beyond calling back.

Braile with a sardonic smile watched her going, but when his wife, after waiting for her to be quite gone, came out to him, he was serious enough.

"Did that fool tell you of the goings on at the Temple last night?"

"As much as I would let her. I suppose it had to come to something like that. It seems as if the people had gone crazy."

"Yes," the squire sighed heavily, "there 's no doubt about that. And it 's a pity. For such a religious community Leatherwood Creek used to be a very decent place to live in. They were a lot of zealots, but they got on well with one another; that Temple of theirs kept them together, and they did n't quarrel much about doctrine. Now with the Dylksites driving the old-fashioned believers out of the sanctuary and dedicating it to the exclusive worship of Dylks, the other denominations are going to fight among themselves; and there 'll be no living with them. And that is n't the worst of it. This new deity is n't going to be satisfied with worship merely. Money, of course, he 'll want and get, and he 'll wear purple and fine linen, and feed upon fried chicken every day. Still the superstition might die out, and no great harm done, if the faith was confined to men. But you know what women are, Martha."

"They 're what men make 'em," Mrs. Braile said sadly.

"It 's six of one and half a dozen of another, I 'm afraid. But this god of theirs is a handsome devil, and some poor fool of a girl, or some bigger fool of a married woman, is going to fall in love with him, and then—"

"Did you just think of that? Well, you can't help it by lettin' your coffee get cold."

Braile tilted his chair down and rose from its rebound to follow his wife stiffly indoors.

"The question is, Who will it be? Which poor girl? Which bigger fool? And nothing can be done to prevent it! The Real God put it into human nature, and all hell could n't stop it. Well, I suppose it 's for some wise purpose," he ended, in parody of the pious resignation prevailing on the tongues of the preachers.

(To be continued)

Dry-farming implements used by the Arabs

The Dry Farmers of Rome

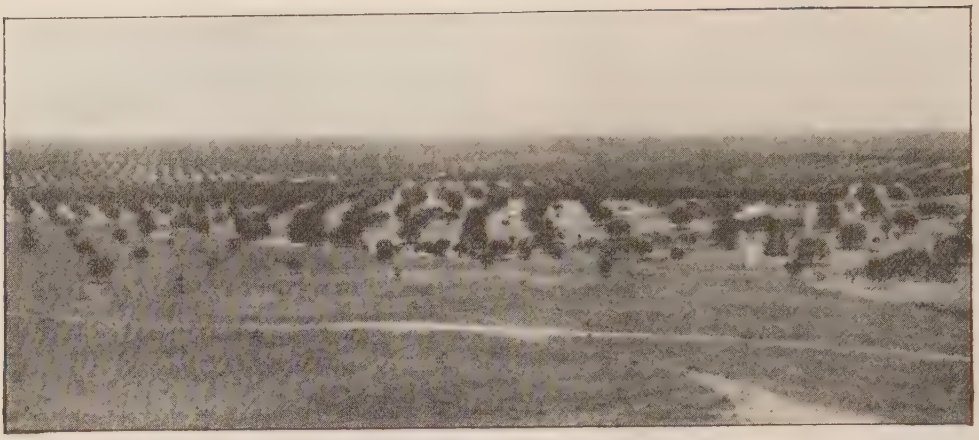
By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "Two-story Farming," etc.

Photographs by the author

BY the wayside stood a Bedouin clothed in the flowing robes of his race and leaning idly upon a stout stick. Before him a flock of goats and fat-tailed desert sheep, his charges, were browsing on the harsh bushes that stood at intervals on the otherwise bare and arid ground. A mile farther on I met a group of Bedouins moving their camp. The donkeys and camels were loaded with tents and water-jars, grain-sacks, and stone hand-mills, women, children, and chickens. But I paused not, for my mind was set on a towering ruin that I had glimpsed on the southern horizon an hour before. A few more miles down the good highway which the French have built through central Tunis, and I was within the shadow of a great wall.

It was a colosseum built by the Roman colonists in Africa in the fourth century A.D. and modeled closely after the one in Rome. Its length, 492 feet, is nearly as great as that of its prototype; it has beneath the two-hundred-foot arena a fully developed set of arched dungeons designed for the detention of beasts and men for combat. So well has it been excavated by the French archæologists that a casual traveler might, upon first seeing its interior, mistake it for the Roman original. Despite this likeness of plan, walls, and state of preservation, a view of the surroundings would convince the traveler that he was in a country far from Italy. It is not the Eternal City, but a squalid Arab town, that surrounds this structure. The one-story hovels are built of stones first shaped by the Romans fifteen hundred years ago when they built the proud and prosperous city which decked itself with this huge colosseum and with an amphitheater almost as large. Here and there in the town some Arab tries to win a few sous by beguiling travelers to come into his inclosure and view the beautiful mosaic floors which accident has uncovered several feet beneath the present sur-



Panorama of olive-orchards under the new dry-farming boom in central Tunis

face. In the days of its long-departed prosperity, this city, the Roman Thysdrus, now known as El Djem, was able to build a long tunnel, or subway, passing from the western environs of the city directly under the center of the arena in the colosseum and thence thirty-two miles to the sea. For the traveler the tunnel afforded relief from the pitiless African sun. It is said that the stone for the colosseum was drawn by elephants through this subway from the sea-coast. Through it, also, the Roman governor traveled in cool state from his palace, without the city, to his gorgeous seat of honor beside the arena.

How came such a city in such a plain? Cities must have substance, and they rise only in lands of plenty. This inland city must have lived upon its plain—a plain now decked with scattered bushes, furnishing only a meager pasture to the flocks of the tenting nomads. Conditions have changed greatly since the pagan crowds yelled with delight as the beasts tore the captives in the arena. How did this plain feed that ancient city, with its tens of thousands? Our first thought suggests a change of climate, more rain in the golden days of past empire. But here are the ruined cisterns built in Roman days to hoard the meager rainfall, which was as important then as now. French archæologists tell us it has not changed in amount, the average rainfall being less than ten inches per year.

With static rainfall, the question of how the population was sustained becomes more puzzling, for the city seems to have sheltered many thousand people, and there are evidences of other settlements surrounding it. Since climate will not answer this question for us, let us examine the two other sources of information still open. One is in history and the other in the ruins themselves, and both have an answer. History replies, "Olives," and the ruins answer, "Oil." It is well known that Rome lived on tribute levied upon her provinces, and this part of northern Africa sent olive-oil in vast quantities, shiploads of it. This industry, as conducted by the ancients, left very visible traces behind it, so that the archæologist has had little difficulty in getting at the facts of industrial history. The French have even made a map which shows an olive-orchard of that time more astounding than man in this generation has yet dreamed. This orchard held many hundred miles of sea-shore, with scarcely a break from Tripoli along the entire length of Tunis (ancient Carthage) and far into Algeria. In some places it was only a few miles wide, in others it reached a hundred miles and more into the interior, one vast sea of olives, so the knowing say, covering an area larger than some of the smaller American States.

To check up somewhat this remarkable piece of agricultural archæology, I went into the back country of El Djem. At intervals, in the barley-fields common in

Roman cisterns

central Tunis, large masses of Roman concrete were to be seen sticking up their rough surfaces like the boulders in the fields of New England. Farther on the barley-fields gave way to pastures of scanty grass interspersed with cactus and desert bushes.

Seventy-five miles from El Djem I passed through a Roman arch nearly a hundred feet high—a triumphal arch of the time of Constantine. It stood in the midst of mounds from which many cut building stones protruded. Three hundred yards away was the ruin of a Roman theater. Beyond was the gray stone façade of a temple to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, with inscriptions to Antoninus Pius. Enough of this structure is yet standing to indicate its huge proportions. Hard by were the recently excavated ruins of a Christian church, with a floor of finely wrought and beautifully colored mosaic. Miles of streets could be discerned, but, excepting the triumphal arch and a fine aqueduct, all were in ruins; not an inhabitant remained of this once prosperous Roman city, which in days gone by bore the name of Sufetula, and is estimated by some archæologists to have had one hundred thousand inhabitants. It rose at the only place within a large area where there was a water-supply other than that derived from cisterns. In ancient times, as in the present, there was no permanent stream flowing down to the sea even from the widest part of the vast olive-orchard. Such streams as flow from the hills lose themselves in the dry earth and salt lakes of the plain, where the summer sun lifts the water again into the air currents, giving it no chance to reach its mother, the sea. The largest of these streams receives its chief water-supply half a mile from the ruins of Sufetula, where a fault in the rocks leads hidden waters to the surface in a group of large and never-failing springs which yield many million gallons per day. Beside this precious resource rose Sufetula, now in its ruin, and to-day the seaport town of Sfax, equally thirsty, lays a hundred miles of pipe to tap the flow of these same precious springs. In this, the back part of the ancient olive-oil field, the industrial ruins are strangely preserved. There have been no quarrying townsmen to cart away the stones for contemptible modern uses. The Bedouin, with his tents, does not want them, and there they lie upon the plain waiting the judgment day of history as they mutely watch the lonely birds, the silent men, the browsing beasts.

Ten miles beyond Sufetula I came to a large, square stone ruin. It was some kind of central building in a rural village that has cluttered the surrounding quarter of a mile with its remains. What is that peculiar pair of stones still standing upright, eight feet in the air, with wide, notched grooves in their opposing faces? It is an oil-press much like some that may be seen to-day. This village seems to have been full of them. They were to be seen

Characteristic vegetation in the neighborhood of the ruined cities

in every part of it, along with the rest of the oil-making unit—a concrete floor, or mill, on which the olives were crushed, after the manner of present practice, by a rolling millstone probably run by a mule or ox hitched at the end of a pole. The press stood beside the mill and squeezed the oil out into stone troughs, which still remain. From the trough it was dipped out and allowed to run off by gravity through stone gutters to the oil-tanks. Some of these good pieces of masonry, from seven to ten feet square and four or five feet deep, are still tight enough to hold rain-water. They are lined with several layers of concrete, the last of which is red, in the style of Roman cisterns in that part of Africa. Even the millstone remained by one of these ancient oil-works. It had not yet decayed, and no one had cared to roll it away. The group of Bedouins, two miles distant with their herd of eighty camels, did not want it. They wanted grass and the privilege of being let alone.

In all directions the plain is dotted with the isolated remains of farmsteads, often only a few hundred yards apart. Right up to the edge of Sufetula I found these scattered farm remains. The olive apparatus, like most of the buildings in a land of scanty wood, was made of stone, and I could identify some of it at nearly every farm.

What force appeared to turn all this prosperity into a ruin? Few pieces of property are more enduring than a stone oil-press and olive-trees, which live for one or two thousand years. It was a case of culture, different culture. The cause of the ruin is constantly in sight, looking down upon his handiwork. The nomad herdsman, the tent-dweller did it. Under the inspiration of that ex-caravan trader, Mohammed, the Arabs in the seventh century hurled themselves upon northern Africa with irresistible fury. Sufetula and El Djem, with their hundred villages and myriad homes of oil-makers in the great olive-forest, met the fate of conquest, as did the rest of Roman Africa. The conquerors lived in tents, and came with fire, sword, flocks, and herds, wives and children. They did not want stone cities, with temples, churches, and amphitheaters, or snug villages with oil-presses and oil-tanks or olive-orchards. They wanted range for their beasts, and they made it; they laid waste the Roman province, and made of it a camel-pasture. Considering their object, we may say that they did good and enduring work, for it has lasted since their arrival in 648 A.D.

Coming as they did from an arid land where trees at best were limited to small oases, the Arabs were dumfounded by such a forest of olives. Their chroniclers, of whom there were many, seem to have taxed the limits of the Arabic language in describing this forest, and thereby have furnished us interesting corroboration of the things our eyes compel us to believe.

Ruins of an oil cistern and a mill

As another proof of the olive story, the orchards yet remain in a few places—the orchards planted by the Roman and then neglected for thirteen hundred years. To one unacquainted with the olive-tree this may seem difficult to believe. I do not ask the reader to take it on my authority alone. It is the opinion of the French archæologists and agriculturists. It is also the opinion of Mr. Thomas Kearney of the United States Department of Agriculture, who was sent thither by the Government to investigate the ruins. Here is a part of the evidence.

In a few places in this region olive-trees are still standing in regular rows far away from any permanent habitation. While it is a land where the wild olive does grow if fire and pasturing mouths permit, wild trees do not grow in regular rows. Hence one may conclude that they were planted. Who did it? Since 648 A.D. the land has been under the foot of the Arab, the nomad, the tree-killer, and his gnawing beasts. He does not plant orchards, at least not out in the open plain miles from a settlement, where he could not protect them. No, these trees were planted in the period before the Arab. If any one should insist on thinking that they came up wild, I would point out another fact. They are a cultivated variety, like navel oranges or Baldwin apples, while 99.5 per cent. of the wild olives that spring up from seed are as worthless as roadside crab-apples. No, the olive-trees have lived on from the time before Mohammed entered Africa to demolish alike Roman paganism, Roman Christianity, and the agricultural civilization that sheltered both.

How did the Romans perform this great feat of horticulture? Here is an archæological puzzle with the most unusual possibility; namely, a modern application. Archæology is mostly mere puzzle, like unraveling a complex knot, interesting, absorbing on the intellectual side, but when it is unraveled, it butters no parsnips, helps us to meet no economic want. But this unique archæological puzzle holds in its solution a secret by which we can add a veritable empire to the United States, and that, too, without blood, conquest, or war, but merely by the use of gray matter and honest toil. The evidence seems clear that the Roman built prosperous cities in a region where the climate was similar to that region in our own West recently called "The Great American Desert," and which we to-day use exactly as the Bedouin uses the ruins of Sufetula, as a poor pasture. To make the point clearer, we should at once admit the fact that our efforts at dry farming have failed not only on this kind of land, but on land with a rainfall proportionately much greater.

Plainly the Romans were master dry farmers to succeed under conditions worse than those under which we have failed. How did they do it? Can we not copy them? Fortunately we can copy them, for they succeeded by the very simple de-

Olive-trees planted by the Romans

vice of growing tree-crops. Since our dry farming has failed with grain-crops on ten inches of rain and upward, and theirs succeeded with tree-crops on ten inches of rain and downward, the lesson is most plain. We, too, should grow tree-crops. This preachment for the conquest of the American desert does not rest upon archæological evidence alone. It is buttressed by the much more certain fact of present practice. Olive-farming is now going on again with conspicuous success in a corner of this ancient Roman orchard. Right in central Tunis, rising above the Roman ruins, are tens of thousands of olive-trees, mature olive-trees, middle-aged olive-trees, young olive-trees, especially young olive-trees. In fact, a boom is on. Surely it will cause the American dry farmers and land-speculators to stand aghast and also cause their mouths to water when they learn that this boom has prosperously gone through a recent period of seven years when the total rainfall for the seven years was thirty-nine inches. To subsist in such drought is to us unthinkable, unless perchance we could go down into Egypt and buy grain as did Joseph's brethren. But these olive-growers, despite the thirty-nine inches of rain in seven years, did not go down into Egypt at all. They merely stayed at home and cultivated their trees. They even planted more trees.

The secret is not hard to find. The perennial plant, of which the tree is the highest type, is nature's great implement for fighting aridity. If there is deep water, the tree will send its roots for it. Recently an artesian-well-digger in Arizona brought up the live root of a small bush from the depth of eighty-three feet. If there is surface water at almost any season the perennial desert plant will seize it as a hungry dog seizes a bone and keep it securely for months or even years, supporting life and, if possible, maturing a crop of seed. Many and interesting are the devices by which plants have modified themselves to get and hold water in the fierce and merciless processes of adaptation, natural selection, and survival. The olive, for instance, is a deep rooter in moist subsoil or a far-reaching, shallow rooter if there is no water in the subsoil. Its leaves are glazed above and hairy beneath. If undisturbed, the foliage will completely shade its trunk, thus protecting it from the rays of the sun. Given one good drink, an olive-tree has shown its ability to survive two rainless desert summers with only a single shower between. That is why the dry farmers of Rome succeeded

Old olive-trees

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fifteen hundred years ago, and their successors are succeeding now while our dry farmers have often failed through their dependence on the quick-growing, quick-perishing annuals. In a similar extreme environment in the Mohave Desert of western Colorado and New Mexico the patient Hopi Indian fights along with a peculiar drought-resisting kind of corn. But he knows that July settles the fate of his crops. If it does not rain in July, his hope for harvest ends for a year. He must eat last year's corn or go without. No wonder he gets out his rattlesnakes and his holy men to dance before the rain god with all the combined charms of magic and religion. The stakes are great, July rain or hunger. In Africa they plow to kill all rival plants, and keep on plowing, to make the dust mulch of the dry farmer, for there is no such critical moment with the tree-crop, that natural engine of production and drought-resistance.

There is one more final piece of probable evidence that should go far to convince us that it is the present problem of the farmers in the American West that faced the ancient Roman provincials, the modern Arabs, and the French in Tunis. It is believed that in one little corner, at least, not only the Roman tree, but the Roman olive industry, has also survived even to this day.

It takes much labor to make destruction complete. Parts of the original Carthage still stand despite its unctuous destruction by the Romans in 146 B.C. Similarly it is probable that the Roman olive industry was never so thoroughly obliterated but that each generation of Arabs has kept alive, practised, and handed on the precious knowledge of its technic. The conquering Arabs were chiefly nomads, but they were accompanied by men who wrote books about their conquests, who lived in towns, and went down to the sea in ships. The interior they devastated (El Djem and Sufetula were inland cities), but the seaports they inhabited, and held with difficulty against their marauding brethren who dwelt in tents and delighted to rob and pillage. Thus the port of Sfax on the Tunisian coast has one of the most beautiful and perfect city walls in existence. It was a necessary part of city life up to 1881, when the French came into control. At that time, too, there were in the immediate environs of the city a few thousand acres of olive-orchard maintained, as it certainly had been for a generation or two, by a system of dry farming as perfect as that recommended by the

latest experiments in Australia, South Africa, or the American West, where the white man, for the first time in this age, has attacked the problem.

Those who know Tunis and the Arab believe for good reasons that this dry farming is a revival or survival of Roman methods. The truth or error of this claim as to origin does not, however, affect the American application, for it shows that now, as in times past, the scanty camel-pasture, decked with thorn-bush and having a rainfall of less than ten inches a year, can become the home of the successful dry farmer.

What can we do about it? We can do as the Romans did. First, we can transplant these drought-resisting olive-trees to America. This has already been begun, and we are on the way to making oil in lands that we have called desert. But that is not the whole of it, but merely a type. What the Romans did was this: to take the best wild olive-tree they could find in all Africa and propagate thousands from it, as was done in the case of the one and only freak parent navel orange-tree. Most wild olive-trees are as worthless as any other thorn-bush. How many kinds of fruitful trees are there now growing wild in the world's arid lands? There are dozens, and of these dozens of kinds of trees there are several species that have specimens that are perhaps as worthy of propagation as was that one chance navel orange-tree.

We have scarcely yet attacked the desert as a *desert* agricultural problem. We have tried to project the rain-land agriculture into it by irrigation. We have tried to conserve moisture in it by cultivation, just as we do in Illinois or Pennsylvania. That is only one half. We now need to turn squarely around and do the other half of it—search out from among the desert plants those that are worthy of domestication, and domesticate them to our needs. With regard to the domestication of desert trees, we are virtually in the position of primitive man when the dog was the only domesticated animal. Man knew those other big fleet-footed animals capable of giving milk and wool and bearing burdens. It must have made the primitive mouth water to see them running away in the distance. So should the economic botanist and the other scientific agriculturists feel at the sight of such trees as the mesquite, the honey-locust, and the screw-bean. These are three legumes that grow wild over vast areas from Kansas and Texas to the Pacific. They yield millions of pounds of rich beans, they have been eaten for ages by wild animals, and they have saved many a pioneer team from starvation from the days of the forty-niners to the present. Now we need to harness them, just as we would harness a mountain stream to turn a mill or irrigate a garden-plot. The almond is a desert edition of the peach with no pulp, little stone, and large nutritious kernel. This staple food grows on dry hills from Spain to Turkestan and Nevada, and there are many wild varieties thriving under frightfully arid conditions in central Asia and in Nevada. I can think of few easier ways of fattening a crop of porkers than turning them out to harvest an almond crop or an acorn crop. The acorn made the pig what he is, and there are oaks that perform prodigies in the yielding of acorns and in the endurance of dry climates.

While the first great need of arid America is to domesticate new tree-crops, we should remember that that is nothing more than the Romans did. The second need follows close upon the first, the breeding of better types—types that yield more fruit, better fruit, and yield it earlier. We are only beginning dimly to appreciate our new-found ability to apply the principles of heredity to our plant needs. The plant-breeder is now in a position to harness to our needs new forces of nature, just as the engineer harnesses fire and falling water. Once we turn an adequate body of trained men upon this problem we will be on the way to make tens and hundreds of thousands of square miles of poor Western range blossom with fruitful trees, as did once the plains around the Roman ruins of El Djem and Sufetula. Rome did it with one tree; America can have many.

The Fear

By GERTRUDE CORNWALL HOPKINS

IT 'S not for now.
Youth lingers with me yet a little while,
With backward smile;
The waiting path has mystery still, is long,
And I am strong.
But then, at last, when all my life is done,
When springtime's sun
But faintly warms me, and my heart is still
To all its thrill,
To go down to the twilight-land alone,
Only a crone
Whose heart none ever took the treasure of;
Whose sterile love
Never leaped up to sweet and awful fire
Of young desire;
Whose withered body gave to none delight
Ere yet the night,
Gathering and gathering shapes of awful fear,
Stood dumbly near;
Who drew no lover close, to stand,
Old hand in hand,
Companioned by dear, gentle ghosts of days,
Warmed by the blaze
That upward streams from sacred lamps they hold,
Where burn, pure gold,
Soft flames of memories that abide,
And warmly hide
The lurking shapes of darkness and of dread
That lie ahead.

Yes, even if the dear hand slipped from mine,
These fires should shine;
I should not be so desolate and cold
When I am old.

I seem to see it staring in the gray
At end of day:
Not one my heart has need of by my side,
For love has died,
And I sit dumb and frozen and alone,
With heart of stone.

The Judgment of the Thorntons

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "The Heart's Country," etc.

Illustrations by W. S. Conrow

THOSE who knew him best said that it was the nervous shock of the accident which made a man as promising as Andrew Sears go to seed. Analogies like this between things that grow and the human spirit are bound to be teasing in their inexactness. The phrase "gone to seed" was most incomplete. The process of going to seed is a more generous affair than that which happened to Andrew Sears; it bespeaks a certain loose generosity, a wanton profusion of bloom some time or other, an early wasting of oneself in a splendid effort. What happened to him was more like the withering of a flower on the stalk, the contours of which maintain a semblance of themselves as they were when full of sap, and have a certain shadowy beauty in their withered state. At a distance they even look like real flowers.

And so it happened that the work which he did from that time on was appreciation and criticism of other people's work, and scholarly enough; but insight for great criticism exists only when the great man's spirit is mirrored in the spirit of another man who is nearly his peer, and the mirror of Andrew Sears' spirit reflected only broken corners of larger minds.

When he chose to reflect a man small enough for him to see him in his entirety, a flaw in the glass, which was his own hidden bitterness, gave back a contorted, ironic outline, as though, knowing too well the limitations of his own soul, he could see with fantastic accuracy the limitations of souls like his own. The most eloquent things that he wrote at this time were on shallowness and aridity, as though by force of contemplating these qualities, philosophizing on them, brooding over them, watching them thwart and dwarf the generosities of men's spirits, he got to their very core, to their inner meaning, as a devotee sees the mystic heart of the thing on which his loving contemplation turns.

In writing such things he achieved a shadow of the early promise of his own genius, for of necessity we must always and forever express in terms of art the things we know the best and have felt most deeply. That which turned life into such a chill purgatory for him was the brief contemplation of himself as he really was. For a moment he had seen himself stripped down until the very inner essence of him stood out naked and shivering. Men put into their work, and he knew it, the essence of their own souls, the visions of themselves as they might be. The thing he had seen was not worth while putting anywhere,—so it appeared to his critical judgment,—and yet his fingers ached for the pen, and yet he must support himself, and yet he must continue to live in the world.

This all sounds as though his failure to fulfil himself was the result of a morbid brooding; but nothing was further from that. What happened to him was that curious psychological change which comes to the champion when he receives his knock-out blow, and he knows that he can never recover himself. It is n't himself that has been knocked out; it is his faith in himself that has been shaken, and somewhere in the fastnesses of his own nature he believes he can never win again.

It was Andrew Sears's fastidious habit to withdraw himself from his world when he felt the need of sweeping away some of life's unnecessary adornments; he decided that among the New England hills he would find that time for contemplation that life was forever taking from him. So at a certain place he mounted a horse and rode off with no conscious plan except to go as far as might be from a railway. As he rode through the country and found settlements and farms and clearings, all remote from one another, a sense of isolation gained upon him. Afternoon found him on a plateau, and on the top of this was a sad old town. The whole bleak little settlement had the air of a place that had almost bled to death. Once the post-road had gone through it, and the post had changed its horses at the inn, and had gone planking down the road, leaving behind journals and news and the stories of the outer world. Now, since the coming of the railway in the valley, the settlement had been left high and dry, and the steady seep, seep, seep of the adventurous blood into the valleys drained its vitality and left it a bleak and austere memory of its former self. No people were stirring anywhere; it was an isolation beyond that of any solitude that he had ever known.

He rode around the common, and a sign advised him that here was a hotel. He dismounted, and threw his reins over the lions at the hitching-post that stood without, and went in. No sound anywhere. He walked through the vacant spaces; not a soul anywhere, and all doors open. He went out the back door through the kitchen and followed a path through the fields and found the proprietor at work. He developed a mighty disgust for Andrew when he learned that he was not bound for the railway by the shortest road. Of course if he wanted to go up to Thornton's he could, he told Andrew grudgingly. What was Thornton's? He gave answers evasive in their incompleteness. No, not exactly settlements—used to be settlements; perhaps—he did n't know. And finally, pressed into a corner, Thorntons was *folks,* and there was towns named after 'em. Had been folks once; they was a wild lot—Thorntons.

Andrew gathered from him that up still farther in the hills was a race of men who, instead of plowing and tilling as decent and comprehensible people did, had let their land run to timber and trapped in it irrespective of game laws, and kept out decent folk that wanted to hunt in the proper seasons. A wild lot, Thorntons, he summed it up.

The thought of this lawless tribe in the heart of New England, living in the midst of its peaceful hills, touched Andrew's imagination. This bleak, meager town seemed like the entrance to some sort of fabled country.

Following the scornfully given direction, Andrew plunged into a mere thread of a road between tree-trunks. At long intervals flowering trees, like immense nosegays, gleamed through the green of the forest. After a while Andrew recognized them as apple-trees. All else had vanished that might tell any tale of the habitations which had been. The dwelling-houses had fallen, leaving of themselves only holes in the ground, which in the wash of autumn and spring rains had been filled up as the forest, all-conquering, had marched upon them. The forest, like the encroaching sea, had eaten into the hard-won acres and left of them no trace beyond the white-flung branches of the apple-trees, chance-sown children of a vanished race, bearing small and hardy fruit.

The road wound upward suddenly. Everything about him was green—green as far as the eyes could reach. The trees stretched on and on; only trees filled the world, restless and agitated, a sea of green that hid the streams flowing past their trunks, which climbed the mountains on the flanks of which they grew, a solemn, upright, invading army.

He rode on again, sitting loose in the saddle, his spirit lost in the varying monotony, unaware of himself as he had almost never been. Then suddenly across the road there was a flash of red fur of a

fox. His horse jumped; Andrew fell heavily.

He opened his eyes in a low-studded room. Opposite him sat a young girl, her deep brooding gaze upon him. Mingled with his pain, almost as part of it, as something he had realized at the same moment and inseparable from his own suffering, was the recognition of the girl's beauty. They looked at each other a long time, as though silently they were becoming known to each other. At last Andrew spoke.

"My horse threw me," he said.

The girl only nodded.

His effort of speech left him with the impression of having lifted some heavy weight and of having sunk back exhausted from the effort.

"My leg 's broken, I suppose?" he asked next. He was listless and impersonal; the leg, but for the pain, might have belonged to some one else for all he cared.

The girl nodded again.

"How did I get here?" he asked in a moment.

"I brought you." She had not spoken before; her voice was deep and sweet. It seemed like the expression of her dark and somber beauty put into sound.

Even in his pain, half stunned as he was, her words aroused his never-sleeping curiosity.

"How?" he asked.

She smiled at him.

"In my arms; I carried you."

At that moment pain and the faintness of pain overwhelmed him, and he was barely aware of her moving about ministering to him. Then she seemed to be two people; her dual personality presented itself to his wandering spirit as an erect, handsome, eagle-eyed old woman, implacably neat, and as erect and white as a pine-tree stripped by lightning. Then as Andrew recognized her as a separate personality, came the tramp of men's feet, and a dark, arrogant man, slouching, and yet at the same time carrying himself like one of the lords of the earth, came in, followed by a little, broad-shouldered, and bearded man. The dark man bent over him with the kindness one would show a woman, and with the air of one being familiar with wounded men.

"The doctor"—he indicated the smaller man. Then followed questions and preparations that the two women carried out as unflurried as hospital nurses; then the oblivion of ether.

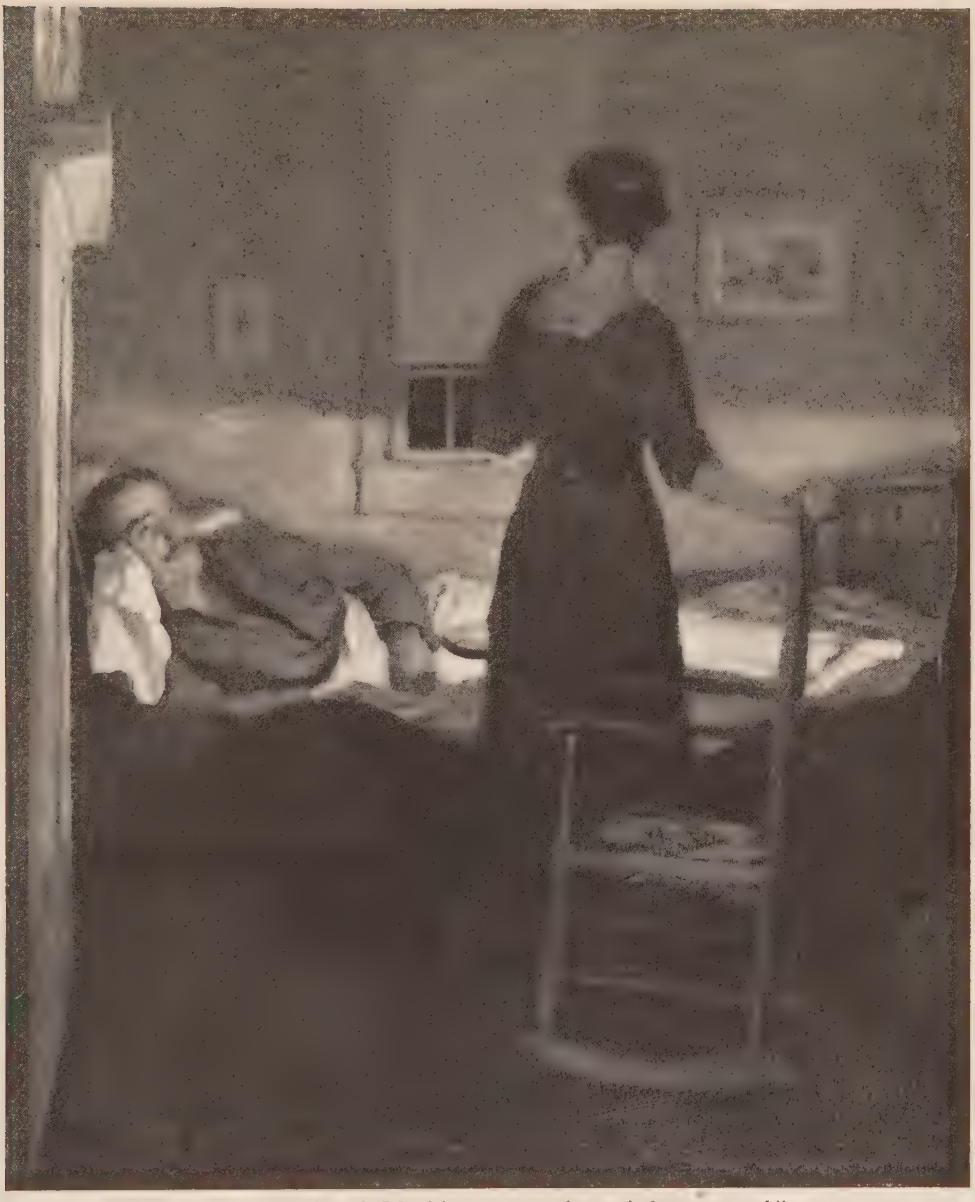
By the next afternoon he was enough himself to let his gaze wander through the open window. Andrew felt as though he had come into a new chapter of his existence. He had passed through the gateway of pain, and at the other side he found himself in a far-off country where nothing whatsoever attached him to his old life. At that moment the girl passed his window, her splendid head held arrogantly. Her meager dress of blue gingham, with its straight, austere lines, molded her figure into the semblance of an heroic Tanagra figurine.

His mind drifted oddly to the line,

Dumb woods have you uttered a bird?

for it seemed to Andrew that she was an utterance of the mountains, which were at once magnificent and austere. She gave him the impression of having heard a strain of heroic music. Again he fell to wondering if she would prove like almost all other women; if she would be petty, with no horizon beyond the narrow round of domestic duties; or if in her spirit there was the breath of the mountains, as there was in the body of her and the poise of her. Something must be there, he was sure, another flavor, a different color, something bigger, something more vitally vivid.

Andrew, who added kindness to his intense curiosity regarding the hinterland of people's lives,—and it was this that gained him the reputation of being sympathetic, which he was not; but because women's mental processes really interested him, which among Americans is unusual, —made many friends among women. He was accustomed to having offered to him in friendship and sometimes in love very much more than he wanted; what he



"'I feel as though I had known you always,' she answered"

wanted was to observe and do his work, which was writing concerning the things he had observed. Had he brought more heart to his task he would have seen more. Even as it was he knew that the natures of women are shy and furtive, overlaid with many veneers, beginning with the one which they believe men wish to see, and at best with spirits strangely burdened with detail.

The erect old woman came noiselessly into the room and looked down on Andrew.

"You are feeling better?" she asked. "I 've been watching you from the door to see if you wanted anything. I did n't want to disturb you." Her voice had an accent in it not country-bred, an intonation that bespoke a greater gentleness of rearing than one would look for in this remote place. She gave the answer for this in her next words: "It 's long," she

said, "oh, long, long years since I saw one of your kind."

Andrew's quick instinct for managing people, especially for managing women, made him silent. Quiet brooded between them. The breath of the mountains came in cool and sweet at the window. Once or twice her strange, penetrating gaze rested speculatively on Andrew, and then, after a long silence had fallen between them, and the gloom of the late afternoon, thickening, had stopped her sewing, she spoke:

"Oh, but the tones of your voice and the manner of you bring forgotten memories trooping along in great procession! My mind has n't been so peopled with faces and names and events these many years. Strange; I am pleased now to remember that which I was at such pains to forget." And it was for Andrew as though for one moment he had a glimpse into a spectral past that was not his own; as though he saw other shapes and people and faces—memories moving about that did not belong to him, so poignant had been her tone, cleared of all regret as it was.

Presently the girl herself came in, a lamp in her hand, and took her grandmother's place. As she paused a moment in the dark oblong of the doorway, with the light flaring up into her face, Andrew for a second held his breath, so strange was her beauty, at once so proud and austere.

The older women silently left the room, and for the first time the girl looked at him intimately. Andrew broke the silence.

"I feel as though you were an old friend of mine, as though I had known you for very long," he said.

The girl waited a moment.

"I feel as though I had known you always," she answered.

There was an odd directness about her, as though all the diffidence and falseness and many "thou shalt nots" that self-consciousness and civilization place between the intercourse of two people were absent with her.

"And yet," Andrew went on musingly, "I don't even know your name."

"Althea; it is my grandmother's," she told him.

"Thank you," said Andrew. His voice had a skilful note of true gratitude in it, as though she had conferred on him some gift. Then, after a moment, "I am glad that you feel that way, also, because I should like very much if we could be good friends—not because I am your enforced guest for a moment, but because I like you."

A look of happiness flashed over the girl's face, transfiguring her as though the sun came out. She seemed to shine as though from some light within.

"Ah," she said, "that makes me happy! Strangers don't often like us Thorntons. We 're so different, each one from ourselves; yet we are alike. Grandmother says in some way we are minted differently from the rest of the world, and we understand each other even when we hate each other. I was afraid you would feel it as they did."

"I don't feel as 'they' did, whoever 'they' were," Andrew assured her. "Let 's begin being friends, let 's begin 'way along, pretending it is so,—what we both felt,—that we have known each other very long. Let 's waste no time on the outskirts of friendship."

A startled look, and yet a look of deep pleasure, came into the girl's eyes. Andrew reflected that she knew none of the tricks of hiding what she felt; that the shadow and sunshine of feeling played across her with as little concealment as the sun shining directly or through clouds across some landscape. She seemed as natural as that to him, and as beautiful.

"Can you do that, do you think?" he asked humbly. "Can you trust me with your friendship, as though I had earned it, and follow this strong instinct that we both have?"

She bent forward toward him a trifle, and looked at him wistfully.

"Yes," she said aloud, yet with the quality of a whisper in her voice. "Yes," she repeated. Then, feeling some impulse

that made it necessary for her to seek solitude, as one must after some great emotion has passed over one, she rose, and passed like a shadow from the room.

Andrew, left alone, smiled to himself. He was not a coxcomb, but he was proud of the way that he could find short cuts to the place, as he expressed it, "where people really live," and he was pleased with himself that, ill as he was and despite his unfamiliar surroundings, he should have at once found the road that led through the silent arrogance of this sullen, proudly reserved creature.

He felt, indeed, almost a creator's triumph. He was at great pains to bring her frightened spirit toward him. He realized that never in her life had she given expression to herself or thought of giving expression except once in a while to her valiant old grandmother, for they were a race of people locked within themselves, the Thorntons.

During his convalescence Andrew had ample opportunity to observe them. Different women of the family dropped in in the daytime, straight-browed, handsome creatures for the most part, to be picked out easily from the women who were not of Thornton blood, whom the Thornton men had gotten for themselves as wives. The Thornton women spoke and walked better, and looked at Andrew with a level-eyed scrutiny. They talked but little, and then of the reality of things, of births and deaths and shootings; quick, low-toned conversations of So-and-So who had gotten into trouble; of the bluffing of the constable from the town. Through them, even more than from the men, did Andrew picture to himself a small republic of Thornton, without its flag, without its coinage, and yet existing by itself and maintaining its own independence and setting at defiance all other laws except those it made itself.

At night there trooped in dark-bearded, slouching, arrogant men, almost all of whom had a distant kinship in looks to his host. They treated him with courtesy, though he made small headway with them. They had their own topics of conversation as they sat and drank about the blazing fire. One of the younger men, Victor Thornton, came often, and sat with covetous eyes fixed on Althea. He talked with her in low tones; he was handsome and straight and had a certain elegance of movement.

One day it happened to Andrew to be an involuntary eavesdropper to a scene between Victor and Althea as they stood at a little distance from his window. The wind that blew their words to him made his efforts at attracting their attention vain. At first he thought only what a splendid pair they made as they stood there on the ridge silhouetted against the sky. Indeed, the splendor of their young beauty made Andrew feel as though he belonged to a physically inferior race, as though his body were meager and wholly inadequate in the face of their young splendor.

"What 's been the matter with you lately, Althea?" Victor demanded. "What 's made you be so mean to me?" Althea turned her level and disdainful gaze on him.

"I have n't liked the way you 've acted," she replied in an even tone. "I don't like sulky men, and you 've been sulky. How do you expect me to be nice to you? I have n't asked *you* what 's been the matter with *you*."

"I tell you what 's been the matter with me," and to Althea's quick, "I 'm not interested," he paid no attention. "The matter with me 's been that I don't like what 's going on here, if you want to know."

"The matter with you is," pursued Althea, "that you 're jealous." Victor strode forward and seized Althea by the wrist, and even from where he lay Andrew could see the white circle where the blood was stopped by the iron of his grasp.

"I 'm not going to get angry with you," he said, the blood mounting to his dark face. "I 'm sorry for you, Althea; but let me tell you this, and you can tell him so, too,"—he nodded toward Andrew's direction,—"if any harm comes to you, I 'll kill him, that 's all."

"I love to hear you threaten," said Althea, with maddening smoothness. "I love to hear Thornton men so particular."

"Thornton men take what they feel like taking." Victor, too, spoke smoothly, his head at an angle that gave him a look of inconceivable arrogance. With arrogance equal to his, and a self-control equal, Althea spoke:

"Thornton women give what they feel like giving." Victor threw her hand from him with restrained violence.

"Give what you like," he answered. "Just remember what I 've said, that 's all. Tell him"—he nodded again toward the house—"to walk careful'."

"I 'll remember what you said a long time," answered Althea, and the sweetness of her tone was worse than any menace; but she spoke to Victor's retreating back.

They were so splendid in the nakedness of their emotions that Andrew had lost the sense of his position as listener long before. It seemed to him that he was the spectator at a wonderfully acted drama—a spectator and an actor as well. The hint of danger that the real menace of Victor's tone had carried gave his relation with Althea an added poignancy. This time he definitely put into words what he had known before, and this without any special coxcombry, and that was of course that Althea cared for him.

Here the old woman joined Althea, and was saying:

"What made you do it, Althea? What made you make him angry? You might have been kinder." Althea met her grandmother's reproachful gaze with one of clear-eyed assurance.

"I wanted him to be angry. I wanted him to go away." She lifted her face and let her grandmother read it. It was as though in some mute language she told her eloquently: "This is so sweet to me, this moment, that I can't bear the shadow of an unhappy human soul. I can't mar this sweet perfection of life by any shadow, and for this I would throw out every one, however beloved to me."

Suddenly the old woman, with a wide gesture, as though with her arms she flung open the gate of all her being to the girl before her, cried:

"Oh, my dear! oh, my dear!" It was as though she had said: "I know, I understand. Hide yourself here a moment from this," and she folded the girl to her breast with a gesture of tenderness such as one sees usually only from mothers to their very little children.

That evening the old woman sat on the hearth beside Andrew without entering into her usual caustic chatter. Two or three times she sighed deeply.

"What 's the matter?" Andrew asked her, with that real concern in his voice that made women praise his goodness of heart. He laid a kind hand on her shoulder. She looked at him narrowly, as though asking him if he would understand what she was going to tell him—that for his sake the house was divided against itself.

"Victor displeased Althea, and she 's quarreled with him," she said. "They 've always done everything together, and lately they 've been almost sweethearts, and I 'd hoped—" She broke off, and to her brooding look, as though she asked him mutely what he had to give in the place of this old and tried affection, Andrew found only a few words of stereotyped comfort. Her simple words, "The Thorntons feel things very deeply," sounded on his ears like a warning bell set over one of the reefs of the spirit.

Up to this time he had walked along the path of friendship with Althea, hand in hand, not caring what turn of the road they took. Now, since he had heard her talk with Victor, he wanted to see her inmost heart; he wanted to throw open the doors of speech to her. She was at once as expressive and inexpressive as a child. She had no words with which to clothe her thoughts. Only with a glance of her eyes, with a gesture of her hands, could she express those things that stirred in her depths; nor did she know how other souls had expressed themselves.

Andrew lay awake that night a long time thinking of her. It was a wonderful

thing to contemplate the awakening of a human soul as untouched as hers. There was no greater adventure of the spirit that he could think of—an adventure, too, fraught with danger. A wrong step, and there would be destruction. Her words, "Thornton women give what they feel like giving," would have made a man of harder heart than Andrew swear to himself that she must not give too much; only a cad of the lowest type but would feel the need of protecting Althea from her own generosity. And if it was unthinkable that he would be a cad, on the other hand it was equally unthinkable that he would be a fool. Not for a moment could he contemplate proud and wild Althea as Mrs. Andrew Sears. That would mean an anticlimax beyond anticlimax, a masterpiece spoiled. He swore to himself that neither sentiment nor passion should enmesh him. He would hold only her spirit for a little time, then at the moment of high perfection he would go away. He knew that Althea might suffer for a while, but, then, he would share her suffering, and both of them would have had a perfect moment; both of them would have in life one flawless memory. And if Althea suffered, her pride would be unhurt, her life enriched; for in Andrew's creed all experience enriched life.

So during the sweet summer days of his convalescence Andrew, with what seemed like great gentleness and tenderness, and what in reality was incomparable tact, opened the doors of speech to Althea. He sent for books, and they read together; and through the things she read with him day by day she was awakened to the knowledge of herself and her heart. Her awakening was so sweet, so very shy, so brimming with tenderness, so unaware, that a thousand times Andrew would have drawn her to his heart, but unflinchingly he followed the difficult path which he had marked out for himself the day when Althea had defied Victor with such magnificent scorn.

He could see that she was trembling at her thoughts, but he had skill enough to keep her from giving voice to them. He refused to feed his vanity to this extent. Her eyes alone told him what was in her heart, the unconscious touch of her hand, the way she leaned toward him as she sat near him, the gladness of her eyes when she came upon him unexpectedly, her brooding look as she watched him, as she thought, unobserved. It was all as mute and eloquent as the woods, untouched by anything like an overt confession, and for a little while they lived in this golden, enchanted atmosphere.

One day they went together past the little clearing into the woods. Althea read aloud. She read with a peculiar wondering emphasis, as though what she read so affected her that she could hardly believe that others had felt what she felt and had been able to put into words her almost wordless thoughts. She laid the book down on her lap, and looked out through the trees with eyes that sought the far-off horizon; then swiftly she turned to Andrew with a gesture and look of complete self-surrender.

"Without you, what would I have had in life?" she said. Her voice was low, and vibrated with the depth of her emotion. Andrew had no answer for her.

"There would have been nothing," she went on. "How empty the world without Andrew would seem!" she indicated with a gesture. "All the things that make life for me would have slept for ever and ever in my heart. It would have been like living in a world under the sea, where morning never came."

Andrew struggled to say something, but no words came to him. If he spoke, it must be of the forbidden things that he had promised to deny himself, or else he must kill dead the beauty of the moment, and to kill such a moment would be like murder, like killing with one's hands some flashing, happy, living thing. So he said nothing, but let the silence crowd in on them. They sat looking at each other, and it seemed to Andrew that the world was full of the things which he would not let himself say, and that he was brushed with the wings of Althea's unspoken thoughts. So they sat for a few perfect

moments. He felt that he was being borne along now on some incredibly sweet and swift-rushing stream, and that he was being carried along on the stream's sweet bosom as helplessly as a leaf, and he rejoiced in his helplessness. He was aware of a relinquishing of his own will under the influence of this greater force. What had happened to him was as irrepressible as the melting of winter into spring. The snow-fields of his heart had become living streams, and still he did not speak, and still he and Althea continued to look at each other, penetrated by the magic of the moment.

Then into their magic walked Althea's father. He slouched toward them through the trees, indifferent, arrogant, walking as he had when Andrew had first seen him, like one of the lords of the earth. He looked at them with his enigmatic and equable gaze as he said:

"Getting kinder cold toward evening."

Andrew mumbled some banal answer. He felt the shock of one who had been soaring above the earth and had suddenly fallen from a great height.

"Althea 's coming to be quite a reader," Thornton next said. "Mother was a great reader as a girl, she has always said."

In some subtle way he dominated Andrew. At this difficult moment it was he who had the social graces and who was equal to the situation. Of the three it was Andrew alone who was embarrassed. Althea seemed hardly to have noticed her father's presence. She smiled at him, and then as though through the warmth of her smile she had done all that was expected of her, she dismissed him from her mind and sat quiet, her eyes fixed on the horizon. Her father's presence at this moment had caused her neither embarrassment nor irritation. It was as though she dumbly acknowledged his right to be there, and not only his right, but that his presence was part of the beautiful scheme of things. Now as he stood there talking in his abbreviated way, she rose to her feet, and without speaking to either of them slipped into the shadow of the wood.

For a moment after her departure Thornton chattered with lazy affability to Andrew; then he allowed a silence to fall between them as different from the idle silences that happen in the middle of commonplace talk as the silence which had encompassed Andrew and Althea had been different from all other silences. He caught Andrew's eyes and held his gaze unswervingly. The weight of his regard, which was both fierce and calm, crushed Andrew. He prolonged the silence until it seemed like a hostile thing, and Andrew strove in vain to break through it. But he could find nothing to say to this dark, calm-browed, arrogant man who was so completely master of the situation. Andrew became aware that he would have to wait until Thornton spoke, and that when he spoke, what he said would be of weight. It was as if he had Althea's intensity and her gift of filling a silence with meaning. At last he spoke. His voice was even and indifferent. To an outsider his words might have had no significance beyond that of kindly inquiry. He said:

"Your leg 's getting along pretty well these days; must be 'most well." He paused, allowing Andrew time to guess his meaning.

"It *is* 'most well," Andrew answered. He had pulled himself together. His self-command and suaveness equaled Thornton's. They measured each other. It was Andrew who was first to voice the thought that floated like some tangible thing in the air between them.

"I shall be saying good-by to you very soon."

Again there was a pause, and Thornton swished the bushes with a little stick he carried in his hand.

"I 'll be going down to the junction one of these days," he suggested politely and tentatively.

"The sooner the better," Andrew agreed cheerfully.

"To-morrow suit you?" Thornton's voice was as toneless and uninsistent as ever.

"To-morrow, by all means," Andrew agreed. Suddenly his world called to him.

"She laid the book down on her lap, and looked out through the trees with eyes that sought the far-off horizon"

He felt as though he had been delivered from some dangerous enchantment, that the woods and solitude and Althea had all overwhelmed him, and now he grasped for his own life as a prisoner grasps for freedom. In the midst of his poignant feeling of deliverance, shame reddened his bronzed cheeks. It was he who should have broached the subject of his departure. He had been weighed and watched by this silent man who had treated him always with negligent kindness. Without fuss and without trouble, he had been put out at the right moment, he had been sent away.

"Sure you 're all right?" John Thornton now asked. "Sure you 're now up to an eighteen-mile ride 'cross a bad road?"

"Oh, I think so. I 'm sure I am," Andrew hastened to assure him.

"Don't do anything you 're not up to," his host warned him. He slouched off, indifferent and arrogant, then he turned. Suddenly he stopped, came back to Andrew. He fixed him with his smoldering gaze again without embarrassment.

"Oh, you know that money—what you 've been giving mother for board; I don't want it." He took a roll of bills from his pocket. "Here it is," he said calmly. His eyes had not left Andrew. The hot blood boiled up in Andrew's face.

"Oh, I say," he cried, "you 've got to take it!"

"I can't take money from you," Thornton told him suavely. There was even the hint of a smile on his face as he said it. A stranger might have thought that he was making Andrew a compliment instead of giving him the ultimate judgment of the Thorntons.

To Andrew's helpless, "Oh, I say!" he only put the money back on a log and sauntered off.

Anger shook through Andrew—anger and a feeling of hopeless insult, of having been so degraded and so humiliated that he could never appear upright again either in his own eyes or in the eyes of other men; and so smoothly had this been accomplished, so without stirring the surface of life, that he was powerless. To insist would be to make Thornton state why no Thornton could accept money from him. This race of strong and lawless men had judged him by their own laws, and by their own laws they had found him not only wanting, but a human being from whom they could accept nothing. It was a social ostracism such as Andrew had never known, and while his anger burned him, the knowledge of what this race of men thought of him was horrible and disintegrating, a thing which stripped his self-respect from him as though it had been a garment, and left his naked soul stung with the doubt of himself. He sat as one frozen to stone. Only one thing in life seemed important, and that was to clothe his nakedness in his regained self-respect. The barrier to that was the little roll of money lying so innocently beside him. If he could not pay this debt, he would be spiritually bankrupt forever; and the only way to pay this was marriage with Althea. It struck him as a hideous reason for marrying anything as beautiful as she. If only the thought of marriage with her had once come to him, he could have faced it; if in that magical moment when he had seen her heart and she thought she had seen his he had desired to have her for his wife, this would have been easier.

Then from behind him came a little sound that penetrated chill and terrible to Andrew's shaking heart: it was the stifled little cry of a hurt child, and Andrew knew that it was Althea, and that Althea had heard everything. As he arose to go to her, the thought came to Andrew, in a flash of insight, that, to her mind, their silence had in it all the elements of a silent betrothal; and there came to him another thought, grinning and malicious, and it was that he had intended to have a light leave-taking.

She was crouched behind a tree crying silently with a grief more terrible than any he had witnessed, and he stood in the face of the tempest of her grief for once inadequate and gauche. He had meant to see if she would let him pay the price of his self-respect, and all at once he realized that that was forever impossible, that she had witnessed the judgment of the Thorntons, and that she found that judgment just, and with his insight into the hearts of women he knew that this knowledge had been, in the fair garden of her life, like some corroding thing, and that where the flowers of her spirit had bloomed there was nothing but a withering blackness.

He realized all this, for in all Andrew's conflicting emotions every horrid detail stood out as the detail of a landscape illuminated by sudden lightning. When he put his arm around Althea to raise her to her feet, the same hideous lucidity made him realize that this was the first time that he had been so close to her, made him realize the magnificence of her beauty. He pleaded with her:

"Come, Althea, don't feel so! Please stop! It won't last—your grief. You 'll get over it. It will pass." At this she sprang from him, her pain-stricken eyes on him.

"Do you see that?" she cried, and her arm swept a great gesture across the horizon. "Do you know what that is full of to me—my love for you. And you say, 'You 'll get over it'! My God! I 'll get over it; we have to! Do you see the woman down the hill playing with a baby? Her little girl died last year. She 's got over it; that 's how *I 'll* get over it."

"Althea!" he pleaded, "Althea!" Again she looked at him with her somber gaze, and she then said with a slow and bitter wonder:

"You—you *are n't*. The one I loved has—never been—and I—I 've got to keep on caring and know that there 's—been—nothing—ever to—care for." Grief beyond grief was in her voice, a wintriness as though all the springs of life in her had been frozen, as though in the interview between her father and Andrew she, too, had seen him stripped naked, as though she had searched the world over vainly for one poor little excuse for him, and now wept that she could not find it to cover him.

They stood there, both of them helpless, waiting for each other to speak, and toward them strode Althea's grandmother. She came down on them like some terrible and avenging fate, erect as a pine-tree, as bleak as the bare mountains.

"I 've come for Althea," was all she said, and she put her arms about her sheltering. "Come, Althea; come with me."

He had left her two hours ago, full of kindness for her, feeling toward her almost like a son, and her voice stung him like nothing else.

"I 've not hurt her!" he cried. "I never thought of hurting her. She 's none the worse for having known me."

The old woman turned somber eyes on him, in which blazed a fire of anger more damning to him than the other judgment of the Thorntons.

"No worse!" she cried, "no worse! It 's the dry of heart like you that sent me with the Thorntons to these hills years ago. What did you want with my little Althea? Vanity, vanity, just that, no other thing; only vanity to feel her heart beat in your hand, to make the soul of her yours, to make the unfulfilled desire of her go out to you, and then to leave her with a smile on your face, congratulating yourself on your self-control! I 've seen such men do such things for passion or for what they thought was love, but you 've known what you felt and you 've awakened in her a thirst for the kind of love she could never have, a thirst which forever you knew would be unfulfilled, a thirst for things that were to be forever denied her. You took a human soul and widowed it; and for that—" she made a scornful gesture toward the bills lying where Andrew had left them—"you 'd have gone away proud of yourself. The men knew you, and I—I trusted you." Her voice broke.

An awful silence enveloped them, and it was then that Andrew saw himself as he was. The gracious envelop of the mind was stripped from him, was stripped bare until the meager and arid essence of him stood out naked and shivering; and this is a sight that no one should be glad to face, for few people can see their inner souls and continue to live gladly.

"Shepherdess"

A New Achievement in an Old Medium

Gustave Verbeek's Monotypes

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

MONOTYPING is not a new process. Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci used it, as did others of their age, and artists since then have often amused themselves by making a monotype or two, though until very recently it has been more of an amusement than a serious expression of the painter's craft.

Probably the chief reason for this lay in the fact that no paper sufficiently firm and smooth, and yet quickly absorbent, could be had. The result of making a monotype on unfit paper was more a smudge than a picture, and unfit paper was all there was. To be sure, many of these smudges were charming, but the thing was guesswork, especially if there was any attempt to make the monotype more than a monotone.

Now, however, there is a Japanese paper that meets every requirement of the monotypist in that its texture is exquisite and its absorbent qualities astonishing. When properly handled by an artist who understands the process, the result can be counted upon, though there will always remain that element of surprise which gives a monotype its particular fascination.

Perhaps it might be as well briefly to describe the process, since it is to many persons an unfamiliar one. A monotype is a print, and it is made by painting in oils on a copperplate. The work must be quickly done, so that the thin color may not have time to dry. When the painting is finished, a sheet of paper is laid over it, and the whole passed through a roller press.

Naturally only one impression is possible. Any one becoming possessed of a monotype owns a work of art as unique as a canvas or a water-color.

It may be asked, Why take all this trouble? Why not paint your picture directly on the surface where it is to remain? The answer to that is temperament. To some the charm of the unexpected is peculiarly bewitching, and it is this charm that gives the monotype its strongest attraction. The artist may pay a price for this quality,—he must occasionally throw away a beautifully painted thing because the press has

A Quiet Spot

From a Monotype by

Gustave Verbeek

"Spirit of Leafy Places"

spoiled it,—but his successes are so delightful that he does not grudge the price.

In making a monotype, the artist, at the final instant, steps aside, and accident, pregnant with possibilities, interposes. This accident, if it be happy, restores a quality that has been lost between what the artist was painting and the finished canvas on which he worked. For nature, too, has her accidents, her surprises. A slight deepening of a shadow, a turn in a wind-molded cloud, the stir of a bough, the fall of a flower, a drift of dust, a sense of imminent movement and constant change—who shall say?—all these escape the canvas; for the artist's very intention, without which he cannot work, yet the insistence of which often troubles him, sweeps aside these accidents. He must of necessity have a plan. To some men the plan is all-important; to others it is always a burden, necessary though it be. It is to this latter type that the monotype makes its special appeal; for in every monotype there abides something of the unpremeditated.

Every one who appreciates the element of chance as a constituent of life will im-

"Antédiluvienne"

mediately understand exactly why a painter may enjoy working in this particular medium, and why a lover of art finds in it a satisfaction he cannot elsewhere discover.

There are other technical difficulties aside from the effect of the press that must be understood. In an unsuccessful monotype there will be disagreeable, scratchy lines of the brush that detract from the result. But the skilful artist can use these to help his work. So with other difficulties. The master makes them serve him; the lesser man is conquered by them.

Gustave Verbeek is a master in this medium, standing at the head of the small group who are seriously working with it. The process holds for him a strong fasci-

"On the Island of Lokahiva"

nation, for he has always sought to keep himself out of his work, and he realizes, as few do, when to stop. There is never an anticlimax in what he does. Indeed, his tendency is to stop just this side of the climax, and to let the imagination of the beholder complete the suggestion. He pushes open the door, as it were, and slips aside to let one see.

At the same time Verbeek thoroughly understands his task as a painter. His technical knowledge is remarkable. He has never been an exhibitor of more than a scattered canvas or two at long intervals, but those who care for what is best know and treasure his work. It is only recently that he has taken up the monotype, but in it, as in his canvases, his deli-

"Green Goddess"

cate perception of values, his feeling for nature, and his expert handling of the brush, are strongly shown. He has apparently succeeded in grasping at once the limitations as well as the advantages of the process, and he uses both with the most happy results.

His first exhibition of monotypes occurred last season at Goupil's, in New York City, and aroused great interest, particularly among artists and art critics, who could best understand the consummate skill revealed in these small impressions that yet conveyed so much of freedom and space, and were so vivid in color and fresh in subject. Since then Verbeek has experimented widely, and has achieved some remarkable successes.

His work with figures is specially interesting and original. Other men have contented themselves with woodland and water, hill and sky, as lending themselves more readily to the squeezing of the press. Verbeek does not hesitate to put his nymph-like nudes among his trees and beside his pools; and how charming is the result!

Few who look at these prints but will feel the Japanese quality they express, or will fail to sense the artist's touch of fantasy. That girl who rides her strange beast with so careless a serenity is skirting the very edge of fairy-land, and not a line in the picture but emphasizes the fancy warmed by humor that inspired the painter without losing a whit of beauty; for beauty is implicit in all Verbeek does.

Verbeek comes honestly enough by his Japanese perception. He was born in

Landscape

Japan, of Dutch parents, and first studied art under native masters in Tokio. He has never lost the quality of that early training, though he is not obsessed by it. Doubtless his inerrant capacity for leaving out the inessential owes something to his Japanese masters; the rest belongs to his own temperament.

After leaving Japan, the young artist came to San Francisco, where he worked at the academy there, and then made his way to New York and the Art Students' League, where George De Forest Brush particularly attracted him. Next he went to Paris, and at Julian's studied under Constant and Laurens.

With such a groundwork it is no wonder that Verbeek's work is marked by splendid brushwork, sure knowledge, and brilliant color. Look at his hilltop sketch. Those clouds are shaped by the wind itself, and windily they move across the sky. The trees are full of breezy stir, the atmosphere has the fresh, clean radiance of the blowing day. There is nothing thin or light about the contour of hill and rock; the buildings are solid and belong where they stand. An amazing sense of breadth is felt in looking at the little picture. There is all the room in the world under that sky. So, too, with the other landscape, which has been reproduced here; how spacious is the impression derived from it! In these reproductions the particular print effect is partly lost, but fortunately the charm and vivacity persist undimmed. They are truly out of doors, and filled with light; and the effect is achieved with a refreshing simplicity, an entire absence of affectation.

"A Young Girl"

The multicolor monotype, the monotype as a real work of art, is new. Our collectors have never yet turned their attention to it. The man who seeks prints is still occupied with soft-ground etchings, aquatints, and wood-blocks; but here is something that will hold for very many lovers of art an even greater attraction. Each print is a solitary product; by no chance can there exist another exactly like it. In brilliance of color the monotype can be the equal of any other product of the painter's craft, and in its best expressions it must bespeak a dexterity that is little short of marvelous. It will be interesting to see how soon the monotype will take a recognized place with dealers and collectors, what its development is to be. In the short time during which Verbeek has been experimenting with its possibilities he has accomplished astonishing things; he is likely to give us other wonders.

Verbeek, whatever his ancestry or birthplace, is American, and this in the wide sense, for he is as much at home in California as along the Harlem River, where many of his paintings have been made. He is adept at snatching from a scene precisely what he needs, in getting the point of beauty, and eliminating the rest. He has put many a sky-scraper out of existence with a single stroke of his brush, but he loves the sharp contrasts and high color-key that belong to our American atmosphere. Whether he chooses a white farm-house with green shutters or a brick barge on blue water, or paints the wind-tossed boughs of trees against a radiant sky; whether he shows us a young girl dreaming or playing under the light and shadow of nature, he speaks as one of ourselves, not as a foreigner. And we may well be glad to claim this true and brilliant talent that is at once direct and reserved.

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

CHAPTER XIX

FROSSIE FINDS THAT IT IS NOT UNPLEASANT TO FORGIVE

FROM Florence the train whirled the Goodchilds and John Holland northward, past sunburned fields, shrunken rivers, baking towns, through Pistoia, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza. In the heat of the afternoon they entered Milan, where, over a year before, Aurelius and the three Graces had made acquaintance with Italy.

They alighted before a hotel in the Corso Vittorio—in a street of awnings and balconies, noisy with tram-cars, but beautified at its western end by the pale, slender flutings and towers of the cathedral. They found themselves in a hostelry much finer than any to which they had ever aspired: the door-porter was an imposing creature with the beard of Belshazzar; the patrons, lounging about in brocade chairs, were undoubtedly persons of the utmost importance. John Holland, however, was not in the least disturbed by this elaborate scene. Could one help admiring a man who was able to give such an unembarrassed smile to so grand a reception-clerk? He even had the aplomb to inform that magnate of his intention of dining outside the hotel!

In fact, they dined at a restaurant near the Scala Theater, where, in a pretty garden, a band played the music of Verdi. When the excellent dinner was finished, they went to the Galleria, there to sip coffee and sherbets while watching the dandies saunter beneath the vast vaults of glass. After that they viewed the cathedral and the castle by moonlight; toward midnight the girls were barely able to give their teeth a perfunctory brush before tumbling into bed.

From Frossie's pillow came the yawn: "He certainly does know how to entertain folks!"

She got no answer. Was Thallie already asleep?

Next morning they resumed the journey to Como.

The train curved down from the hills; the town of Como showed its red roofs at the foot of the lake. A drive over cobblestones, quick work at the quay with the baggage, and off they went on a clean, white steamboat to Cadenabbia.

From the little wharf they stepped upon an esplanade planted with plane-trees. Directly behind the hotels that edged this thoroughfare the ground began to rise toward the heights. The only level traffic hereabouts was confined to this long, shady road, which ran between hillside and water. So far as could be seen, Cadenabbia was a village spread along one side of a street.

A gray-haired, intelligent-looking man in black stepped forward, hat in hand—John Holland's servant, who had come on ahead to put the house in order. Two carriages were waiting, and a wagon for the baggage. The whole party went rattling northward along the esplanade past fresh-looking villas and hotels.

The lake at this point was nearing its full width; the hills on each side were rising to their highest. From the far shore, where the hamlets lay along the road like pearls strung sparsely on a thread, the

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land ascended in suave corrugations to rounded summits. So clearly, in the pellucid air, were those steep slopes defined that at first one did not realize their vastness. But presently, by comparing them with the heights on this side of the lake, one understood that the green fuzz which covered them was forests, that their fissures were veritable valleys, that their gilded crests were peaks worthy of the prowess of a mountain-climber. Towering on all sides round the level water, they had, as it seemed, entrapped in their midst an eternal purity and peace. At that moment the Goodchilds asked nothing better than to sit forever at a window open to this paradise.

Then they came to the spot that pleased them best of all. Behind a wall covered with Virginia creeper, on high ground, in the midst of a vivid garden set with trees, there rose a two-story villa of yellow stucco, a terraced staircase ascending to the pillared doorway. From the rocky heights above, the woods rushed down as if threatening to immerse the dwelling with their verdure; they inclosed the handsome façade like billows of green velvet setting off a gem of amber.

"Oh, what a place to own!"

"At least," laughed John Holland, "nothing prevents us from pretending that we own it."

This was the villa he had rented.

While ascending the terraced staircase between deep flower-beds, they were sure that in another moment they would wake to find it all a dream. But the white vestibule, adorned with stone benches and the statue of a dryad, did not melt before their eyes. To the right, a large room showed walls of Pompeian fresco and a floor of polished marble, wherein were reflected a pianoforte, a harp, and some luxurious chairs and sofas. To the left, a billiard-table stood in the center of a room no less spacious and attractive. Straight ahead, a wide doorway gave upon a pergola covered with an awning; and there, against the brilliancy of still another garden, a tea-table was spread amid some scarlet wicker chairs.

"Heavens!" gasped Mr. Goodchild, "this is positively palatial!"

"Not bad," John Holland assented. "Still, before we rejoice, we 'd better see what 's coming to us up-stairs."

But the girls wanted to explore the garden behind the pergola.

Inclosed by the interlacing foliage of lofty trees, overshadowed by a great cliff that formed the first titanic step toward the uplands, it resembled one of those retreats in the heart of the enchanted glen where fairies hold their court. Here some devoted gardener had given rein to a fancy bordering on genius. The box-wood bushes were clipped into shapes of delicate extravagance; the roses, coaxed round pliant sticks, twined in arches, squares, and circles; the grass-borders were tufted with forget-me-nots and pansies in alternate clusters, like a procession of tortoises; the back drop, so to speak, was a cascade that trickled over moss so pruned as to suggest a school of leaping fish. Yet such was the reticence and harmony of all these various conceits that the whole effect was less humorous than charming.

"As far as I can see, there 's only one false note," John Holland remarked, and he pointed to a marble bust on a pillar in the center of the garden.

"I thought, sir, that you would find it inappropriate," said his servant, gravely, with an English accent. "Something elfin would of course be better, or at least, in a manner of speaking, a bit in Verocchio's style? Ahem!" Recollecting himself, the man stepped back. While the Goodchilds stared at him in astonishment, he murmured, "The house servants can easily remove it."

But the host approached this piece of sculpture for a closer look.

It was an old marble, perhaps an ancient one, the bust of a woman with a majestic countenance. She was crowned with a garland of corn-ears.

"It seems to be a Demeter," said John. "I know it 's not necessary to introduce you to her."

"This Demeter seems unusually sad.

Perhaps she 's mourning for her daughter."

"But Persephone came up from the lower world at last," protested Thallie.

"Not yet, her mother says. Suppose, after all, we leave the poor lady here. Some day she might reward us with a smile."

So Demeter remained, sad-eyed, in the midst of that whimsical garden.

They soon forgot her.

Their bedroom windows opened toward the lake. In the morning they saw Dawn groping with her rosy fingers through the vapors of the heights. At night their last drowsy glance was toward Bellagio's twinkling lamps, which plunged their reflections deep into the water. While they dreamed, the snow-capped Alps, lying beyond the northern limits of Lake Como, sent down breezes that released into the air a fragrance blended of nature's innumerable perfumes.

Usually they took dinner in the pergola. The square table was illumined with candles in orange-colored shades; the crystal bowl in the center overflowed with flowers. The girls sat opposite each other, between John and Mr. Goodchild. The servants, their faces obscure above the line of candle-light, came softly to one's elbow with a silver dish, which was bound to contain something toothsome. When the fruit had been passed, there fell a silence, through which penetrated the trickling of the cascade. At a whispered word, John's man-servant stole into the house on a mysterious errand. A faint, rasping sound was followed by a metallic strain of music: it was a phonograph, arrived that day from Como. They heard the "Meditation" from "Thaïs." They thought, "If poor Aggie were here!"

Poor Aggie was just then listening to another sort of music—the squalling of a new-born baby.

In a big, wainscoted chamber at Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire, she lay on a four-post bed, her copper-colored hair in braids, her long lashes lowered on her alabaster cheeks. By her side stirred the tiny lump of humanity which was to justify the forgiveness of the Bellegrams, an oblation already pleading for her stridently. It was a boy, if anything so small could really be said to have that much significance; it contained, perhaps, beside a voice, a British heart.

Down-stairs, in the hall, where foxes' masks were nailed against oak panels, the baronet, teetering in his gaiters, slapping a riding-crop against his thigh, reflected warmly, "At any rate, we 'll breed this one up for the diplomatic service!" After all, are they so unfortunate who are destined to see their fondest hopes fulfilled not in their own lives, but in their children's?

Cyril came on tiptoe to the bedside, the collar of his Norfolk jacket rucked up about his ears, his black forelock dangling in one eye, his lean face, that face of a neurotic younger brother of Julius Cæsar, altered by a new sort of ecstasy. He a father, and she, the idol of his adoration, a mother!

It was surely more than he deserved. It made him feel virile and religious; it gave him a sensation of importance. For the first time in his life Cyril Bellegram found himself a success. He had produced if not a masterpiece of art or literature or music or diplomacy, at least—with some collaboration, to be sure—a man!

He leaned over the coverlet to gaze at this chef-d'œuvre. It failed to answer his proud look with any sign of obligation. Keeping its swollen eyelids pressed together, but opening its minute, yet curiously elastic, mouth, it emitted a thin screech, as if proclaiming, "You will find in time that I am here on my own business!" But Cyril, perceiving on its bulbous little pate some wisps of black, considered, in his inexperience, with a dizzy joy, "By George! there 's no doubt that it 's a regular Bellegram!" Some day it would have a long black forelock dangling in its eye: the father, his fondness enhanced by the egotism natural to parents, would discern his image in the son.

He turned to Aggie, who gave him a glance, compounded of resentment and

self-pity, that seemed to say, "Ah, yes, that 's all very well; but if you only knew!" She suffered his embrace in silence. Her green eyes, which seemed to share the pallor of her face, scrutinized him steadily, as though she was asking herself if this could be the one on whose account she had endured so much. She listened attentively while Cyril, assured that nobody was by to hear his un-English sentiments, murmured in her ear:

"It 's another beginning, an introduction to a deeper love. I can't find the words now to explain what I feel for you; but a day will come when I shall be able to make you understand, in a more poetic land, in Japan, where the wisteria covers a bridge like a picture on a fan, and a pool reflects the stone lanterns of the thingumbobs—the daimios! There we shall realize all our past dreams and many new ones. That time is only waiting now till you 're able to travel. I 've got my appointment: I 'm to be vice-consul at Kobe."

Vice-consul! Not even a consul, then! And at Kobe, a wretched seaport far from Tokio, the capital, where women in long tulle veils and court-trains made their bows before a throne! On top of all her sacrifices, this news was the last straw.

But when Mr. Goodchild got word that a grandson had been bestowed on him, he went rushing through the villa like a madman.

"Frossie! Thallie! It 's a boy!"

"Really?"

"Eight pounds!"

"As little as that?"

"Good Lord! what would you have?"

"Well, we must cable her this minute."

Sometimes, after dinner, if there were new books and magazines to interest the girls, the grandfather and the historian walked together on the road beside the lake. The stars, the glimmering water, the floating silhouettes of mountains, persuaded Aurelius to reveal himself completely. He unfolded the whole tale of his acquaintance with the International Star; he even told of that afternoon when he had wavered for a moment. He admitted that the buried treasure of Constantine Farazounis had tempted him, finally, more because of its intrinsic than of its archæological value. He ended by confessing that one day, in the Pension Schwandorf, he had tried to take a man's life. "There was provocation, never mind what, though at the time it seemed sufficient. But to think that I imagined all these years I knew myself quite well! What am I? An amalgam of the whole human race? Do I contain the elements of avarice, marital infidelity, and murder? The soul! Ah, awesome enigma! Or are such emotions merely the vapors of unreal things, clouding just for a moment the shining mirror of the eternal man, in which all souls might see themselves identically reflected?"

"I fancy we may safely call it that," John Holland responded.

And when they returned to the villa, Aurelius went straightway to the harp.

"A noble thing!" he exclaimed, after running his long, slender finger over the strings. "It lends to the player a dignity not to be obtained with the violin or the violoncello or the guiterne, cithern, or dulcimer." He sat down, embraced the harp, and groped for chords. In ten minutes he had discovered the theory of that instrument.

John started the phonograph; a rich soprano filled the room; Aurelius plucked a graceful obbligato from the harp-strings. But suddenly he stopped playing.

"Where have I heard that voice?"

"It 's Bertha Linkow's. By the way, she 's coming up to visit us."

Thallie, pretending to be deep in the new number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," reflected, "To join her old flame!"

She noticed, however, that this news from Bertha Linkow did not excite John Holland. But, then, despite his constant sympathy and good spirits, he was such a baffling man!

Once, watching him closely, Thallie asked him to tell her of the prima donna's past. He did so without hesitation.

Bertha Linkow, as a child, had been

"Her mouth opened for the song which *Carmen* sings to *Jose*, '*Bel officier!*'"

one of a poor and numerous Saxon family that furnished the music at village fairs and weddings. In those days little Bertha played the violin, for the most part fortified by pumpernickel and small beer. Her talent, however, won the interest of a benevolent landowner, who placed her in the local conservatory. There for some time she studied the piano. But one day a vocal teacher—Rokitansky, in fact—heard her sing; in that moment her star of fate shone forth. With Rokitansky in Vienna, with the younger Lamperti in Milan, with Marchesi in Paris, she prepared herself for fame. In Paris, John Holland had met her. That same year she was wedded to the benevolent landowner, and became a widow in a month.

"But since then," John concluded, with a quizzical look, "she has managed to regain her spirits."

"I suppose she married him from a sense of obligation," said Thallie, not daring to raise her eyes.

"True, she was twenty, and he forty, at the time," responded Holland. "A middle-aged man, you see."

"Middle-aged?"

She stole a glance at him, and saw that he was smiling.

"At twenty she 'd have been apt to think so. Do you remember a night in New York, in the supper-room of a hotel, when you looked at a forty-year-old stranger who was sitting near by and said, 'A middle-aged man like that'?"

Her face turned crimson.

"You heard it!"

"The music always stops at the wrong moment."

"The—light was bad where you were sitting."

"It was n't bad the next time I looked in the glass. Do you know, Thallie Goodchild, that evening you gave me something new to think of. We seem to be a stupid lot, we men. In boyhood we feel we have all eternity at our disposal, an illusion that lasts much longer than you 'd suppose. Every morning, every night, in fact as often as we can manœuver to a mirror, we admire our reflections with the same self-complacency; we go on supposing that others see on our faces the mask of eternal youth. But one fine day we overhear somebody say, 'The old man.' We look round us; no one else is near. At last we realize that we, too, are subject to the same alterations as the rest of humankind. And most of us are quite bewildered by that little discovery."

"I did n't say 'old man,' " cried Thallie, clenching her fists. "And I was a fool even to say 'middle-aged.' It just shows what I knew at that time about anything. Forty? Why, that 's what 's called the prime of life."

"To be sure. Ask Frossie if there 's not some euphemistic term for almost everything."

"Now you 're making fun of me!" she retorted, with a catch in her voice; and she fled to her own room.

She had been diverted from her inquiries concerning Bertha Linkow. Had John Holland, divining that stratagem, deliberately confused her?

"If that 's the case, it won't work again," exclaimed Thallie, clicking her teeth.

Possibly his valet had been with him in those romantic days? But it turned out that the gray-haired servant, who answered to the name of Brown, had been in John's employ only fourteen years. A British subject, he had once served as orderly to a major in the Duke of Cornwall's Fusileers. Standing before Thallie, with his heels together, he admitted that he would not have turned to valeting had there been no prospects, at the same time, of adventures.

"And what adventures have you had with Mr. Holland?"

"Why, Miss, from time to time, I may say, I 've been fair fed up with them. We 've got into some very strange places, Mr. Holland and me, and, what 's more, if I may take the liberty, some tight ones. An archæologist does n't always meet with amiable native characters while going about in the East. And, then, there 's been more peaceable occasions, but quite

as exciting, when one comes to get the hang of them. For instance, at Tiryns, where we found the great treasure in the shaft-tombs—the gold diadems and cups and jugs and sword-belts and what-not, as is now in the Polytechnikon at Athens. And, besides, as one progresses in knowledge one takes a pleasure in what I call the adventures of the mind. I remember when we exploded Hick's book on the Homeric dialeck; ah, that was a day, I assure you! Hick, as you know, Miss, thought the Homerics was composed in the Æolic dialeck; it took us to show as how that could n't be,—quite the contrary, indeed,—coming as they really did from the Achean of the eleventh century B.C., the parent-langwidge of the Thessalian, Arcadian, and Cyprian. Quite a stir we made with that bit of news in what I call the learned circles."

"But your career with Mr. Holland has n't all been such hard work," suggested Thallie, half ashamed that here she was trying to tempt a servant into an indiscretion.

"Oh, no, Miss, the life is n't all deserts and ruins and digging-gangs and such like. We 've had our vacations, and very pleasant they was. If we 've got a book finished, we do ourselves well somewhere on the Continong, though at present we 're busy this long while on a new work, which Mr. Holland has probably mentioned to you, Miss—the 'Foundations of the Egypto-Roman Monarchy.' At the moment, howsomever, we don't seem to be making much progress with it."

"Mr. Holland is working now?" Thallie ejaculated, once more diverted from her detective purpose.

"Semi-occasionally, Miss; but only late at night."

That afternoon, when the others were down-stairs, she went out of her way to pass John's open door. She slipped into his bedroom.

She thought it a less attractive chamber than her own; at any rate, it was less cozily furnished. In one corner, on the floor of gray *terrazzo,* appeared some Indian clubs and dumb-bells; in another a chest half filled with books stood open. A large table, beneath a drop-light, was covered with papers. But Thallie crept straight to the bureau. The bureau was bare of photographs!

She turned to the writing-table. Timidly she picked up the topmost sheet of manuscript. While reading a few lines, she thought:

"These words will some day be quoted everywhere; he will be praised and fêted on account of them. If Roosevelt were President, he 'd invite him to the White House to discuss them." There came to her a fresh comprehension of John Holland's fame, which, by the way, had not yet reached its zenith. With parted lips, she contemplated the honors still awaiting him. Her gaze slowly swept this silent place, where, when his nocturnal labors were concluded, he turned off the drop-light with one of his deliberate, strong gestures. She escaped the room and her involuntary thoughts.

Of Frossie she asked:

"How many books do you suppose he 's written altogether?"

"I should say a small Carnegie Library might possibly hold them all."

"Don't try to be smart! How many, really?"

"Why not ask him yourself?"

"A lot, I 'll bet, for a man of his age."

"Of his age?"

"He 's only forty."

And Frossie, left alone, reflected, "I wonder if dad and I are going back to Zenasville without her."

September was nearly ended. Before long they would be on their way to the United States. An ocean would separate Frossie from the Florentine cemetery. She wondered if Baron di Campoformio would really see to the grave.

Then one morning as she was walking toward the town of Cadenabbia, just after a north-bound steamboat had passed up the lake, she saw the baron before her in the road!

He had come all this distance to obtain her pardon.

She could not turn away from him as

he stood there bareheaded, his thin hair fluttering in the breeze, his weather-beaten face wearing once more its expression of appeal. On the stone parapet that edged the road above the water they sat down together, the young nobleman in his wrinkled English tweeds, the young woman in her plain black dress. For a time he looked down miserably at his boots, while motor-cars, flashing past, enveloped them with dust. It occurred to Frossie that since she had thus far relented, she ought to ask him to the villa.

But he refused that invitation; he intended now to catch the next boat down the lake. He wanted only to hear her say that she forgave him.

He had meant well all the while. In offering his aëroplanes he had tried to benefit Camillo. As for the cracked propeller-blade, he himself had flown with it the day before; he wished with all his heart that it had broken then. Now he had given up flying. Even the hangars were torn down, so that he need not see them from his windows. But the remorse remained. It might not be so bad if Donna Frossie understood his feelings.

Her eye-glasses seemed blurred, by the dust of passing motor-cars, no doubt. She removed them, to rub them with her black-bordered handkerchief. Though she knew that her eyes looked smaller when unprotected by those lenses, she was in no hurry to resume her previous appearance. She responded:

"I don't know why I acted as I did toward you. Naturally, I understand that you 'd have given anything to prevent the accident. I suppose it had to happen. Apparently I was n't meant to be a wife."

"Some day, perhaps."

"I shall never marry now."

He stared for a while at her solid, sensible face, slightly freckled round the nose, and framed, beneath the black straw hat, with tresses of unusually emphatic red. No beauty was there, unless there is beauty in such healthy womanliness as suggests the light and warmth of a well-ordered home, the frolics of contented children, all the gentle blessings which surround the normal hearth. And he sighed, did this sporting baron whose dead American wife had been as delicately winsome as the companion of a dream, but too winsomely delicate to remain a wife. "You are young," he sighed, but he was thinking, "I am young, too." Did she read in his face the secret that he had kept so well?

She replied:

"The obstacle will not diminish as I grow older."

"The obstacle? Ah, yes; I suppose one can hardly hope that it will diminish, that obstacle."

"But remember," said Frossie, "we are friends again."

He began to stammer:

"If at any time—" He ended lamely with the words, "If I can ever be of service to you?"

"You can see that the grave is well kept."

"That I will do, of course."

"Thank you. There 's nothing else."

When Campoformio had left her, Frossie felt happier instead of sadder. "It really was not his fault." She was glad that he had come all the way to Cadenabbia to hear her say so. But had he come all the way to Cadenabbia just for that? It did not displease her to think otherwise. Oblivious to the passing motor-cars, she looked up at the sky and uttered: "As long as I live! Till I join you!" And she was also glad to think that there were others who might come to care for her, and whom she might refuse, thus proving to Camillo, wherever he was, her unwavering devotion.

CHAPTER XX

THE MARBLE FACE OF DEMETER SMILES IN THE MOONLIGHT

After Baron di Campoformio's departure, Frossie found that she had still more material for the new novel, which was to describe the career of a young woman widowed on her wedding-day. Every morning she repaired to her room to write at least five pages. She believed that her

style was steadily improving; in other words, that she was acquiring more and more the mannerisms of her latest literary model, Ivan Turgenieff. At last she felt sufficiently encouraged to let John Holland see her manuscript.

His verdict was:

"I think you 're going to do something with this pen of yours." Such a speech, coming from another, would possibly have seemed faint praise; from John it was enough to warm her cheeks. But he added: "Understand, that will take some time. Though comparatively few people think so, this profession also has its long and arduous apprenticeship. For I presume, with your feeling about art, you want to make it a profession, not a trade?"

"Certainly."

"Then you 'll have to be very industrious, patient, and courageous for a while. But the seed, as it seems to me, is really here; you 'll know, at least, that you 're not tending barren ground. I believe that some day, if you stick unflinchingly to your ideals, you 'll make a name for yourself."

But even after this encouragement there were times when Frossie made small progress with her work. Laying down her fountain-pen, gazing out of the window that opened toward the lake, she sometimes mused:

"October! How well we should have known each other by this time! To-day I might have been sitting in some cozy little apartment near the cavalry-barracks, and that tiny wool jacket, half knitted, might not be for Aggie's baby."

Frossie found something mournful about Lake Como at evening, in those days of dying autumn, when the *Olea fragrans* blossoms and wood-smoke and wet, rotting foliage spread their perfumes, and the Virginia creeper hung down in scarlet curtains, and the mountains, russet and lavender behind blue veils of mist, stood out between fading water and a fading sky, with here and there behind them the cold pallor of the Alpine peaks.

Then, when Frossie had found Lake Como almost too depressing, Bertha Linkow arrived, to fill the villa with her laughter.

The prima donna came for only a week; she was due in New York on the first day of November. She gave fair warning, however, that she was going to double her time by keeping everybody up all night. And, indeed, an evening passed quickly when Bertha was about.

The nights were growing chilly; after dinner all resorted to the music-room. There fat logs crackled in the fireplace; through the French windows one saw the lights of Bellagio on the far side of the lake. The hour was romantic; one felt a craving for some enhancement of its charm. Bertha Linkow was easily persuaded to take her place at the pianoforte.

Then she poured out for them the treasures of her splendid voice, which others often had to pay a pretty sum to hear. In the midst of that feast Mr. Goodchild and Frossie had a feeling of unreality: could it really be they for whom the famous prima donna was expending all these doubly golden tones? How was it possible that such things had come into their lives?

But Thallie, watching Bertha's face transformed by the joy of exquisite accomplishment, thought helplessly, "When one sings like that, there 's virtually no one else in the room!"

For Bertha, now tender and now tragic, at one moment vibrant with the soaring ardor of a nun, at the next a-throb with the agonies of guilty passion, seemed to be the epitome of all the women who had ever lived.

She sang the *lieder* which Schumann set to Heine's words, *"Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her,"* and *"Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich und hold."* After that came *Amina's* aria in "La Sonnambula," *"Come per me sereno,"* and *Elizabeth's* prayer in "Tannhäuser," and *Isolde's* swan-song, and then, at a capricious change of mood, the lilting ditty which *Marguerite* utters at the spinning-wheel, *"Il était un roi de Thulé."* Soon, a demure smile settling on her lips, she gave them a song by Tosti, "Io son l'amore":

"Open the window, flower-face above,
Now that the night grows dim, the breezes cease!
Open the window! I who call am Love,
And I am come to rob you of your peace.
Now, cruel one, you have a frigid heart
From which my blossoming has yet to start;
Though if you 'd feel the sudden bloom thereof,
But let me in, for I who call am Love.

"Love has his wings, O Beautiful; each day
Those eager pinions learn new strength, until,
If at the door one thinks to bar his way,
How easily he gains the window-sill!
Open the window for an instant only:
I swear your heart shall never more be lonely;
For paradise is here, not far above.
Love does not lie, and I who call am Love."

The notes died away to four full chords; the abating vibrations seemed to penetrate Thallie's breast.

But Bertha could not sit still for long. She jumped up with a *"Holà!"* and then wound about her large form a shawl with long silk fringes, stuck a red rose over her ear, and motioned Aurelius to the piano.

"Do you know the Allegretto in the first act of 'Carmen'?"

"I can try."

As he touched the keys, the prima donna's face was changed by a languorous expression. With the undulating step of an Andalusian coquette she advanced across the marble floor toward John Holland. Her mouth opened for the song which *Carmen* sings to *Jose, "Bel officier!"*

She came close to him. Leaning sidewise with an unexpected suppleness, she plunged into his eyes a look of smothered fire that was not at all Teutonic. Retreating, she trailed the fringes of her shawl across his knees. Again passing before him, she took the rose from its place beside her cheek, to draw it across his lips. She left him, swaying on her hips, looking backward as if certain that he must follow. And Thallie, quite rigid, said to herself that here was the most barefaced piece of work that she had ever seen.

It was small satisfaction that John, instead of rushing after the exuberant tempter, remained as before, laughing heartily at the performance. Half suffocated by indignation, Thallie sat staring intently at her finger-tips.

Then Bertha demanded that Mr. Goodchild take the floor in one of his famous dramatic rôles.

"It would be a pleasure, only—"

He glanced at Frossie.

"Ach! it will do her good."

He consented to deliver the lines of *Claude Melnotte,* on *Pauline's* arrival at the cottage:

"Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—"

Striking an attitude in the midst of that friendly circle, quite unembarrassed, in fact enjoying himself immensely, he seemed to attain the lyricism of youth as he pronounced the words:

"I saw thee midst the flowers . . . a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape! . . ."

Was it then that Thallie felt John's gaze come round to her?

But when Mr. Goodchild, exhilarated by applause, chose an encore from the fifth act of "Othello," a coldness passed through Thallie's limbs, although her face was burning, as there resounded from the walls:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. . . ."

She was glad that after this selection she could say good night.

Aurelius, however, was now too much excited to retire. He went out with John Holland for a walk along the lake-side. There he told of that ambition of his boyhood, to become another Irving, a second Edwin Booth. Then, in a sadder tone, he spoke of the former aspirations of the three Graces. First Aggie had lost hope, then Thallie. When would it be Frossie's turn?

"I think Frossie will succeed," said John.

"So do I, of course. So would the others have succeeded if they could have kept their courage. But it is failure to believe that you have failed. All those efforts for nothing!"

"Not for nothing," John objected. "Even while failing they have done themselves a service. By developing in their hearts a love of all sorts of beautiful things, they have refined their whole future. It is n't so bad merely to be able to appreciate this world and its works."

"That 's so," Aurelius assented. And presently: "I, too, in a way, have failed in Italy. But I can't help feeling that I shall be allowed another chance when I get home to Zenasville."

And now few days passed that Mr. Goodchild did not mention Zenasville. To abate his restlessness, John Holland devised excursions.

One afternoon when they had been exploring the town of Como they decided to dine in the Villa di Tasso at Cernobbio. As they entered the restaurant of that hotel, the head waiter came forward beaming. His face was curiously familiar. He was the head waiter of the hotel in New York where they had first seen John Holland.

"Well, Humbert!"

"Mr. Holland! Madame Linkow! Mesdemoiselles! Monsieur! I have the very table. Giacomo, some pink roses quickly! Ah, Mr. Holland, this is something like! The chef will enjoy himself this evening!" And leaning over John's shoulder he breathed enthusiastically: "The fresh caviar has just arrived; I know—sunk in ice, with green limes! A *filet de sôle Marguery?* No, Mr. Holland is right; a *mousseline de sôles au vin du Rhin!* And then? *Escalopes de riz de veau favorite! Va bene!* And? *Perdreaux truffés* with endive salad. It progresses; it is like a poem! For a sweet? *Coupe aux marrons,* or better, we could make a *poire Gaillon? C'est ça!* Wines? Very good; for the ladies mineral water. And of course the usual half-bottle of Clicquot Brut, and a Corona. Understood! Immediately! It resembles old times. Mr. Holland shall see how his name will inspire the kitchen!"

Thallie, as she listened to this rigmarole, felt proud, then insignificant. John, as it seemed, had such a reputation for knowing what was what that even here he was greeted with a fulsome homage. He became more baffling than ever, this man who, as an archæologist, should have been a dry recluse, yet could rouse the enthusiasm of head waiters in the best hotels; who talked, when it was necessary, like a savant, yet had left in Paris a record for horse-play that made statesmen grin; who might undoubtedly have been surrounded at this moment by the élite of any European capital, yet sat here well content to entertain the Goodchild family. "Is it really on my account?" thought Thallie. "But what can he see in me?"

She stared round her at the adjacent diners. Pretty foreign ladies in evening gowns were letting their smooth shoulders droop forward toward the light of candles. Their charms were completed; their faces subtly expressed a knowledge which Thallie, for all her poring over books, had never even glimpsed; there was about them a rather disturbing suggestion of having lived fervidly. And their bright, wise eyes, gazing furtively at John Holland, were filled with a look of mingled admiration and respect.

They could hardly have known, by name or reputation, this big stranger indifferently clad in tweeds and a soft collar, whose face was not handsome, whose manner was unpretentious. Still, was it

not possible that they discerned in him a certain strength which appealed to their intrinsic weakness, while at the same time their experienced natures divined, despite his forty years, beneath his appearance of sang-froid, a temperament quite capable of subjugating their intensely cultivated ardors? It was rather a shock to Thallie to realize that a girl who fell in love with him, and felt free to accept him, and was given the chance to do so, might after the wedding have other women to watch beside the prima donna.

But she ought to have known as much! All those goings about, as Brown said, on the Continong! It was n't likely they 'd let him alone, especially when they found out who he was! Well, she pitied the one he married: they 'd keep her awake, these snaky, fashionable creatures!

Nor was Thallie able to think less of John, despite the "affairs" with which she now cluttered up his past. On the contrary, at thought of those imaginary women she felt the chagrin of a naïve nature, which would like, all at once, to be a trifle sinuous itself. Was it youth that made her powers of allurement seem to her so meager? However, time might possibly develop her? Who was it—George Moore—that had written so wickedly and fascinatingly about the woman of thirty? "Perhaps if I were a woman of thirty, I might feel on safe ground, supposing I married a man like him, and provided he asked me, and I felt free to do so."

It always came back to that: she did not feel free to do so, anyway. Reginald had not really passed out of her life; his shadow even lay across the future.

One day she read in a Paris journal of the arrival from New York of Mr. Hector Ghillamoor and Mr. Reginald Dux. She tore the newspaper into shreds and hurled it into the fireplace. "But that did me precious little good," she admitted afterward to Frossie.

They were in Frossie's bedroom; they had just shampooed each other's heads, and now they were drying their hair in the October sunshine. The long tresses, on the one hand the most vivid shade of auburn, on the other that softer hue beloved by Titian, hung down in front of their flushed faces. Leaning forward in their chairs, their white arms slipping out of the wide sleeves of their kimonos, they rubbed their hair energetically with Turkish towels, and continued the unpleasant conversation through those fluffy tangles.

"It seems to me, Babykins, that all this must have happened to others, and that they managed somehow to be happy, notwithstanding."

"That may do for folks that have no consciences. Besides, it would all come out in the end. And all the while I 'd be waiting on pins and needles for that day, like those women in Ibsen, or some other old Scandinavian gloom, who go moping round in slinky dresses, with big, black circles under their eyes, waiting for the lightning to strike 'em."

"I don't mean that one should keep a secret, dear. That is n't my idea of a happy marriage. I think that, to be happy, one must start honestly; that it 's a partnership bound to go to smash if one member begins by holding out something on the other. But don't you think that a good man—a man who knows a lot, for instance, one like Mr. Holland—would find, let 's say, some extenuating circumstances?"

"You never read of such a case," said Thallie, dismally. "They always, you know, recoil."

"I 'm not talking about characters in mid-Victorian fiction, but about people in real life to-day—and, for that matter, any other days, I guess. If he really loves you, I think he 'll understand. Are you still sure, Babykins, that he does love you?"

"Darn it!" wailed Thallie, leaping to her feet and tossing back her tawny mane. "You make me frantic! No, he does n't! I was a fool to say so. Now are you satisfied? Why should he? A man like that can pick and choose. He probably thinks I 'm a kind of funny little thing, and that 's all. It 's about time for Zenasville, anyhow; and I 'll go my way, and

he 'll go his, and I don't care how soon it happens!"

"Do hush, Thallie! With all the windows open!"

"Good land! You don't suppose—"

She rushed to the window and stuck out her head.

Below on the terraced staircase, between the deep flower-beds, John Holland and Bertha Linkow were descending side by side toward the gate. They did not look back; but had they heard, were they aware of the young face, surrounded by a nimbus of bright, tangled hair, which peered down at them aghast? That could not be; for on the second landing of the staircase Bertha, turning to John, whispered something tenderly. And with the words, she put her arm around his neck, drew down his head, and kissed him on the cheek.

Thallie dropped heavily into the nearest chair. Soon, her voice quivering, she said:

"Well, Frossie, I was right in my suspicions. She 's got him back again, on her very last day here, with all that singing and *Carmen* stuff and the rest of it. At her age! She must be much older than he. I think it 's almost disgusting. I 'm not going down to luncheon. You can tell them I 've got a sick-headache. And so I have."

She pulled down the blinds in her room, kicked off her slippers, and rolled into bed.

It was a perfect day; the plan had been to spend the afternoon at Bellagio. Thallie persuaded Frossie and her father to go without her. Toward three o'clock they set out in the motor-boat with Bertha Linkow. John Holland was not with them; he had said that he would probably write a page or two in the "Foundations of the Egypto-Roman Monarchy."

But at four o'clock he sent this note to Thallie:

You 'll be much better for some air. The boat has come back; we might take a turn on the lake. I want you to see Varenna. I hear that something funny has happened to it to-day.

As if she were in a mood for something funny!

It never occurred to Thallie that she was free to decline with thanks this ill-timed invitation. She struggled out of bed, bathed her face with cold water, and wretchedly put on a filmy coffee-colored dress with pale-green polka-dots. Her newly washed hair was refractory; at one moment, leaning against the bureau, she was ready to give up her efforts, and shed a river of tears. Finally, however, she pinned on a broad-brimmed hat of yellow straw, and trailed her parasol down-stairs. John greeted her with his gentle, but inscrutable, smile.

"Still feeling so badly?"

"Worse, I think."

He was heartless enough to reply:

"This trip won't do you any harm."

They went down from the villa, crossed the roadway to the landing-steps, and entered the motor-boat, which set off across the lake toward Varenna.

His suit was of a rough, light fabric faintly mixed with blue; his hose, disclosed as he leaned back on the leather cushions with crossed knees, were the same shade as his blue cravat, which was transfixed by a pin of lapis lazuli.

"But everything about him always looks just so," she thought, with a lump in her throat.

"What 's funny about Varenna?" she asked at last, with an effort.

"I understand it 's suffered a curious relapse," was all that John would say.

They alighted at the steamboat wharf, behind which stood a small, white tavern almost foundering under the title, "Grand Hotel of the Lake." To the right, a rough-paved roadway, parallel to the shore, ascended toward the village.

On each side the high stucco walls were overshadowed by foliage of a ruddy tinge. Here and there a rustic loggia, roofed with poles, surmounted a humble house bedaubed with ocher. Ahead, the cobbled thoroughfare climbed to the town piazza.

But suddenly down that steep way between the ocher-tinted walls came tripping two young women of bewildering

appearance. They wore steeple-bonnets from the points of which long veils floated out behind. Their sweeping gowns of gay-hued brocade were cut in a style that had been obsolete for more than four hundred years. From the hems of their skirts, trimmed with variegated fur, peeped out at every step long-pointed velvet slippers sewn with pearls. In fine, one saw in the flesh two merry ladies of the fifteenth century.

A laugh made Thallie look up at the trellised loggia above her head. Leaning over the rail, with a mischievous grin for her amazement, was a young olive-skinned gallant with bobbed hair, gotten up in a sugar-loaf hat, a damask jacket with enormous sleeves, and black-and-red striped tights. He looked, thought Thallie, as if he had just stepped out of a painting by Brunelleschi.

"What in the world!" she gasped.

"I told you Varenna had suffered a relapse. Decidedly it 's slipped back into the past. Look yonder."

John pointed up the street. The town piazza was suddenly filled with steel: men-at-arms, in kettle-pot helmets and breastplates, began to flow down over the cobbles beneath a thicket of lances. As they drew near, to a clanking like the racket of a hundred copper-shops, one saw that they were dusty, warm, and tired. Perhaps they had been in combat with modernity? But behind them, as if modernity had conquered, came ambling a little man in a salt-and-pepper suit, bearing over his shoulder the moving-picture machine.

As the men-at-arms clanked past, John Holland, drawing Thallie forward, accosted a bareheaded, long-nosed knight in fluted armor.

"Pardon me, is it possible that I am addressing some famous condottiere from the pages of Philippe de Comines?"

"Signore," responded the knight, in tones of solemn courtesy, but with a twinkle in his eye, "you see in me none other than *Oddo di Vespaione,* a very desperate and wicked character, from the pages of Signore Saffi, that incomparable writer of scenarios for the cinematograph. At the ruined tower on the hill I have played my last hand in the excellent tragedy to be entitled, 'The Curse of the Montevesmi.' Wait, do I call it a tragedy? It is that for me, perhaps, because I am not only foiled in it, but also run through the heart. To tell you everything, I failed for the seventh time to abduct the fair *Simonetta:* you see her yonder, descending the street with her faithful maid *Ginevra. Simonetta*—in the play—loves *Raniero,* a young gallant with a fresh face and expressive legs; it is he who has just destroyed me in fair combat, before the adoring eyes of his inamorata. There he is now, in the loggia above your head. Apparently the thirsty rascal could n't wait for the Grand Hotel of the Lake! I need n't tell you that in the last scene *Raniero* and *Simonetta* were married by a vagrant friar, while I lay lifeless on the grass, with bugs crawling under my armor. You were n't aware, Signore, that you were talking with a ghost?"

"You are all ghosts, I think," John answered. "Very charming ones, which we poor, prosaic moderns are fortunate to meet. Did I hear you mention the Grand Hotel of the Lake?"

"The tavern by the water, where we expect to dine before vanishing into thin air. That is, into the steamboat which takes us on our way to Milan."

"The Grand Hotel seems suddenly attractive."

"Why, Signore, if you and your lady would condescend to have a bite with us?"

"With pleasure," said John Holland, promptly, "on this condition: that you and *Simonetta* and *Ginevra* and *Raniero* and so on be our guests. It 's only proper that we should entertain you, since we are, if not in our own house, at least in our own century."

"There 's logic in that," the long-nosed knight admitted; "and I can accept the more easily since I happen to be the manager of the company. *Raniero!* Come down here; this gentleman and this lady have been so kind as to invite us all to

"'But everything about him always looks just so,' she thought, with a lump in her throat"

dinner. *Simonetta! Ginevra!* They have gone on. Let us follow."

They descended to the tavern by the water. There John sent off the motor-launch, with word that Thallie and he were dining in Varenna.

The dining-room of the Grand Hotel of the Lake was an apartment the white walls of which were somewhat damaged by leaks, furnished with rough chairs and tables, and boasting a gaudy chromo of King Victor Emmanuel II. The proprietor, with the assistance of two draggle-tail waiters, moved all the tables together so as to form one board. Round this, at last, the company sat down without troubling to remove their costumes. Possibly they felt a reluctance to put off this finery of long ago, in which, even to one another, they appeared like beings of a finer and more interesting sort than ordinarily.

John sat at the head of the table, with Thallie on one hand and the fair heroine *Simonetta* on the other. At the foot of the board, the long-nosed *Oddo di Vespaione,* having at least escaped his fluted breastplate, kept the younger members of the troupe in order. On each side of the wine-bottles and carafes there leaned forward eager faces, framed by shocked wigs and head-dresses composed of linen folds. Bogus jewels flashed bravely on smooth foreheads; bare throats were covered with pendants in the form of saints. The corsages, embroidered with stags and hounds in curious designs, the pleated coats sewn with imitation ermine, the steel gorgets, gem-encrusted daggers, and sacred medals, threw round the table a pleasant glamour of antiquity, an illusion as though, by a miracle, one had gained the good old days, which in retrospect seem to contain nothing less inspiring than chivalry and love. The sun, sinking behind the peaks across the lake, sent through the window its last horizontal rays, as red as the damask jacket of the young gallant *Raniero.* Then the quaint figures all swam in such a splendid mist as envelops the characters of Froissart. And the tureens of *minestrone,* borne in aloft through the doorway by the draggle-tail waiters, seemed like those bowls of noble soup, to which roes, wild boars, and peacocks had yielded up their juices, that once appeared from behind the screens of medieval banquet-halls, to the music of horns and rebecs.

But besides the *minestrone* there were grilled trout and *agoni* fresh from the waters of Como, and a *risotto Milanese,* and cutlets stewed in wine and flavored with rosemary, and salad in bland oil and rosy vinegar, with figs and half a dozen kinds of cheese. The glasses were often emptied; fresh bottles appeared; the chatter grew in volume; every one was jolly except Thallie. She was thinking, "How I could appreciate this adventure if I had n't looked out of Frossie's window this morning!"

"To the health of our hosts!" shouted *Oddo di Vespaione,* rising with a flourish of his glass.

"Our host and hostess! May they always be happy!"

"Thank you," said John. "For my part, I 'm very much so now. What 's more, to-day a little bird told me something that seems to assure me of happiness for some time to come."

"He means," thought Thallie, "that moment on the steps with Bertha Linkow."

And she wanted to jump up, to run out of the room, to lose herself in the gathering darkness forever. Why had he been so cruel as to lure her into the midst of this extraordinary merrymaking, which celebrated another woman's triumph!

"Then this is almost a *festa,*" cried *Simonetta.*

"Entirely a *festa,*" he assented, with the laugh of a boy.

Indeed, his face was lighted up by an elation which made him strange to Thallie: it was as if, in his place, she saw some younger brother, full of the joy of youth, with youth's incapacity for looking inscrutable and celebrated; expansive, reckless, almost handsome. The jokes that he bandied with these knights and ladies raised roars of laughter; all faces continually turned back toward his as to a sure

source of mirth. The fair *Simonetta,* making the mistake of swallowing a mouthful in the midst of one of his remarks, had to have her back pounded by the friar who had married her to *Raniero.* Tears ran down the cheeks of the faithful maid *Ginevra,* and a stout old woman, attired like the nurse of *Juliet,* began to utter barking cries of anguish:

"Enough! Enough! This is killing me! I 've burst my bodice-strings!"

The waiters brought in candles and fresh bottles of Chianti. *Simonetta,* after her fit of choking, had the hiccoughs. *Raniero* proposed, as a friendly act, to slip the door-key down her back. *Ginevra,* with a tightening lip, suggested that ten swallows of water was a better remedy. This raised another laugh.

Raniero and *Ginevra,* it appeared, were contemplating marriage. They were waiting only till they had put aside a little money: in matrimony a time might easily be foreseen when *Ginevra* could not act. Still, it was hard to wait. One learned, indeed, that among the knights and ladies high odds were offered that one of these fine days *Ginevra* and *Raniero,* forgetting all prudent maxims, would run off to a priest like mad. Somehow the autumn in Italy affected one very much in the same manner as the spring.

"And the summer and the winter seem to have similar properties!" vouchsafed the friar, waggling his tonsured pate satirically.

So they fell to discussing love, and there was no doubt that they approved of that phenomenon. Even *Oddo di Vespaione* had a word of commendation for it, while the fat old dame attired like the nurse of *Juliet* wheezed forth, *"Madonnina!* yes, it is good!" And she fixed her eyes with a sort of anile rapture on the chromo of King Victor Emmanuel II. Meanwhile *Raniero* and *Ginevra* sat listening, hand in hand, he, with his olive cheeks and velvet eyes, so richly dark, she, with her creamy skin and yellow Lombard locks, so delicately blonde.

Simonetta, on the other hand, was a willowy brunette, with ripe, red cheeks, snapping eyes, and a mouth like a poppy. Turning to Thallie solicitously, she asked:

"You are not feeling well, Signora?"

"It 's nothing," said Thallie, nervously raising her left hand to her cheek. And all at once the company perceived that the third finger of her left hand lacked a wedding-ring.

For a moment, even among these Latins, instinctively so tactful, there fell a silence of surprise.

Thallie, for her part, did not understand the reason for this hush till John remarked:

"Ah, my friends, at last you have seen something, or, rather, nothing!"

Simonetta quickly replied:

"It is no less a pleasure to find that our hostess is the sister, instead of the wife, of the signore."

"No," said John, "we are not related in that way, either." And as every one sat motionless, trying to smile in an encouraging way, he added quietly, "But in such good and sympathetic company I don't mind telling the secret. It is this, that we are in just about the same position as *Ginevra* and *Raniero."*

There was no doubt that for a second or two Thallie's heart stopped beating. Attempting to move, she found herself paralyzed by what seemed fright, yet could hardly be that emotion. She discovered that her mouth was open, and tried her best to close it: but it twisted into all sorts of curious shapes. She was vaguely aware of a clatter of applause, of graceful speeches flung at her like garlands, of a large, firm hand that closed on hers under the ragged table-cloth. She heard John saying:

"At first we hesitated on account of a certain disparity of age. When one is twenty and the other forty, one is likely to be only thirty when the other is all of fifty."

"You, Signore?" cried *Ginevra,* indignantly. "Bah! You will be young at sixty! You have the very complexion of my father, who was sixty-one when I was born. Do I look as if that marriage had been a failure?"

And, indeed, *Ginevra* was what might be called a personal success.

"Ages!" echoed *Simonetta.* "I was married at fifteen; my husband was forty. To-day I am twenty-two and happier than ever."

Whereupon, springing to her feet, she sped down the room, to throw her arms round that wicked knight, the long-nosed *Oddo di Vespaione.*

All the troupe clapped their hands, like an audience applauding a fine scene at the play.

"So you see, Signore!"

"Oh, yes," John assented, "in the end we, too, concluded that the present was worth as much attention as the future. For, after all, in life we are sure only of to-day." And turning to Thallie, he whispered, "Is n't it so, that we 're reasonably sure of to-day?"

She lowered her head till her wide-brimmed hat was all that could be seen. But presently her hat bobbed up and down once, twice, in timid assent.

The rest was like a dream. The dinner over, the steamboat nearly due, it was time for these characters out of the fifteenth century to melt away. Their brocades and armor shimmering in the candle-light, their teeth flashing in sympathetic and admiring smiles, they crowded forward to utter, in soft, musical tones, their thanks for this entertainment. Then a shout from the doorway, "The steamer 's in sight!" sent them flying up the stairs to change their costumes. The dining-room was empty except for John and Thallie and the draggle-tail waiters.

"See," said John, "they 've vanished into thin air. They were wraiths; they came and are gone; they 've ceased to exist already except in our memories. You don't mind my having taken a lot of jolly phantoms into our confidence?"

But outside the Grand Hotel of the Lake a shower of daisies fell round Thallie. From a window overhead leaned the fair *Simonetta.*

"Good-by! May you be glad forever!"

And with that wish was mingled the voice of the wicked *Oddo:*

"Good-by! It was only in the play, you know, that she preferred that young rascal *Raniero!*"

The motor-launch had returned; John and Thallie embarked in it. The lights of Varenna receded, the obscurity of the lake stole forth to embrace the throbbing boat; but a pale sheen began to spread above the mountains, heralding the moon. A strong arm encircled Thallie's shoulder, the same arm that had caught her fast, one day long ago, as she tumbled down the last flight of steps in Via de' Bardi. With a sob she pressed her face against the breast-pocket of his coat, which smelled faintly of cigars and toilet-water. But the old fellow who drove the motor-launch gave scarcely a glance to those two heretics. He had lived all his life on the lakes, and it was not the first time that he had witnessed such a tableau, in the evening, when the moon was rising over the hills.

"No," she quavered at last, "it won't do! There 's something I 've got to say."

And in some way or other she managed to tell him of the carnival ball at the Politeama Fiorentino.

His arm did not relax its hold around her shoulder.

"Feel better now?" he asked. She was trembling like a leaf. He said, "Then let 's forget it."

The lights of Cadenabbia drew near; but Thallie, with a long sigh, nestled closer. She felt so grateful, and so safe in that embrace! Indeed, she had never felt like this before. All the rest of her life she was going to be protected. She would go with him into the deserts, yes, and into many of those fashionable restaurants as well; and a little of his celebrity would be refracted upon her. She would have all the fame she needed; this was better than becoming a great painter. This was what she had been made for—to be loved, to be guarded, to adore somebody who was stronger than she. Was it not really more than she deserved?

"What did you ever see in me?" she faltered.

"I suppose," he replied, "living with

yourself as you do, you 've never indeed realized that there are very few of your kind left?"

They ascended the terraced staircase to the villa. Dinner was over; the others were in the music-room; the door was shut. Thallie remembered Bertha.

"What will she say!"

"Who?"

"Madame Linkow."

"Probably sing some nice, foolish little song to indicate delight. She 's had time to think of one. She congratulated me this morning when we were going down the steps below Frossie's open window. Good old Bertha! The world 's full of excellent people, is n't it?"

He swept her through the hall to the pergola.

The garden, inclosed by great trees, was not yet illumined by the moon. The cascade rippled behind a veil of shadows; the boxwood bushes eccentrically clipped, the circles and triangles of intertwining roses, the borders of pansies pruned like processions of tortoises, were as ambiguous as the dreams of other days, or the whimsical expectations of a long-lingering, but finally retreating, childhood. Yet in the midst of that place, on the pedestal, shone forth in the first moonbeam the bust of Demeter, sister of Zeus and protectress of the fruits of the earth, mother of Persephone, that unfortunate maiden who, while plucking flowers on the Nysian plain, had been drawn down by a young lover into the lower world.

And at last the marble face of Demeter seemed to smile in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XXI

AURELIUS JOYFULLY OBEYS A PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION

And now no one could give Mr. Goodchild any sensible reason why they should n't all return to the United States.

They bade Lake Como good-by. They stayed in Genoa only long enough to see the house where Christopher Columbus was supposed to have been born. On a gray morning—the skies were inclined to signalize that parting with some tears—the Goodchilds and John Holland embarked for America. A call at Naples, a swift tour of the city, from which they brought back a jumbled recollection of much grace and squalor, and they were off in earnest on their ten-day voyage to New York. The rounded slopes of the Campanian coast faded at last in a cerulean haze. And so no more of Italy.

All the same, that was a pleasant voyage. The Mediterranean and the Atlantic, putting their heads together between the pillars of Hercules, connived at waves unusually placid for the time of year. Thallie, who had anticipated all the humiliating agonies of seasickness, found that she could appear every day before John with healthy cheeks and sparkling eyes. What a load off her mind! Suppose she had been forced to show him the face that she had worn for a while on the voyage from New York to Cherbourg!

She knew that all her life she would remember these nights on deck when he and she, of equal age at last, sat side by side, wrapped in their steamer-rugs. They were often alone, for Frossie had a way of strolling toward the stern, to stare out over the dim track of foam toward vanished Italy. Mr. Goodchild, on the contrary, found his way forward, to peer through the shadows by the hour, as if at any moment he might glimpse the torch of Liberty.

Finally he did so, or, at any rate, he marked the light of Sandy Hook. And next morning the steamship crept into the harbor of New York.

For the girls, first of all, there were the department stores, so spacious and magnificent in comparison with the shops of Italy. Thallie learned, with a momentary dismay, that a sudden change of styles had caught her unawares: everything was now being made with a flavor of the seventies, the seventies having by this time receded sufficiently into the past to be no longer dowdy. One also observed that wider skirts were in vogue; there was, indeed, a "wide-skirt walk," a

kind of sidewise sway, which had to be acquired.

"But basques!" exclaimed Frossie. "And buttons all down the front! And little perked-up hats! I suppose the next thing will be those dinky carriage-sunshades!"

"Why not, if it 's the fashion?" retorted Thallie, with a pirouette. "At least you might take that nice black dress we saw in Schubert's."

"I can't afford it. For you, about to get married, it 's a different matter."

But Thallie refused to buy as much as a ribbon till Frossie consented to invest in one new hat and gown. She argued:

"Those things you 've got on were obsolete in New York six months ago. Surely, Lovins, you don't want to look like an old maid?"

"That 's just what I 'm going to be."

They heard Bertha Linkow sing *Gilda* at the Metropolitan. Afterward they went round to the stage-door to bear her off to supper. Their table in the supper-room was the same that they had occupied one night, eighteen months before, when they had first laid eyes on John.

He, leaning closer to Thallie, said:

"Do I know what you 're thinking of?"

"It seems so strange!"

"How well I remember my feelings when I saw you!"

"Even then?"

"From that very night."

"Oh, really, John?"

And now it was she, not he, as at Varenna, who reached a hand beneath the table-cloth.

Then one day, with just such an impulse as had been predicted of those two amiable young phantoms *Raniero* and *Ginevra,* John and Thallie decided that they could not exist any longer without being married.

It was a quiet wedding, almost as unpretentious as a runaway-match; it was over in five minutes. This time, when the minister inquired, "Who giveth this woman?" Mr. Goodchild did not miss his cue. But afterward, as he was about to kiss his daughter, blushing in her street-costume reminiscent of the seventies, Aurelius looked at Thallie wildly. And he groaned in a breaking voice:

"John! John! Be good to her! Oh, how like her mother to-day!"

That same night Mr. Goodchild set out with Frossie for Zenasville, Ohio.

Frossie lay for a long while awake. Her adventure into the world was finished; a year and a half had brought her back to Zenasville. The others had escaped; she alone was destined to resume the old, restricted life. But the others had failed to realize their dreams of art, while she was some day going to be at least a writer of renown. This was her recompense. Apparently one could not have everything one wished for.

Still, she had memories. In her spinsterhood, to which she was looking forward with an almost monastic courage, she would be sustained by the knowledge that a well-beloved man had loved her in return till his last mortal breath. In retrospect that passion took on an awesome splendor: if it had been fine in life, it had risen to sublimity at the moment of death. Gradually she had perceived, since hearts do not need extraordinary surroundings to gain kinship with the most famous of their kind, that she, too, had lived a great tragedy, intrinsically as memorable as any storied one. Yes, she, who had always felt herself inferior to her sisters in attractiveness, had played the most poignantly beautiful drama of them all.

And this drama had changed her; she emerged from that furnace of tragic circumstance with all the dross in her consumed. Her youthful solidity of temperament had been welded into strength; her one-time primness had been refined into a wholesome comprehension of humanity's impulses. And if there remained in her a certain romanticism due to her heredity, that trait was now so well fused with experience as to be perceptible only as a sane idealism. Fortune, in short, while laying on her shoulders a heavy burden, had largely smoothed for her the way that led to fame.

She fell asleep dreaming that in some

shadowy Italian place, set round with cypresses, she held up her first successful novel toward the stars, with the declaration, "We 've made this, at least, together, you and I!"

Early next morning they arrived in Zenasville. Selina and Ira Inchkin were waiting for them on the station platform.

Selina's trivial blonde prettiness was not a bit more faded; Ira's back was as stiff as ever in the business suit. The hardware-merchant, perhaps in celebration of this return, had the back of his neck freshly shaved. His wife bore two bunches of poppy-mallows, which, in her onslaught upon Frossie, she crushed against the bosom of her gray silk dress, that historic costume for ceremonial occasions.

There was Maple Lane, its double row of trees denuded of their leaves, its dirt roadway cut into ruts by the wheels of wagons that had passed the week before; and there, at last, was the broken picket-fence! And now one actually saw the little yellowish house, the shingles slipping from its roof, the slats of its shutters tilted at all angles, the bell-knob of white china glistening beside the door of home! Mr. Goodchild rushed up the path, between the plats of the old-fashioned garden, which, instead of showing the neglect one had expected, displayed in well-ordered clumps the lingering gayness of aster, leadwort, phlox, and red-hot-poker plant.

"We kept it up for you, all the flowers in their turn," Selina told Frossie, while pressing her handkerchief against her eyelids. "We knew you could n't stay away forever."

But Aurelius had burst into the house.

The odor of the ancient sofas, lambrequins, and tidies was like an elixir in his nostrils. He did not notice, as did Frossie, that these little rooms full of gimcracks were strangely aged and shrunken. He stood still, in his wrinkled, long-tailed coat of broadcloth, the black felt hat pressed tightly to his breast, his fragile-looking, sanguine face a-gleam with rapture. Suddenly, as if stung, he leaped through the kitchen, the kitchen-porch, the corridor covered with tar-paper, and gained the studio. He saw the pine walls decorated with sketches and mechanical diagrams, the fat cast-iron stove, the window-boxes where geraniums had bloomed. He fed his hungry eyes on the camera, the head-rest, the photographic screens bedaubed in gouache with elegiac landscapes. He touched piano and writing-desk and easel, all the precious emblems of the past.

Of the past? Of the future also!

"It is here that I shall make my mark even yet!"

Thereafter he grew younger day by day. He regained a sprightliness which he had never shown abroad. There came from his lips the quaint songs of past decades; he often treated Frossie to a serio-comic declamation that brought back her childhood to her. Then, sometimes, he would pause in the midst of a ridiculous gesture at the recollection of his other daughters. Alas! at the lamplight hour in the studio there were no more catches sung; there was no chiming of four voices to the tunes of "Three Blind Mice" and "London 's Burning."

"But they 'll all be here for Thanksgiving!"

And why should a congenital optimist look farther ahead than that?

However, still another literary labor was foisted upon him. Dr. Numble had left a memorandum saying, "In case of my demise, I wish that my learned friend Mr. A. Goodchild shall see to the publication of my *magnum opus;* viz., 'A Proof of the Soul's Immortality, by One who Remembers his Previous Existences.'" Aurelius, running over that bale of frowzy manuscript, computed that it would take a year or two merely to decipher Dr. Numble's script.

"Land sakes!" cried Selina Inchkin, "you 're not going to take that seriously!"

"Yes, it must be done; for it 's a sacred charge."

Ira Inchkin vouchsafed the opinion:

"You 'd much better spend your time writing Selina a play. Something foreign and catchy, such as you must 'a' got the hang of from your travels."

"Yes," Selina echoed intensely; "but, mind, not like Euripides! Nothing that has to be put on in a stadium! It ought to be, say, the life-story of a woman who has suffered, a woman of the world, perhaps with a title?"

"Well, why not?" Aurelius returned. "I have taken tea with contessas and marchesas in their *palazzos;* I hope I can delineate that phase of life as well as any other."

But his thoughts about literature were distracted by the imminence of Thanksgiving. That was to be a sumptuous feast indeed. All day long, in the kitchen, Frossie was now assisted by a large, black mammy, a wizard with viands, who answered to the name Arbutus. The pots and kettles steamed continually; delicious aromas were wafted through the house, and a clattering Afric laugh resounded amid the chopping of the mince-meat.

One day, when the plum-puddings were cooking, Thallie and John arrived.

The first greetings over, Frossie scrutinized the bridal couple narrowly. While John looked really youthful, Thallie seemed somehow older than before. Was it her new attire, the modish violet-colored hat and gown, the scarf of soft fur wound about her neck, which gave her this air of a charming young matron quite at home in marriage? As soon as the sisters were alone together, Frossie burst out:

"Good Heavens! where 's my Babykins! Who 's this fine lady, anyhow? And dressed so scrumptious! That scarf is n't—no, it can't be!"

"Russian sable."

"And a gold purse!"

"Yes, is n't it rather a nice one?" Thallie replied, unconsciously with so close an imitation of her husband's manner that Frossie smiled.

"And—aside from all this, of course—I suppose you 're awfully happy?"

"So happy!" cried Thallie, in those tones of birdlike liquidity which came to her when she was suddenly and deeply moved. "So happy!" And, her fair cheeks roseate, she threw her arms round Frossie with that impulse to hug and kiss somebody by which girls deceive a bystander into thinking that the object of their caresses is receiving the congratulations. Then, as her happiness was of so complicated a quality that it could not be explained by words, she hid her face on Frossie's shoulder with the movement of a bashful child. And finally, when that silence was becoming tense, she pressed her puckered mouth against Frossie's neck below the ear and perfidiously blew as hard as possible. With a scream and a shudder her sister jumped away. In this family Frossie had always been the ticklish one.

"You ought to be spanked for that!"

"Spank a married woman?" Thallie inquired, drawing herself erect with the hauteur of a duchess.

Yes, there was no doubt that love, though she had once renounced it in disgust, had, after all, proved to be quite satisfactory.

When he was able to get a word alone with Frossie, John asked:

"Working?"

"Housework at present; but keeping a maid will relieve me of the worst of that. There 's one thing that 's bothered me since I came back to Zenasville: how can I find here as much material as I shall need?"

"I 'll take precious good care that you don't grow fast to Zenasville."

"We 're not rich enough to travel."

"You 'll have more some day than now."

"But of course I must stay with dad; and I don't think he 'll ever want to budge again."

"Give him time. One of these spring mornings he 'll get the south wind up his nose, or see some roses on a wall, and wish for another little whirl in Italy."

The day before Thanksgiving, as Aurelius was standing on the door-step, gazing toward the horizon murky with the smoke of factory chimneys, a carriage came down the lane; an Irish terrier scampered up the path between the garden-plats. It was Bristles. Aggie and

Cyril and the baby had reached Zenasville.

They had with them as nurse a Devonshire woman who was going to join her husband, a corporal of artillery, in Hong-Kong. This honest creature, instead of being disappointed by the house in Maple Lane, was highly gratified. Ever since landing in New York she had resented her surroundings, but here was America as she had pictured it.

Cyril Bellegram, as soon as he could extricate himself from the mêlée of embraces, sent round him a bewildered look. Aggie's home was not at all what one would think from looking at Aggie. As he flung aside his dangling black forelock, his eyes met John's. Assuming as well as possible the expression of an English country gentleman, he said, in staccato tones:

"Very decent, what? Pleasant property. Jolly little garden, I should judge, in summer."

Aggie, for her part, did not care two pins whether Cyril liked the little yellowish house or not. She felt herself able to make him see this place in any light she wished by means of half a dozen artfully selected speeches. In the end he always regarded things from the point of view that she wanted him to assume.

But Aggie felt that she herself was under a more critical observation: it might need some finesse to make her sisters think that this marriage was not virtually a failure. Looking at Frossie, she discerned the calmness of a maturity finer than her own. Turning to Thallie, she perceived a joy which all her own machinations had not brought her. How was it that she, while meaning to excel the others in every way, had missed the sad and glad experiences that seemed to have raised her sisters far above her? And it was Frossie, according to reports, who was going to be the famous one. And Thallie, who had never shown the slightest knack for getting round the men, was married to the celebrity of wealth and assured position, to just such a one as Aggie had dreamed of bringing to her feet! Was there such a thing as being too clever, too designing?

But her sisters took it for granted that Aggie was quite happy. As if one had a chance to be otherwise with such a baby! They could not get enough of that baby. They knelt round Aggie's knees to peep into its face; they examined its tiny finger-nails with exclamations of wonder; when it smiled they crowed in triumph. Aurelius had to hold it. Then Thallie cuddled it against her bosom without daring to look up. But Frossie, when her turn came, lowered her eyes toward the baby's head with a look that would have made the fortune of a painter of Madonnas. A minute afterward they missed her from the room.

The baby, at Aggie's instigation, had been named Sydney Montmorency, after a wealthy, middle-aged bachelor in the Bellegram family.

When Sydney Montmorency, surfeited with petting, had been carried off to bed, the sisters went out for a walk. Once more, beneath the fading sky in Maple Lane, the three Graces locked arms; the Ohio afterglow again transfigured the faces of Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne. A triple affection, enhanced by memories, made them press still closer together. Where the houses ended, and open country stretched eastward, they all stopped as one to stare into the dusk. How much had happened to them since their last walk here!

"I suppose," said Frossie at last, "you got dad's check for your ten thousand dollars?"

Aggie continued to stare across the country-side. The last of the twilight was gathered into her delicately chiseled face; her copper-colored tresses of the palest shade shared the luster of her skin. And her emerald-green eyes, which she did not hide this time beneath her lashes, took on a new look, as if at an unprecedented resolution. She replied:

"Poor Daddie! I 'm going to give him back five thousand dollars of it. I would n't even keep half, except that Cyril and baby and I are n't as well off as we might be. But later on—"

She fell silent, looking into the eastern

darkness as though into the future, where presently the sun was bound to rise again. Off there lay Japan, the field of a new conflict, in which life might still be made a victory. For she hoped so to permeate her husband with her own personality that in time he might be driven, like an automaton impelled by an external genius, up the heights of her ambition, after all.

It was dark when they turned homeward. At the gate they heard their father chopping wood for the cooking of Thanksgiving dinner.

Next day Bertha Linkow swooped down upon them.

In an instant the household was galvanized by a new gaiety. Out of breath from squeezing the three Graces, the prima donna sank into a chair, to fan her pink-and-white face with her hat. But those well-developed lungs soon stored up sufficient air for further outbursts.

"Where is that baby! You are keeping him from me on purpose; you know that if once I have my clutches on him you will never get him back! *Ach,* the precious love, there he comes now! Quick, this second I must have him! There, something good, a ring for a young man's finger! What! Even so it is too big; and that salesman swore to me that he was a family-man of much experience! But anyhow, *Excellenz,* you will let old stupid Aunt Bertha have *küss?*"

At five o'clock the feast was ready to be served. The girls had laid the table in the studio.

The walls of that room were festooned with crimson leaves and pine-boughs studded with their cones. The table, decked with masses of chrysanthemums, disappeared beneath innumerable bowls of spiced fruit, preserves, condiments made from family recipes, and cranberry jelly molded in the shapes of pineapples and rabbits. On the delf platter, the twenty-five-pound turkey, browned to a turn, exalted its succulent breastbone. And to the fragrance of this noble fowl were added others no less rich, as Arbutus, in a fresh calico gown and a bandana turban, her black visage shining, her white teeth visible from ear to ear, bore in an endless succession of vegetable-dishes.

"We must find room on the table for all the fixings," cried Mr. Goodchild, "and pass them down the line. It 's an old custom of the house, and not a bad one. For, as Epictetus says, 'When you eat, be of service to those who eat with you.' "

The light was growing dim above the window-boxes; John kindled the lamp, its porcelain shade embellished with hand-painted daisies, in the center of the table. The rays reached out to embrace the circle of faces, to bind them together with a tender radiance. And there fell a hush as that company reflected on the amiable work of Fate, which had threaded round this homely board as it were a rosary of hearts.

Then all at the same time, though not a sign was made, they felt that Mr. Goodchild would like to say grace. With one impulse they turned toward the head of the table, where he sat enthroned behind the turkey. His patriarchal beard shone silvery and golden; his high forehead, that dome which had harbored many varied thoughts, seemed encircled by a shadowy wreath. It was a prefiguration from the hand-painted daisies on the lamp-shade.

Clasping his slender hands together, closing his eyes, Aurelius pronounced these words:

"Our Heavenly Father, in obedience to the proclamation of Thy servant Woodrow Wilson, President of these United States, but also with a joyous alacrity on our own account, we are gathered here to thank Thee for Thy countless blessings, showered upon us during the past year. Nor can we confine our acknowledgment to these twelve months just gone; we owe to Thee a debt that has its origin in our earliest recollected days. For Thou, despite our many frailties and errors, hast sustained us patiently; Thou hast inspired us finally in all our quandaries; and, after sad hours, when we thought more of our grief than of Thy boundless pity, Thou

hast ever afforded us Thy miraculous, sweet anodyne. And moreover, as if that were not enough, Thou hast continually reimbued us with an inexplicable, but certain, faith, that in Thy good time we shall be once more with those we miss to-day.

"We thank Thee for our present comfort and abundance, highly sufficient for our needs. We thank Thee for the world which Thou hast spread before us—its sights, its sounds, its perfumes, its adornments by those whom Thou hast permitted to catch a fleeting glimpse of the eternal harmonies. We thank Thee for our own glimpses of that deathless beauty, which we have tried, and will try, to record in some wise so that others may share the emotions that we have enjoyed. We thank Thee for love, which is here represented in every earthly form acceptable to Thee, the vibrations of which we hope may spread out from this room to touch, and somehow benefit, all that lives and breathes. We thank Thee, finally, for our futures here below, knowing well that Thou hast stored them up with treasures, in implanting in our souls the secret of true happiness. For, as Whittier says,

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

"Dear Lord, may the world seem as lovely to all Thy children as it does to us on this day appointed for thanksgiving. Amen."

THE END

Dew

By SARA TEASDALE

AS dew leaves the cobweb lightly
Threaded with stars,
Scattering jewels on the fence
And the pasture-bars;
As dawn leaves the dry grass bright
And the tangled weeds
Bearing a rainbow gem
On each of their seeds:
So has your love, my lover,
Fresh as the dawn,
Made me a shining road
To travel on;
Set every common sight
Of tree or stone
Delicately alight
For me alone.

Alexander Wilson Drake

(For Forty-three Years the Art Director of THE CENTURY)

I

By CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

OF Alexander Wilson Drake it might well be said that the enjoyment of natural and spiritual beauty was the controlling purpose of his life. To art as a career his first thoughts had therefore naturally turned, though in choosing wood-engraving as the gateway he was compromising with the views of his father, who saw little promise of a useful vocation in any form of art that did not, like wood-engraving, draw wages and have its approach through apprenticeship. A superior part of the trade was the preparation of the wood-block, and to acquire the necessary facility in drawing Drake studied with August Will, and also attended the night classes at the Cooper Union. With improvement he was allowed to study at the National Academy of Design. In both schools he had for a colleague Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who was also an apprentice (to a cameo-cutter), and seemingly unaware of being indentured to Fame.

A craving for excellence was instinctive with Drake, and after he had established a successful wood-engraving business of his own the willingness to take vast trouble for the slightest gain in quality was cultivated to a habit. It was natural, therefore, that when in midyear, 1870, the first issue of this magazine was prepared, the coöperation of Drake was sought by Richard Watson Gilder, who was responsible for the art policy and make-up of the magazine. A finer alliance of editorial leadership and expert direction than was obtained in those two men could not be imagined. For forty years they worked in perfect unison and, with the coöperation of Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne, brought about a revolution in the art of illustration.

Drake supplied the taste and steady pressure that forced the advance in printing. His leadership had a threefold quality: to encourage the artist to find in himself unthought-of resources of truth and beauty, to stimulate the engraver to preserve the tone and feeling of the artist as well as his graphic qualities, and to hold the printer to an adequate conveyance to paper of all that had been gained for art by tireless love and liberal expense.

Year after year Drake began his working day by a visit to the printers, where the runs of the previous day were inspected. His criticisms were supplications rather than fault-findings, and were warmed with his never-failing humor. Emulation was a part of the atmosphere of the place; still, it could happen that a press crew would fall below concert-pitch or encounter a difficulty that to them seemed trivial. Such a case merely inspired Drake to increase his attention, and as it was impossible to evade him, a degree of uneasiness would persist until the refractory form was run off.

A great leap forward was made when it was found possible to transfer a drawing or painting to the wood-block by means of the camera. Thus a mechanical process enlarged the scope of the artist in illustration, and in a sense forced the engraver to paint with the burin; for Drake now demanded of him not only that he should reproduce the body of a picture, but also the feeling and spirit which might be called its soul. Thereupon the life of the engraver grew more and more complex and artistic, with the result that several of the craft gained high distinction. Yet the aspiring engravers were not allowed to hold the ground they had gained by skill and patience; the halftone and other processes of transferring a

A. W. Drake

picture to a metal plate put them out of business. While Drake eased the decline of many of them by employing them to trim and perfect the newfangled metal plates and also those used in color printing, his fastidious care involved an expense which few publishers were willing to assume. So the wood-engravers as a large and important class went the way of the world, save three or four of exceptional talent, including Timothy Cole, who was then producing his remarkable series of wood-engravings of the old masters and was enabled to continue his work, with the result that his incomparable blocks, engraved only for THE CENTURY, number about two hundred and thirty.

After the daily visit to the printers, Drake's duties brought him in touch with the procession of artists, engravers, and plate-makers that moved on in quiet deliberation from one year's end to another. It was common for Drake to convey his pictorial idea by a few strokes of a pencil, and cautious artists would submit rough sketches before buckling down to the final task. Often the consultation over the completed picture called for equal tact from editor and artist. It was at such times that Drake's "manifest kindness and unvarying gentleness," as one of the most individual artists defined the manner, enabled him to win coöperation for revision which a more aggressive criticism would have lost. The engraved blocks, and later the plates, were subjected to a more minute scrutiny than the drawings, until the engravers grew so used to calls for an improving touch here and there to brighten the effect or more closely favor the original that a failure to ask for betterment would have seemed out of routine. While tenacious to the point of obstinacy of his views and opinions, he was studiously gentle in stating them, and was loath to urge them unless his sense of duty was involved.

In 1880, Mr. Drake had his first look at the art treasures of England, France, and Italy. The trip was arranged as much for the benefit of the magazine, an expectation which was richly justified, as for the rest and pleasure of a hard-worked enthusiast. He made the acquaintance of William Morris, Rossetti, and other noted English artists of that day, and in Italy he, with Robert Blum, was greeted and guided by Elihu Vedder and Charles Caryl Coleman; he also met Whistler in Venice.

In 1890, Mr. Drake made his second visit to Europe, which began auspiciously with a tour in Algiers, Morocco, and the enchanting cities of Spain. His companion was his only son, a boy in his teens, who was being initiated into the mysteries of art. Alas! they also came in Spain to an outpost of the great mystery, for here the boy showed signs of fever, and was rushed with every possible precaution to a London hospital. After days of tender watching the boy was laid to rest in an English cemetery, and a little later the father found solace for his sorrow in the pathetic expression of his first poem, "Kensal Green."

Out of that period of introspection came a short season of literary creation which was as delicate, significant, and individual as the art side of his career. Three short stories were published. He planned other plots to express the thoughts of his teeming, sensitive nature, but the demands of his vocation forbade. However, the three stories may be taken as a complete unfolding of a rare mind, with an outlook and a feeling all its own. They could not have been written by any one who had not his thirst for the beautiful and his insight into the hidden springs of art.

To a public that knew little of his charming personality and influential labors in the interest of art Drake was known chiefly as a collector. In that field he was distinctly a creator, for he awakened the perception that objects of common use often enshrine the basic lineaments of beauty. If those who, hearing that he was making new collections, sometimes scoffed, in the end they were forced to admire after beholding the revelation of human ingenuity and love of grace that was emphasized by the bringing together of selected specimens of any craft or art.

Even the simple pictures on the wall-paper used to decorate the bandboxes of a century ago acquired esthetic value after Drake had had the perception, not to mention courage, to frame some of his duplicates.

Two of his collections have been kept together: the forty little ships and boats appropriately enliven India House in the old shipping district, and the hundred bird-cages now ornament the kindly halls of Cooper Union, where Drake was first initiated into the mysteries of drawing.

In 1913 failing health led Drake to retire from the position he had filled with historic success for forty-three years. How much that meant to hundreds of artists and writers was shown by two dinners given in his honor. More than two hundred illustrators and writers joined in a memorable gathering. Shortly afterward, on February 25, 1913, four hundred members of his art and professional clubs joined in a famous "Dinner of Alexander Wilson Drake and His Friends, at the Aldine Club." He who had often embellished feasts to others with amusing menus was celebrated in a souvenir of fifty pages, most of them being humorous sketches by prominent artists, making good-natured sport of the salient traits of the editor and collector.

After only two weeks of confining illness the end came, peacefully, in the evening of Friday, February 4, of the present year. On the following Monday morning the last words were spoken at the Church of the Ascension, crowded with intimate friends and artists who had worked with him or had come to show their appreciation of his services to their calling. Aside from its religious meaning to his family, he had loved that church for the inspiring beauty of the great painting and the reverent sculpture by La Farge and Saint-Gaudens, who had gone before. Near friends, at their own request, sang the solos and struck the harp in music that realized the meaning of sounds divine. His pastor repeated St. Paul's immortal message of hope.

Most men die poor, and only a few die rich; but fewer still leave behind them so much of the remembrance that wealth cannot create as does Alexander Wilson Drake.

II

An Appreciation

By WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE

With the death of Alexander W. Drake there passes from our sight a figure so benignant and beloved that more than one friend must feel irresistibly impelled to supplement with a word of earnest personal tribute the epitome of his career already printed in the daily press. The main achievements of his singularly useful life, often heretofore chronicled both in magazines and newspapers, have there been recalled to remembrance. The great debt which the country owed to his leadership in perfecting the allied arts of wood-engraving and printing has received fresh recognition and will claim renewed acknowledgment in the history of American art.

But the man himself was much greater than his triumphs, varied and lasting as they were. "Never elsewhere," said George W. Cable, "have I seen so great modesty and devotion of character so unfailingly combined with such masterful gifts and achievements as in Mr. Drake in the third of a century that I have known him." And with the rare combination of qualities here set forth there seemed no room among them for anything even resembling egotism; there was no word or thought of self. He was content to say, "My work is my biography," and he often quoted that noble aphorism, "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it." Yet even casual acquaintances perceived or felt in him natural powers surpassing all that he accomplished and

exceptional traits of character as yet unregistered in words. Let us hope that before long they will find a fit biographer.

For seldom if ever have such positive qualities as a manly strength of purpose, untiring zeal, and unflinching loyalty been cloaked in such a gentleness of nature as in his unique and many-sided personality. The truth is that, deeper than all these endowments, he had an ingrained *love of beauty* that was to him the very breath of life. This was the foundation of his character and the corner-stone of his career. All his activities, indeed, were tinged with the latent force and inspiration of this enchantment of his soul. This was the hidden dynamic power that speedily made him a connoisseur in his own special field and eventually one of the most remarkable collectors of modern times. Throughout his many years as the honored art director of THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS magazines this love of beauty was the incentive to a tireless patience in striving to attain at any cost the utmost possible result or the long-coveted perfection. To see him with an engraver's proof in his hand or bending over a first sheet from the press was to behold an artist at work upon a task he loved; he never spared himself in the effort to insure a flawless rendering of a fellow-artist's creation. Even in drawings submitted to him by young illustrators he sought and never failed to note and encourage that "touch of real art," as he phrased it, that he dearly prized, and his trained discrimination gave added strength and comradeship to his relations with painters and members of the larger world of art. They felt that Mr. Drake's taste and knowledge were well-nigh infallible, and their trust in him was deepened because they knew the absolute integrity of his judgment. With all his gentleness, there was never the least taint of capitulation in any verdict that he rendered. Here no compromise was possible, and his loyalty to his ideals was as sacred as his conscience.

Of course the graphic arts alone could not satisfy him; they were but the vestibule to the temple of color, form, and music. All beauty was his heritage, and to him collecting was not, as to many, a fad: it was a quiet, perpetual, glorified enthusiasm that enriched immeasurably his own life and thousands of other lives by its sure instinct for the genuine in art. It would take a volume to do justice to any of his collections, but the range, variety, and extent of the rich spoil he gathered are well known to the art world and the public.

Again, no visitor needs to be reminded of the charm and distinction of his home, wherein was gathered so much fascinating and endlessly interesting treasure-trove,—"where color glowed unglittering, and the soul of visible things showed silent happiness." Each individual object was, in truth, a part of his life. He loved it. It was, in its degree, a symbol of all that beauty meant to him; and in the mass the whole rich array was softened into a single, mellow harmony that thrilled one with the sense of beauty in sumptuous repose.

His gentleness was not that of manner only, but was the natural expression of a deeper kindliness of heart. With his associates in daily tasks there was no end to the courtesies, great or small, that he constantly rendered not only whenever opportunity presented itself, but frequently when the opportunity was of his own making. Whenever good or bad fortune befell, he was first to offer congratulations or sympathy; and by countless ingenious and original acts of kindness he lit up the routine of crowded hours, and made smiles resume their proper sovereignty on tired or troubled faces. His very presence brought with it a sense of cheerful tranquillity, for it always meant that a jest or story was imminent, or some quaint by-play of comment that left one refreshed and gladdened; and many silent benedictions followed him as he dispensed these sunny, exhilarating greetings from day to day.

Every least gift to his friends bore the royal stamp of beauty, while in the manner of its bestowal there was always some quaint or tender touch of surprise that added charm and made it doubly precious.

As for the assistance of every sort—advice, encouragement, patient, kindly criticism, and financial aid—which he gave to artists and others in depression or necessity, no one knows, or ever will know, the full record of his benefactions. "Think of the helping hand he has held out to hundreds of struggling young beginners in art and letters!" writes a grateful member of his corps of illustrators.

He had a genius for friendship. Even in the rich, redundant life of the metropolis, it is seldom given us to behold a man whose manner and conversation were so completely satisfying to all who came in touch with them. With his intimates he fulfilled Emerson's definition of a friend as "one with whom we can think aloud"; and as Mr. W. H. Shelton has declared, "To good stories or fine music he would listen till the gray hours of the morning, and, if the opportunity offered, empty his purse to help a comrade in need." But he exercised also a strong and subtle magnetism for men of most diverse and seemingly unrelated types. They were drawn to him with gentle compulsion, and he had the power to make them sharers of his own joy in the things he loved. All this gave him that larger and more sympathetic knowledge of human life that comes from contact with men of various classes and occupations, and he rejoiced always to "find himself in another mind." In proof of the general esteem in which he was held, it may be mentioned that, when his health began to fail and he felt compelled to resign from five clubs, he was immediately made an honorary member for life by every one of them. His joy in friends and their affectionate pride in him will endure indeed among the recollections that are linked with life's best moments.

In England he might well have been knighted in recognition of his services to the allied arts of engraving and printing, for, as Joseph Pennell says, "He has done more for the advancement of illustration than any man living." In France his collections, if kept together, would have established another goal for art-lovers in many ways resembling the Musée Carnavalet. And in these war-blinded times, when the maddened lords of destruction are casting into ruin the glorious fanes and towers that have illumined many generations, his friends, and America itself, should be more than ever grateful for this ardent devotee of beauty whose soul was bent upon the salvage from oblivion of every least fragment of art.

Back of all the grace and loveliness that charmed him in material things, he saw as clearly the spiritual values they represented, the love that had gone into the making of them.

It is ideals that determine character. We are known at last by the mental pictures that we cherish. Great thoughts, noble harmonies, love of beauty, friendship—no worshiper at any of these shrines goes unrewarded, and the inestimable largess they bestow brings with it always some full measure of their timelessness and spiritual power. With Mr. Drake, books and music were among the richest, most enchanting satisfactions of his leisure; but the love of beauty was a transcendent, vital force that from first to last dominated his whole being. He answered to its every call, and, like a joyous child, followed where it led. For reward, it filled his daily vision, his home, his spirit, with opalescent harmonies, and his later years with "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." More: it made him its revealer, its interpreter, who for many others had opened eye and heart to the magical beauty that lies hidden all about us under the dust of common things and in the passing hour.

To those who knew him best his high idealism and transparent kindliness, his personal charm and warm, indulgent comradeship, will remain in memory, as they were in reality, influences of incalculable beauty and beneficence. That he reached the allotted span of life with scarce-diminished vigor and as young at heart as ever is indeed cause for gratitude; but it is from finely sensitive natures such as his that we learn the poignant truth of Emerson's saying, "Life is not long enough for Art—not long enough for Friendship."

Through Fire

By LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

WHEN the alarm came in shortly after eleven o'clock, Thomas Dare, the probationer, leaped from his bunk in the quarters of Engine 22 and flashed down the sliding-pole to the main floor, where the racketing cough of the motor indicated that this time it was to be a run. Through the pall of acrid oil smoke he could see the forms of his comrades leaping to their places on the apparatus, struggling with their rubber coats. He felt a slap upon his shoulder, heard a big, genial voice in his ears:

"Well, kid, maybe you 'll get your first dose this time. You never can tell."

Dare shivered. The doors had been flung open and the wheels were in motion before he caught the rear rail and clambered over the hose to his helmet and coat. As he picked up the hat the shine and newness impressed him as typifying his own inexperience. It was his first night with a fire-company. He was going to his first fire, and his vivid imagination took full account of the thrilling situation.

Dare was college bred, the product of a great Roman Catholic university, lured to the New York Fire Department, as many of his kind have been in the last decade, through prospects of quick advancement for men of trained intellect. He had reported at the probationary school in the morning, and in accordance with custom had been assigned to night work with an engine-company during his thirty-day novitiate.

At intervals throughout the evening alarms had been coming in, and at each, as department regulations require, the men of the company had gone down to the floor, only to return immediately to their books, cards, or checkers. So frequently had this occurred this cold evening that Dare's breath had ceased to come up into his throat as the brazen clangor of the tapper sounded through the dormitory, and he had finally adjusted his nerves to the point of running to the poles and sliding down without emotion of any sort.

But now the company was really off,

bent upon grim business. The bell in front of him was turning over and over, sending forth its clatter; the siren, rising and falling, wailed ceaselessly through the deserted streets while the apparatus swayed and rocked over the uneven pavement. It was January. The air was nipping cold; the rush of it smote Dare's face and seemed to suck out his breath. At the corner a hook-and-ladder truck came plunging down the avenue, shrieking its warning to traffic, throwing a heavy cloud of smoke backward from the motor. Dare's company was "first due," and the chauffeur drove viciously ahead, making a sharp cut in, slipping and skidding for a second or two, then squaring away a few feet ahead of the truck.

Clinging to the rail, Dare felt the sweat breaking out on his forehead. The slightest mishandling of the wheel would have sent them crashing to the street; he glanced fearfully at the gleaming asphalt, the curb, the hard sidewalk, and the iron railings in front of the buildings—poor places for a landing. He heard angry cries from the driver of the truck, heard laughing jeers from his own company as the hose-wagon flung back its reek of gasolene into the faces of the truckmen and rolled heavily on into the night.

Dare's thoughts cast ahead. Was it really a fire? If it was merely a false alarm or a mild blazing-curtain affair, this incident would serve to break him in nicely; next time it would not be so hard. They had told him 22 was not a specially busy company. Yet he had the feeling that his initiation was not to be perfunctory. Well, in that case it was just as well; the sooner it came, the less to worry about in the future.

He glanced behind at the hook and ladder, pitching, rearing, screaming in sheer abandon. His own wagon slewed, throwing him heavily against the back of the chauffeur's seat. Some one had told him that a fireman faced more danger going to a fire than in facing the smoke and flames; he began to believe it.

There would be opportunity for comparison in a very few minutes now, for into the crisp air had crept that heavy, pungent reek that comes only from a burning building. There was a fire.

In the glare of an arc lamp Dare noted tense movements on the part of his comrades. The man at his side, Barron, the lieutenant, was pressing his hat more firmly upon his head; another was knotting a handkerchief about his rubber collar. Dare wondered why he did this, and involuntarily his hand fumbled under his rubber coat for his handkerchief. But a mumbling of words among the firemen arrested him, and looking up, he followed their gaze ahead.

He saw a sinister picture—a picture so closely allied to those he had developed in fancy that he closed his eyes instinctively, wondering for the instant whether it was a dream. The building was eight stories high. Standing stark and silent at the intersection of the avenue and a side street, it covered nearly a third of the block. From all the windows of the fifth and sixth floors black smoke was pouring. The wind caught it, bearing it upward, so that above the sixth story the structure was hidden in a voluminous pall. Directly overhead the winter moon cast downward a vivid glow, and in it the outrushing smoke was clearly defined. Its unceasing piling of mass on mass, its pulsing involutions, so soft, so silken, and yet so suggestive of the elemental power behind, fascinated Dare and held him immobile until he heard the gruff voice of his captain, Donohue, who had leaped to the street and was calling to the lieutenant:

"Barron, take your line in the front door; go up to the fire."

Up to the fire! Dare glanced at the men. They were all calm, businesslike, matter-of-fact. The engineer was dropping off the tail-board, the end of a length of hose in hand, making for a hydrant. Lucky guy! He would n't have to go up to the fire. The wagon drew up directly in front of the building. Already three men were on the sidewalk adjusting a nozle to the hose, while Barron and the rest were making their way to the door. It was fastened; a heavy padlock and bar

"'What are you—one of the stars? Where you going?'"

hung outside under the knob. The lieutenant assailed it with his shoulder and drew back, swearing angrily.

The crew of Truck 3, arriving immediately after the engine-company, came up on the run, great, towering men, armed with axes and hooks. Two of them, taking post on each side of the padlock, brought down their axes with alternate blows upon the thick iron hasp, which bent, but did not break apart. Dare, who had played foot-ball at the university, played it well and gamely, watched the beautiful action of the brawny pair admiringly, yet breathing the harder at each stroke, lest that be the one to open the door and invite him into the inferno.

His captain, who had sent in simultaneous second and third alarms and was in command of the fire until the arrival of the chief, hurried up, brushing Dare roughly aside. A fighting lock of black hair was streaming upon his forehead from under his helmet, and his short black mustache was drawn tight in an angry scowl.

"Get in, Barron! Get in! What the—"

Upon a blow of terrific force the hasp was torn apart, and in another second the doors were pulled outward. Quail, a battalion chief, arrived at the moment, his white hat gleaming in the moonlight.

"All right, Donohue; I 'll take it."

The captain nodded to the thick-set figure, and then plunged into the hallway.

"Come on, boys! Lighten up!"

Dare drew back involuntarily, so that several of his company, together with a group of truckmen, shouldered past him. The hose was filling with water, and every one was bearing a hand. One of the men had switched on the lights, converting the blackness into a luminous mist, a swirling, eddying fog which drew water from the eyes and knifed the throat. Dare drew in his breath nervously, lost the air, and gagged. Some one hit him upon the back, and he caught a clean, revivifying draft.

"Lay back, kinda, and ease the kinks as we carry it up," came the voice of Logan, a clean-limbed young fireman who had been friendly in quarters. "That 'll get you used to the smoke by degrees."

Dare nodded and bent down, straightening out the line as his comrades forced their way up the stairs. The smoke was thickening, and the exertion even of lightening the hose that flowed in through the doorway was a bitter task for respiratory organs unaccustomed to tax of the sort.

The clump of ' oots on the broad stairs was growing fainter. Undoubtedly his company were well on their way up the second flight, while he skulked within easy distance of the sidewalk, making perfunctory play with the hose. The shame of it overwhelmed him. Mentally he seemed perfectly normal,—he was of a mind to go ahead and take his chances with the rest,—but physically he was inert, his nerves apparently disconnected from his power to will. He felt the hose still slipping forward across his feet. Now his crew must be beyond the third floor. With an effort he turned toward the stairway, stumbling forward with sagging knees, gasping in the venomous smoke, peering into the luminous void toward the stairs.

A thicker cloud drove into his face. He sighed, stood wavering a moment, and then faced toward the door. Another engine crew was pushing in, and Dare flattened himself against the wall to let them pass. When they had gone, he turned and made for the street. A deputy chief blocked his way, a big man with a sharp, sarcastic voice, who held his acetylene lantern close to Dare's face, glaring suspiciously.

"What are you—one of the stars? Where you going?"

Dare hesitated only an instant.

"The captain wants a lantern," he replied, and pushed past the man into the cold air.

How good it felt! He paused a moment, drawing in deep breaths, and pressing his fingers into his eyes, which smarted and ached. The chief was standing at the post of command on the sidewalk, and as Dare saw his gaze sweep from the upper floors, then turn in his direction, he straightened abruptly, greatly revived by the air, and made for the doorway.

He had had his first dose; perhaps now he could join his company. They were inside, were alive and active; he was bigger than most of them, probably more powerful, and what they could stand he certainly should be able to meet. He could see now that his trouble had been nerves rather than smoke. In the doorway he looked back. If only some company were going up it would be easier for him; but none was in sight. He would have to make it alone.

As he stepped across the sill he heard the sound of hurrying feet, and drew to one side in time to avoid collision with a man of the fire patrol who was running from the stairs to the door, his red hat in his hand.

Dare paused, then went to the door, looking after the white-coated patrolman who was making his way to the chief. Several firemen were walking with apparent aimlessness about the dripping street, with its clutter of ice-coated hose and ap-

"'You ——, . . . you go down to the river and jump into it'"

paratus of various sorts.
Could he not do likewise?
He edged out on the sidewalk as a third-alarm truck-company reported to the chief, while the patrolman withdrew, hurrying back into the building.

The chief was talking to the hook-and-ladder captain.

"Truck 3 is in trouble on the sixth floor." His voice was even, almost careless. "The patrol had to break through the doors on the fifth to cover up under the fire. The floor was heavily charged with smoke, sucked down from above, and it 's gone up the stairs into the sixth. Take your men up and straighten things out."

Before the captain could obey, a shout from above drew faces upward. The hook-and-ladder men, forced to the window-sills by the inrush of highly carbonized smoke, were climbing down an iron wire sign which reached to the floor below. The chief glanced up at them merely for an instant.

"They 're all right. Report to Chief Dale, in the rear, Egan; he wants a truck-company."

But Dare's gaze was riveted to the

forms clinging spider-wise to the gilded meshes of the sign. His company had entered the building with those men, who, to be sure, had gone ahead of the line of hose to open up. Yet if this ladder outfit had been forced to seek safety from smoke gushing up from the fifth floor, what was happening to the hosemen who were on that very floor? Dare flushed hotly, his eyes still upon that sign sixty feet above his head, until the last fireman had completed the descent and disappeared into the windows of the lower story. He wanted to go into the building, but it seemed as though his feet were anchored.

Although his back was turned, he again experienced the feeling that the chief's eyes were upon him. He faced about, and walked hastily to his apparatus, taking a lantern from the side. The chauffeur was leaning idly against the wheel.

"Pretty bad in there—for a first dose," he said and grinned.

"Rotten," growled Dare, striding away.

The implication that he had been with his fellows, sharing their danger, making the fight with them, stung him like a lash. He thought of Donohue, his captain, with his black warlock; Barron, the lean-faced lieutenant; but principally of young Logan, with his laughing gray eyes and friendly manners. He had been proud to sit in quarters among that group of fighting men; until ten minutes ago he had taken pride in the thought that he was one of them. But now? His lips parted in an angry exclamation. Was he anything of a man at all? There were some things in this world far less to be endured than choking in smoke. He set his teeth, and, without permitting himself to think, ran to the door and plunged into the building.

In the lower hall conditions were worse than when he had first entered with his company. The electric lights had gone out, and the only illumination came from a smoke torch which some one had set on the floor near the foot of the stairs. It burned with a deep-red flame which, however, did not send its radiance very far. And the murk seemed thicker, more difficult to breathe. But he kept on, pounding up the stairs with indrawn breath, the lantern in his hand shedding nothing but a dull blur before his eyes.

He paused at the second landing, expelling his breath and struggling for a new mouthful of air. He got it when he flung himself upon the floor, sucking in the currents which hang beneath the lower strata of smoke. Presently he gathered himself to his feet and dived for the third flight, where, at the top, he entered an area that was comparatively free of smoke. He breathed without restraint for a moment, and then heavy clouds, sweeping down the stairs, enveloped him. He could hear voices above, those of groups of firemen waiting to take their places at the nozles, probably. From somewhere in the distance came the dull, crashing sound of axes, and once was borne to his ears the boom of something falling.

It was an old building, a landmark in the district, and a source of pride to the city thirty years before. And now as he stood he caught a certain impression—an impression of vibration, as though the structure, stored with energy, was quivering under the strain of the unleashed force. The smoke was unendurable; he must either go on or retreat.

His desire was directed toward the floor above, but his feet carried him backward. Feeling out with his boot for the edge of the stairs, he brought it up against a wall. Turning, he again thrust out his foot; again the wall. He was utterly lost. But the hose was beneath his feet. Employing the lines as a guide, he came to the landing and began his descent. Near the foot he missed a step, and plunged down a few steps to the second-floor landing, his lantern crashing to the floor and going out. Here, perhaps, he would have lost consciousness, but he fell with his face close against a crevice in a hose-coupling, and the spurting cold water revived him.

He had been told that running water always carries air, and now, with face pressed closely against the coupling-rings, he found this to be so. Not much, it is true, but enough to give him renewed lease of activity. As he lay thus he heard the

"'Don't try that,' came the quiet voice from below"

sound of approaching feet. They were coming from above. In a few seconds he was surrounded by the men of two engine companies who had been forced down from the upper floors. They were irritable, sullen, as firemen beaten by an element they hate always are. One of them stumbled over Dare's legs, then kicked at them, and cursed. The probationer arose and lost himself in the group. Proximity to these men restored in a way some of his self-respect. At least he was not now alone, and a sense of loneliness, of standing out and apart from his comrades, had been one of his dominant impressions.

The quivering of the building had increased, so that now one of the firemen spoke of it.

Dare leaned forward to catch the reply, but before anything could be said the shaft of an electric search-lamp bored its way through the smoke, and that sharp voice which Dare had heard before, not sarcastic this time, however, came from the stair-landing.

"What company is that?"

"Engine 58 and 61," came the reply. "We were forced down; the others are on the fifth or fourth."

"All right. Leave your lines and get out quick. Floors bad."

Dare's heart surged with relief as the deputy jerked out his command and sprang past him on his way up the stairs to order out the remaining companies. At last he could go out of this infernal building with a clean conscience; every one was going out, and apparently not caring how swift the retreat was. A moment later there came to Dare additional elation born of the fact that swift as his downward descent was he was not among the leaders who piled out of the street door on the sidewalk.

The chief saw them, and nodded his satisfaction. He was at his post, pacing up and down a short space, casting his eyes

impatiently at every turn toward the upper fire-escapes, which stood out clearly against the angry glow of the window-openings. Dare, following his gaze, at length saw a number of dark figures crawling out of the window; some of them members of his company, undoubtedly. A form detached itself from the group on the escape-landing, and began to make his way down the stretches of iron ladder.

When he came to a truck ladder reaching up to the third floor, he slid down to the street, the chief hastening up to meet him. Dare saw that the man wore a captain's hat, but the designation on the shield was not that of his company. It bore the numerals 38. Dare drew near as the officer addressed his superior.

"The deputy brought us your order to leave lines and back out on the fire-escapes, Chief."

"All right," came the gruff response. "Where 's 22 Engine?"

"They were with us. Got the order at the same time. They 're on the escape, too, I guess. They ought to be."

"Ought to be! That 's no sort of a report to make to me, Driscoll. Here you—" The chief turned suddenly and faced Dare, who in his eagerness to hear had crowded close, "go up on the escape and tell Captain Donohue to report to me personally that his men are out of the building. Go on now." He pushed Dare roughly, who stepped hastily to the ladder, filled with relief that the number on his helmet had not been noticed.

Before he could step foot on the lower rung the deputy chief who had ordered him out of the building called from above and, as Dare made way, descended hastily, and once on the sidewalk advanced to the chief.

"I got them all out except—" Dare, skulking at the curb within earshot, shivered—"except Engine 22."

"Except 22!" fumed the chief. "Did n't I tell you to clear them all out, Kane? Listen! Can't you hear those floors getting ready to go to hell? 22 still in the building! What 's the matter with you, Kane, anyway?"

The deputy raised his hand protestingly.

"I told them, Chief; I had most of them on the escape. But when they counted up, one was missing. They went back to find him. I could n't stop 'em."

"Could n't stop them!" The chief was livid with anger. "What are chiefs for these days? Why, be—"

But Dare heard no more. The terrible import of the deputy's words had been slow to sink into his mind. But now the full significance seared him to the very core of his being. With the floors in imminent danger of collapse, they had abandoned safety to reënter that blazing hell and seek *him;* willing, eager, even to the extent of disobeying orders, to risk their lives for him, the poltroon who from the very first had deserted them all, willing that they should suffer or die or do anything so long as his skin was safe and his comfort unimpaired!

He had imagined his captain calling his name to relieve comrades spent at the nozle, and cursing him when he was reported missing. He had fancied men were in search of him to take him by the collar and bring him to his post of duty. Not so, apparently. Men, as he had heard, sometimes became separated from their company in the thick smoke. So, it now seemed they had regarded his absence. Or perhaps Logan had covered his delinquency, answering for his name when he was called to go to the pipe.

And now they were groping about that rocking floor, searching for one who was safe on the sidewalk, breathing the pure, clear air. Dare grew sick and faint. His head reeled. Then came cold rigidity, with an absence of all coherent thought except one dominant impulse to get into that building and share whatever might come with the men of 22.

He ran to the door; but the building, trembling now, was filled with weird, ominous sounds. Sparks and burning bits of wood were driving down into the lower hall. There would be no chance of ascending the stairs. He turned as realization of this came, but not because of fear; that had gone. His only impulse now was to

" He fell with his face close against a crevice in a hose-coupling, and the spurting cold water revived him "

join his company wherever they might be, and he was coldly calculating the avenue which would most surely bring him among them. Leaving the doorway, he ran to a truck with an extension ladder that had been brought around from the side of the building.

If only the floors would hold until he could get in! That was all he asked; perhaps the chief was unduly cautious. The top of the ladder was already settling against the seventh floor, and Dare, clambering up the side of the apparatus, had reached the rotary platform when a curious sound, an immense sigh or moan, floated down to the street.

The next instant a thunderous roar, a sound of grinding and rending and crashing, shook the air. As Dare looked upward, the brick walls of the building seemed to rock, while from the upper windows shot masses of debris, blazing sections of beams, twisted tie-rods, smoking segments of plaster, and bits of furniture. Detonations were following one another in quick succession. The falling sixth floor burst down upon the floor below with crushing impact, tearing it from its tie-rods and sending it down, doubled in weight, to the next floor, which in turn gave way and crashed downward until, in the end, the huge, driving mass descended upon the street floor, punching it into the cellar.

Silence came suddenly—silence so deep that it was painful. Dare turned his white face down to the street. The firemen were standing for the instant like statues, their faces turned toward that quivering shell of brick, filled to the roof with heavy, sullen smoke and crimson tongues of flame darting here and there about the mountainous pile of debris. A rush of falling brick and wood in the rear broke the stillness. A quick, staccato clatter of commands followed.

Dare, without conscious volition, slid down from the truck and ran up to the chief, who had turned to order rescue-parties inside the walls. The fireman's head was lowered and the first thing the officer caught was the number on the hel-

met. His voice was thrillingly loud and clear.

"Here 's one, after all. You!" His finger, outstretched, almost touched Dare's face. "You! Where 's your company? Quick!"

For a second words refused to come to the man's lips. Then he heard a voice, his own, hard and dry.

"They—went—down in the crash."

"Well, where in hell did you come from?"

Dare's breath caught. He struggled to speak.

"I—I—"

The chief's face was close to his, his eyes glaring into Dare's. Then an expression of great loathing crept into them. He raised his hands in a gesture of repulsion, backing away. When he spoke his voice was cold and even.

"You ——," he cursed—"you go down to the river and jump into it."

Dare stood as he had been standing, his head lowered, swaying.

"Get away from me!" The chief swung about, waving his hand at a group of hosemen.

Dare staggered backward, the face and personality of every member of his company fluttering across his mind with fearful vividness, clean-limbed, clear-eyed stalwarts all. He groaned aloud, pressing his hands upon his eyes.

The chief had turned to him again.

"I thought I—eh?"

The interruption came in the person of an excited newspaper man.

"There 's a man up on the sixth floor window, in back, on the sill, Chief. He 's got to jump in a minute."

The space which had elapsed when Dare found himself at the rear of the building looking upward at a form crouching against the lurid glare of a lofty window was a blank.

Between the rear wall and the tall building which backed it was a narrow footway, a space perhaps five feet wide. Here Dare stood. Here, perhaps, were fifty other firemen. A group of them were raising a ladder, but Dare knew, and they knew, that it would fall at least twelve feet short of the sill. Efforts were making to force a truck with an extension ladder into the alley, but the wheels had jammed between a metal buttress of each building, and it stood with ladders rattling as the engine strove to force it onward into an impossible space. A life-gun had sent its trolling-line several feet short, the projectile clattering back to the pavement.

"Don't jump!"

It was Dare's voice, loud and full-throated. As he turned he saw the figure reach out his hand and wave it. His overwrought mind had encompassed the situation to the last detail. Apparently a small portion of the rear sections of floors had not fallen. To this fact the man above owed his life. But the fire was raging, smoke was constantly spouting from the window, and now and again flames stabbed outward, licking at the fugitive.

But now Dare had dashed through an open window into the rear structure. Its roof topped that of the burning building by three stories, and the firemen up there, playing their streams down upon the flames, were ignorant of the tragedy in progress several floors below.

Dare had leaped into a store-room. He ran through it to the hall, and there found a freight-elevator, the door open, no one about. He entered the car and jerked at the rope, his fingers twitching feverishly as the metal strands went through his palms and the heavy lift lumbered upward. The white numerals, designating the floors, slipped past his eyes as in a dream. He had noted that the floors of this building were closer together, so he stopped at the eighth, opening the door and dashing into the hallway. He had been careful to retain his sense of direction, and now, running down the hall, he stopped in front of a door, and, without a doubt as to the proper location, turned the knob. It was locked. He ran back a little way and launched himself at the barrier, which crashed inward, precipitating him into the office upon his hands and knees. In another instant he had raised a

window and was leaning over the stone edge.

The smoke sweeping across the space was so dense that for a moment he was utterly blinded. He leaned farther out, the toes of his boots caught under a steam radiator, his eyes straining through the pall for a glimpse of the form he had seen in the window of the burning building. He called, heard an answering shout; a rush of wind drove the smoke away, and there, standing on the sill, just as Dare had seen him from the street, was the fireman. It was Donohue, his captain—Donohue, not three feet below Dare's outstretched hands, but on the opposite side of the narrow space which separated the two buildings. Just a single jump away from safety, yet a jump that no man could make.

The figure was clearly defined now against the red glare of the interior of the building. Smoke gushed out past him in volumes, freighted with tongues of red. The captain had his helmet reversed, his face hidden in his shoulder. One hand was clinging to the back of an iron shutter, the other to the front. His right foot was resting upon the sill, his left, spread out, found support upon an iron hook in the wall, thus enabling him to draw part of his body, not all, away from the heat. He was motionless, perfectly calm.

Now he looked up at Dare without recognition as the probationer leaned way out, reaching out his hand, testing the distance.

"It 's no go, old man," he said simply. "Don't try it. You can't help. You 'll only go dead yourself."

Dare, not replying, looked about with eager eyes. His heart went out to the man below, so still, so hopeless, so brave. A sharp exclamation came from him. A foot below was a crosspiece fitted into the wall, bearing heavy insulation-glasses to which were attached electric-light cables. They entered the wall just below the sill. Two of the cables at each end of the crosspiece had been left loose; they curled downward, their ends resting against the top of the lower window.

Dare reached down and drew up one of the ends. He went back into the room and then reappeared, sitting now upon the sill, twisting the cable deftly about his ankles. He had kicked off his boots. He reached for the other cable.

"Don't try that," came the quiet voice from below. "Don't be a fool! You can't do anything. I 'll stay here—until—until I have to leave."

"Leave nothing!" snarled Dare. "It 's seventy-two feet to the cobbles." He had the other ankle fettered now, and was letting himself carefully down upon the crosspiece. He spoke to his captain slowly and distinctly.

"I 'm going to hang head down from these cables; they 'll support a ton. When I give the word, you jump and grab for my wrists—see? I 'll try to hook the collar of your coat. Then I 'll swing you through the window below."

The man nodded.

"All right," he said.

Dare hastily examined the cables which he had twisted and knotted as tightly as he could, and then crouching low, he let himself drop forward into space. The sensation was frightful. He felt his palms crashing against the brick walls, felt a sharp, painful jerk at his ankles. A wave of dizziness swept over him, but passed immediately. Far down in the alley below he could see a dark huddle of figures and the gleam of the frozen puddles. Stretching his neck backward, he saw his captain still crouching on the sill, but moving his left foot from the hook in the wall, preparatory for a spring. Dare, hanging head downward, tested each cable, and then slowly stretched out both arms, palms downward. The other man's voice came to him.

"Some fool has closed the iron shutters of that lower window."

"I know," replied Dare. "I 'll try and sling you sidewise. Are you ready? Then —jump!"

Out into the open sprang the man, his powerful fingers meeting the thick wrists, and closing upon them with vise-like grip, while Dare's fingers sought and found the

collar of the man's heavy blue coat. The sudden strain made it seem to Dare as though his muscles and tendons were being drawn out of his body. But the pain was swallowed in the relief that came when he found the cables were holding, that for the moment both were safe.

Donohue's feet were feeling for the main electric cables, but they came to the crosspiece from one side; they were out of reach.

"Don't move your feet," muttered Dare. "You make the strain harder. I 'm going to swing you to right, then to left. Try and help. When we get a good swing, we 'll try for that side window; I 'll tell you when."

"All right."

Then as they hung head to head the battle for life, high in air, over the hard stones below, began. Slowly Dare oscillated from side to side. But the hundred and ninety pounds of dead weight was a fearful burden, difficult to move. And the cables seemed to catch, preventing the free swing that the men were trying to obtain.

"You can't make it," came the labored voice from below. "I 'm going to let go."

"Don't!" Dare fairly screamed the word. "While there 's life there 's hope. Don't be a quitter."

"Quitter!" The fingers pressed venomously into his wrists.

"Good! Hang on, that 's all."

The cold sweat was damp upon Dare's forehead. He had n't the strength to do as he had intended. He could merely hang there until the strength of one or the other gave out. From the red window burst a puff of flame. Dare felt the bite upon his neck and hands, caught the odor of singed hair and the smell of burning clothes. His eyes closed, but his teeth were grinding together.

"Hang on! Hang on!" The words came mechanically from his lips.

He was not sure whether the man replied. The grip upon his wrists, however, was unrelaxed, while his own fingers were riveted in the collar of the coat. The futility of the whole thing depressed him, while the pain of torn muscles, of the burns, and of the cables cutting into his ankles was almost more than he could bear.

Again the cloud of smoke and flame enveloped the two, stinging them with burns and choking their lungs.

"Let go! Let go!" an inward voice beat upon Dare's senses, the voice of self-interest, of a craving desire to end the uncertainty and the physical pain. But he forced the instinct of self out of his mind, and found himself mechanically repeating the ritual of the hour:

"Hang on! Hang on!"

His head was filling with blood. He was growing dizzy. Vague calls from below were battling at his ears for recognition. But he could not understand. There was the feeling that one of his ankles was pulling loose. If it did! He had heard one loses consciousness in falling from great heights, that one does not feel the landing. He wondered if it were true. He hoped so; he was not afraid of death now, wanted it, in a way. But he did dread the feel of those hard, uneven flags.

The voice was coming from below, a new, vibrant note in it.

"If you can hold out a little bit longer, I think we 'll get help. They have seen us."

Dare could n't speak, but his fingers tightened under the collar. He was numb all over now, was making his fight subconsciously.

"Hang on! Hang on!" Unceasingly these words beat upon his mind; soundlessly his lips framed them. His eyes were tightly closed; the pulsing at his temples quickened until the beats merged together in a vague pain.

All idea of where he was, what he was doing, had vanished. He felt a movement below and, opening his eyes, saw a dark object moving outward, heard dimly a metallic clang. Then came an easing of his burden. The relief was unutterable, but his grip on the collar did not relax.

"Let go, damn it! They 've opened the shutter; they 've got me. I 'm all right."

Mechanically Dare's fingers released their hold. He had the sensation of being drawn upward by his ankles. Then he felt nothing more.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on the floor, an ambulance surgeon bending over him, applying cooling cloths to his forehead. Several firemen, including an officer with a white helmet, stood about, looking down at him. Upon his lips was the taste of brandy.

"Feel better?" The surgeon was smiling. "You 're all right; just a little weak."

Dare stared at him vacantly; his eyes wandered to those standing around him. He fancied he had been injured at football and was lying on the gridiron, the spectators waiting for him to resume play.

"You 'll be all right."

Dare's hand slowly traveled to his forehead. He rubbed it weakly, then raised himself to his elbow. In a flash it all came to him.

"All right! Sure, I 'm all right."

He drew his feet under him, shaking off the hand of the surgeon, who sought to prevent his rising.

"Let me up!" he whimpered. "I 'm all right." He gained his feet, and stood for a second tottering. With a fireman's arm about his shoulder he turned, and like an automaton walked to a desk where he had placed his helmet and boots. These he put on, groaning with the physical exertion.

"I want the air," he said as he stood erect.

As the freight-elevator reached the lower floor, Dare released himself from the supporting arm. Down the hall a little way a door stood open, and he walked toward it, his companions following closely at his shoulder. It opened to the street, and on the sidewalk stood the chief near Donohue, who was seated limply on the curb. Dare stalked to the chief, who was holding out his hand.

"Youngster," he said in his deep voice, "you made good after I had condemned you. I—"

Dare did not take the proffered hand. He stood swaying, trying to speak. At length he found voice.

"Chief, I 'm—no—no man to shake hands with you."

A curious light filled the officer's eyes, but he said nothing as Dare moved toward his captain, pausing, staring down at the hunched shoulders as though debating whether or not to speak. Then, wrenching himself away, he moved on. His captain's voice arrested him.

"Dare!"

The probationer paused doubtfully.

"Dare," said the captain, "you are all right. I guess I owe you my life." He was a man of few words. "The newspapers 'll call you a hero to-morrow."

"Hero!" The probationer's voice was bitter. "There 're seven heroes of this fire, one alive, six dead." A sob made him halt. He swung his arm toward the gutted building. "I wish I was fit to be in there with them."

"Eh! Oh, so that was what ailed you!" The chief had come up to the two. "I was wondering. Youngster," he went on, "those six mates of yours are on their way back to the house. Now wait a minute! They were on the stairs. When the floors went through, they and the stairs were carried downward and outward plumb against a second-floor window. All got out with little more than cuts. I thought you knew."

Dare stood a few seconds breathing heavily; then he threw up his face and laughed.

"God! Chief, I was going to follow your advice—about the river."

The officer frowned.

"Kid," he growled, "you go back to your quarters and begin to think what you 'll say next spring when the mayor pins a medal on your chest."

The Mind of the Child

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

IF I were asked to name the science which in my opinion means most to the welfare of humanity and the progress of civilization, I should at once reply, "Psychology." If I were further asked in what respect psychology has most notably vindicated its claim to primacy in the scientific hierarchy, my answer would be, "In the revelations it has made regarding the mental life of childhood."

I should thus reply, fully mindful of the fact that psychology as a true science is not yet half a century old, and that scarcely thirty years have passed since first it made the mind of the child a special subject of investigation. Yet in that brief interval, largely through the exploration of child life, it has unquestionably achieved far more than had been accomplished during all the previous centuries of research and speculation in the way of enlarging man's understanding of his nature and assisting him to realize his possibilities.

Indeed, I have no hesitancy in predicting that the ultimate outcome of the findings of modern psychology with respect to the laws governing mental growth will be to people the world with men and women immeasurably excelling all previous generations in point of intelligence and morality. Already, and particularly in our own land, practical application is being made of the mind-building discoveries of psychology, with results that are always impressive and sometimes almost incredibly beneficial; and these results are certain to be repeated on an ever larger scale in proportion as knowledge grows of what really can and should be done in the home and the school-room.

Especially important is it for parents and educators to appreciate that the first years of life are the years that count for most, and that a child's chances for success and happiness in manhood may be seriously, perhaps irretrievably, damaged, on the one hand by unfavorable circumstances in his early environment and training, and on the other by even seemingly trivial shortcomings in his physical health. The discovery of the part played by readily remediable physical defects in harmfully conditioning mental and moral growth is one of the most vitally significant achievements of modern psychology. In a general way it is also one of the best known; but in essential details it still is far too little known to the great majority of those most intimately concerned in the upbringing of the young.

How many are aware, for instance, that the exceedingly common malady of tooth-decay often involves marked impairment of the intellectual vigor of children, and that not only the bodily, but also the mental, health may be wonderfully improved by a timely visit to the dentist? This has been repeatedly demonstrated in individual cases, and at least one psychologist—Professor J. E. Wallace Wallin of the University of Pittsburgh—has demonstrated it in the case of a large group of children. These children, twenty-seven in number, were pupils in a Cleveland public school; they were afflicted with tooth-decay to a varying extent, and they

were mentally backward, being from one to four years retarded in their school-work. At Professor Wallin's direction, their teeth and gums were treated, they were taught to use a tooth-brush properly, and to chew their food thoroughly. Before the dental treatment began they were twice given five psychological tests to ascertain their memory power, attention power, etc.; the same tests were twice given to them while the treatment was under way; and six months after its termination, or just before the close of the school year 1910–11, the tests were again given twice.

Comparing the results of the different testings, a progressive and remarkable improvement was found. In ability to memorize the average improvement for the group was nineteen per cent.; in attention power, sixty per cent.; in adding, thirty-five per cent.; in ability to associate words having an opposite meaning, one hundred and twenty-nine per cent.; and in general association ability, forty-two per cent. More than this, and testifying incontrovertibly to the direct influence of the dental treatment in promoting vigor of thought, only one of the children failed of promotion, six completed thirty-eight weeks of school-work in twenty-four weeks, and one boy did two-years' work in one year. Yet all of these children, remember, had formerly been quite unable to keep up with the work of their grades.

What had happened was merely that by repairing their teeth and drilling them in the rudiments of mouth hygiene, a stop had been put to a disease process which involved both nervous stress and, through the swallowing of the toxic products of tooth-decay, a poisoning of the supply of blood furnished to the brain, with consequent lessening of the brain's ability to function properly. Hence, likewise, the detrimental effects on intellectual power of another wide-spread malady of childhood—the excessive growth of so-called adenoids in the cavity back of the nose.

The boy or girl suffering from adenoids is usually a mouth-breather because of the difficulty experienced in breathing through the nose. But mouth-breathing means deficient breathing, and this in turn means deficient oxidation of the tissues, with a resultant lowering of vital activities generally and of the activity of the brain in particular. Accordingly the psychologist of to-day insists that every adenoid-afflicted child should be given prompt medical attention, with a view to correcting the vicious mouth-breathing habit, and thus aiding the child to gain a fair start in the development of mental and physical health.

Some truly extraordinary results are recorded as following the slight surgical operation necessary for the removal of adenoids. In one case, reported by the psychologist Edgar James Swift, an eleven-year-old girl grew six inches in height in about four months, and developed unexpected brightness after having long been considered a hopeless dullard. Another girl, a year older, who had been pale and sleepy-looking, expressionless of face, careless of her personal appearance, and backward in her school-work, after an operation for adenoids became "as animated and bright as before she had been lethargic and dull." In a third case, coming under my personal observation, a whining, cowardly, backward boy of nine lost both his cowardice and his stupidity almost immediately after he had been relieved of his adenoids. His case, in fact, closely resembles that of a Missouri youngster of exactly the same age concerning whom Professor Swift reports:

"This boy, who was quite deaf, had such a flat, expressionless, frog-like face, that his neighbors thought him an idiot. Removal of unusually large adenoid growths changed not only his facial expression, but his disposition as well. Previous to the operation he had been cross and selfish. Now he became gentle and kind-hearted, and with the return of his hearing and the rejuvenation of his physiological functions, his intelligence greatly increased."

Scattered through the cities, towns, and country districts of the United States there are undoubtedly thousands of boys and girls thus handicapped by dental disease and adenoid growths. There are thou-

sands of others equally handicapped by unsuspected defects of the eye—defects possibly trifling in themselves, but by the constant strain they put on the nervous system causing mental retardation and all too often a weakening of the moral fiber. Others, again, suffer perhaps from no specific trouble of mouth, nose, eye, or ear, but from a general malnutrition, a constitutional or acquired impoverishment of the blood, which makes it impossible for them to concentrate their attention for any length of time without becoming greatly fatigued, and which often causes parents and teachers mistakenly to regard them as wilfully lazy.

Psychologists, indeed, are coming more and more to the view that the truly lazy child—the child that shows little desire to acquire knowledge, and even engages in his games in a half-hearted way—is always a sick child, the victim of a debilitated condition of the nervous system. Under such a condition, as the famous French scientist Théodule-Armand Ribot puts it, "the brain shows not so much a disposition as a real incapacity for concentrating attention, and soon, owing to the fact that its nourishment is at the vanishing-point, becomes exhausted." Naturally enough, therefore, the lazy child instinctively seeks to husband his scanty resources by the expedient of exerting himself no more than is absolutely necessary.

In corroboration of this view of laziness, those holding it point, for example, to the results of a scientific examination of a number of Parisian idlers, who were one and all found to be suffering from an asthenic condition, characterized by a slow heart-beat, low arterial pressure, and poor circulation; and this despite the fact that some of them were to all appearance perfectly healthy. What they needed, however, was not exhortation and punishment for their laziness, but tonics and other medical treatment that would fit them to respond normally to the urgings and example of their more energetic relatives and friends. As with them, so, we may be certain, with many a boy and girl in our American homes and schools.

From all of which it may properly be concluded that, as the modern psychologist affirms, in order to be effectively carried on, the business of education requires a constant coöperation of the physician and the dentist with the parent and the teacher. Happily, an excellent beginning in this direction has already been made. Even if parents as a class are still unappreciative of the subtle relationships between the state of the physical organism and the growth of their children's minds, the school authorities in the larger cities and in many of the smaller are bestirring themselves to good purpose. The establishment of medical and dental clinics in direct connection with the local public school system, or indirectly connected with it, as in the case of Professor Lightner Witmer's splendid "psychological clinic" in Philadelphia, is a noteworthy feature of recent school development. Its extension, together with greater insistence on the importance of providing proper bodily nourishment for children, is certain in the end to mean much in the way of raising the national effectiveness, intelligence, and morality, particularly if due regard is had to sundry other discoveries of the psychologist with respect to the mind of the child.

For important as is the demonstration of the various ways in which the growth of the mind is hampered by ailments of the body, this is, after all, only one of the results which have flowed from the scientific study of childhood, and which all parents and educators will do well to keep steadily in view. Another, no less important, is the discovery of the profound influence often exercised by children's griefs, worries, and fears, in affecting detrimentally the course of later life.

Most of us, looking back to our days of childhood, can recall very little about them, either pleasant or unpleasant. The common assumption has always been that we cannot recall them because they have been completely crowded out of memory by the host of other memory-images accumulated in the intervening years. But

lately, as a result of the investigations of a group of scientists to whom has been given the name of psychopathologists, it has been proved that although the happenings of childhood may in truth be almost entirely forgotten as far as conscious recollection is concerned, vivid memory-images of them are nevertheless retained beneath the threshold of consciousness; and, if they are of an unpleasant nature, may act like an irritant of the nervous system to undermine the health.

Time and again the beginnings of annoying and distressing nervous symptoms, of strange hysterical attacks, and even of seeming insanity, have been traced to long-forgotten incidents of the early life, the causal connection between the buried memory-image and the symptoms of disease being plainly shown by the disappearance of the latter when the former, by one of several ingenious psychological methods of "mind-tunneling," is unearthed and brought once more into conscious remembrance.

To make the matter clearer, let me give an illustrative instance from real life. Sometime ago Dr. I. H. Coriat, a psychopathologist connected with the Boston City Hospital, was consulted by a middle-aged lady who had for years been tormented by an increasing fear that she would go insane, and that, if insane, she would inevitably injure some member of her family. The poor woman had worn herself out brooding over this, and was gradually qualifying for commitment to some institution. Dr. Coriat could not find either in her physical condition or in the facts of her family history anything to warrant her belief that she was doomed to lose her reason. Suspecting that it was a hysterical outgrowth of some forgotten shock in early life, and knowing that during sleep such latent memories sometimes emerge momentarily into the field of consciousness, he questioned her regarding the frequency and character of her dreams.

"I dream a great deal," she told him, "but I never have a clear remembrance of what I have dreamed about."

"Will you allow me to hypnotize you?" Dr. Coriat asked. "In the hypnotic state people remember far more than they do in the state of ordinary waking consciousness, and perhaps you can then give me some information that will aid me in banishing the fear of insanity from your mind."

Hypnotized and again questioned regarding her dreams, she was now able to detail many of them. One especially interested Dr. Coriat. It was of a recurrent character, and was identified by the patient as having first been dreamed about the time she began to worry over her condition. It was, in fact, a dream in which she saw herself insane.

"Had anything particularly unpleasant happened to you the day before you first had that dream?" the psychologist inquired of the hypnotized patient.

"Nothing that I can remember except that I went to a friend's funeral."

"The funeral of a very dear friend?"

"Not exactly; just a friend."

"But that should not have had such a disturbing effect on your mind. Did anything happen at the funeral?"

"I saw a woman there whose eyes frightened me."

"And why did they frighten you?"

"Because they reminded me of a preacher I used to know when I was a little girl. He was a revivalist, and I always thought he was crazy. I went to his meetings, and I got terribly worked up, and it frightened me very much. I thought I would be crazy, too, just like the preacher."

To Dr. Coriat it seemed unnecessary to ask any more questions. As he saw it, in the light of these statements, the haunting dread of insanity was nothing but a continuation in consciousness of the forgotten memory of that childhood fright, revived by subconscious association of the woman at the funeral with the revivalist whose rabid exhortations had inspired the patient with terror. On this theory he utilized the resources of psychopathology to deprive the baneful memory-image of its power to harm, and soon had the satisfaction of being able to record a perfect cure.

In a second case, successfully handled by another New England psychopathologist, Dr. Boris Sidis, the patient was a young man of twenty-five, afflicted with a weird medley of physical and mental symptoms. He had frequent attacks of headache and dizziness, during which he also felt so cold that even in summer he would be obliged to wrap himself in many blankets. In addition, he suffered from a variety of phobias, or abnormal fears. He was afraid of being alone in closed places, particularly at night, he had a morbid terror of the dead and of graveyards, and he was almost insanely afraid of dogs. By psychopathological analysis every one of these symptoms was traced to some painful episode of his early childhood.

He had been born and brought up in a village of Poland, near a large forest. At the age of three some one had frightened him almost into convulsions by declaring that several dogs coming from the forest were wolves hastening to devour him. His fear of closed places was linked with a terrible experience occurring a few years later, when he had passed a midwinter night in a barn, hiding from a party of drunken soldiers who had beaten his father and killed one of his brothers. The attacks of dizziness, headache, and cold were related to the same experience. As to his dread of the dead and of graveyards, this was due partly to tales of ghosts and evil spirits he had heard as a child, and partly to a foolish act of his superstitious mother, who, when he was nine, had placed the cold hand of a corpse on his naked chest as a cure for some trifling ailment.

As he grew older, much of this had vanished from remembrance; but every detail had been subconsciously preserved, to give rise in time to the symptoms enumerated, each of which was readily overcome after the detection of its underlying cause.

In like manner, the seemingly epileptic attacks of a nineteen-year-old street Arab of New York were found to be nothing more than the external manifestation of a subconscious memory-image, dating back to early childhood, of nights passed in a dark, damp, terror-inspiring cellar. The sight of the discolored corpse of a man who had died of cholera left in the mind of a sensitive girl of ten such a painful impression that years afterward, quite unaccountably as it seemed, she developed an abnormal fear of contracting some deadly disease; and had she not fortunately been taken to an able psychopathologist, Dr. Pierre Janet, would almost certainly have ended her days in an asylum for the insane. An overworked Boston young man was attacked with the insistent notion that he had committed "the unpardonable sin," and was doomed to suffer tortures in hell for all eternity. Confined for a time in an asylum, psychopathological investigation paved the way to a complete cure by demonstrating that his seeming *dementia præcox* was in reality only the hysterical product of subconsciously remembered fears of childhood. The victim himself eventually recognized this, declaring in an autobiographical statement he made at his physician's request:

"My abnormal fears certainly originated from doctrines of hell which I heard in early childhood, particularly from a rather ignorant elderly woman who taught Sunday-school. My early religious thought was chiefly concerned with the direful eternity of torture that might be awaiting me if I was not good enough to be saved."

So frequently, in short, have the world's leading psychopathologists found the remote origins of hysteria, psychasthenia, and other psychoneuroses in unpleasant memories lingering subconsciously from the first years of life that they indorse with one accord Angelo Mosso's emphatic declaration, "Every ugly thing told to the child, every shock, every fright given him, will remain like minute splinters in the flesh, to torture him all his life long." Of course not all children develop some psychoneurosis as a result of infantile fears and frights; it is only the ultra-sensitive who thus suffer, or children who later become nervously disorganized from any cause, like illness, worry, prolonged fatigue, etc. But in one way or another it

may confidently be said that these early shocks more or less affect all children.

If they do not suffer in health, they may suffer in character, displaying in adult life either a certain lack of self-confidence, strange streaks of superstitious ideas and usages, or outright cowardice. Psychologists, for that matter, stressing this dual principle of the extreme impressionability of childhood and the lasting effect of childhood's impressions, are beginning to find therein the explanation of much of the irrationality of thought and conduct that often characterizes full-grown and "educated" men and women. In the words of Dr. Louis Waldstein:

> In those early impressions of which no one seems to be conscious, least of all the child, and which gather up power as the rolling avalanche, the elements are collected for future emotions, moods, acts, that make up a greater part of the history of the individual and of States, more effective and significant than those that are written down in *mémoires,* however *intimes,* or that can be discovered in archives, however "secret." The strange vagaries of affection and passion, which affect the whole existence of men and women—the racial and religious prejudices that shake States and communities to their very foundations, that make and unmake reputations, and set the wheel of progress back into the Dark Ages—can be traced to such small beginnings and into those nooks of man's subconscious memory.

The significance of this to the parent scarcely needs to be elaborated. It means that the process of education should begin in the home and in the earliest infancy. Instead of intrusting children to the care of ignorant and often superstitious nurses, as many parents unhappily still do, the father and the mother should themselves take their upbringing in hand. Instead of controlling them by the dominance of fear, frightening them into good behavior by threats of punishment or by tales of ghosts, bogies, or policemen, the appeal should always be to the instinctive affection which every normal child feels for his parents.

The whole environment should be so adjusted as, on the one hand, to safeguard the little ones as far as possible from painful emotional stresses, and, on the other hand, by the virtue of a good example to develop in them traits which will enable them to withstand the shocks and trials certain to be experienced soon or late. Assuredly, such a policy is not merely desirable, but absolutely indispensable, in view of the facts above set forth.

Nor is this all. Studying the mind of the child in all its aspects, some psychologists have come to the conclusion that, besides manipulating the environment in the child's behalf, formal instruction in the principles of reasoning should be given him long before he reaches school age. As things stand, these psychologists argue, most people do not really think; if they did there would be far less immorality, far less injustice, far less self-created unhappiness than there is in the world today. The reason they do not really think is that their education has not been begun soon enough. Habits are formed early, and, left pretty much to their own devices in early childhood, when the critical faculty is weak, children acquire habits of faulty observation and slipshod reasoning which all their later education will be unable wholly to correct. Whereas, had their interests been guided aright, had they been exercised in the use of their minds as in the use of their bodies, they would afterward have found all study easy, and would have developed into truly rational men and women, of strong intellect as well as strong character.

To the objection that early instruction would involve too severe a strain on the youthful mind, one reply is that under present conditions children tax their minds to an extent undreamed of by most of us. A striking proof of this is found in the remarkable extensiveness of children's vocabularies. It is probable that not nine people out of ten would credit a three-year-old child with possessing a vocabulary of more than three or four hundred words; but careful investigation has

shown that many two-year-old youngsters have a larger vocabulary than that, and that not a few children of three have command of more than a thousand words. In one case, that of the three-year-old son of Professor Whipple of Cornell University, a vocabulary of nearly eighteen hundred words has been recorded.

Obviously, even if the child by no means understands all the words he uses, the mere fact that he uses so many indicates a tremendous mental activity and a tremendous intellectual curiosity. This is otherwise and still more clearly indicated by the inquisitiveness of every normal child. He wants to know, and he bombards his parents with a thousand questions. It is the contention of the advocates of the new theory of education that if his questions are not answered as fully and correctly as possible, and if advantage is not taken of the opportunity to ground him in the rudiments of sound reasoning, his curiosity will die away, his mind will tire and cease to function actively, and he will enter school under a handicap of intellectual inertia. To quote one exponent of the new view, Dr. T. A. Williams, the Washington psychopathologist:

> An impression prevails that growing organs should not be subjected to work. This is a gross error; for organs which do not work cannot grow well. Even the bones become tough, hard, and large in proportion to the stresses to which they are subjected by frequent and vigorous pulls where the muscles are attached. . . . What is true of structure is true of functional power. From ballet-dancers to violin virtuosi, artists must be trained from early youth. It may be objected that this is so because muscular agility is required, but this objection is only superficial; for dexterity of an artist is made possible not in virtue of superior coordination of movements themselves, but by reason of the superior speed and accuracy of the guiding mental processes which reside in the brain. As intellectual dexterity is also a result of orderly functioning of mental processes seated in the brain, it should be manifest that these, too, should reach excellence best when they are trained by a capable hand during the formative period of early youth.

But, indeed, apart from all theoretical considerations, those upholding this doctrine of intensive child culture, find a powerful reinforcement for their arguments in the circumstance that the experiment of thus educating children has been tried not once, but several times, and always with astonishing success. Lord Kelvin and his brother, the eminent English engineer James Thomson, were educated in this way; so was John Stuart Mill; so was that great German scholar Karl Witte, the story of whose upbringing is told by his father in a book which I warmly commend to all parents, and which has recently been translated into English by Professor Leo Wiener. And in our own time a group of American parents, Dr. Sidis, Dr. Berle, Professor Wiener, and others have similarly educated their children, with results so impressive as to provoke nation-wide discussion in educational circles.

My own belief is that the new view is soundly based; that before many years have passed it will be generally accepted; and that, with ever-wider application of the discoveries regarding the physiological and environmental factors conditioning mental growth, it will result in an unprecedented development of the nation and of the human race.

CURRENT COMMENT

Industrial Relations

THREE years have passed since the Congress of the United States, realizing that where no wise guidance is the people falleth, but that in the multitude of counselors there is safety, directed the President—Mr. Taft—to appoint a commission of nine members, of whom three should be employers and three should be representatives of organized labor, to inquire into the general condition of labor in the principal industries of the United States, seek to discover underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation, and report its conclusions thereon. The commission was to report on the relations between employers and employees, especially in corporations; health, sanitation, and safety in industries; growth and effects of associations of employers and of wage-earners; methods of collective bargaining; means for maintaining industrial peace; methods for avoiding or adjusting labor disputes through peaceful and conciliatory mediation and negotiations; the wider utilization of labor exchanges; and lastly to make suggestions to prevent the smuggling in of Asiatic labor.

Truly a liberal-sized order, with a checking-account of a hundred thousand dollars attached, and later increased to a total of half a million dollars. Mr. Taft, being at the close of a Presidential term, with troubles of his own requiring no little attention, generously handed over the appointment of the commission to his successor, perhaps as a genial bit of Presidential hazing, and doubtless accepted by the Presidential neophyte in like spirit.

There was as much to be expected from this commission of incompatible industrial harmonizers as from a bunch of Progressives and stand-pat Republicans, or female anti-Suffragists and male Suffragettes. The final printed report of the commission contains only one unanimous declaration; that is, a definition of the terms "closed" and "open" shop. On everything else it was impossible for the commission in its entirety to reach any agreement whatever. Moreover, the members in special supplementary individual statements emphasize the important fact of having reached certain conclusions at variance with their fellow-members. This is specially gratifying to the public, inasmuch as the main force of their report would lie in the unanimity of its conclusions.

The report of the Director of Investigations, Basil M. Manly, occupying 252 pages, is signed by and commended by the four representatives of organized labor as "containing no statement that is unworthy of credence and that will not bear careful investigation." The conclusions and recommendations are warranted by the statement of facts and the accumulated evidence in the hands of the commission.

Five other commissioners find themselves unable "to agree to any of the findings of the staff or any resolutions based upon them because they have not the criticism of employers, employees, and others affected by them, which we consider indispensable in order that we might have before us assurance that they were accurate and not chargeable with important omissions."

For these reasons Professor Commons has prepared an additional one-hundred-page report of his own and of Mrs. Harriman's, of which the chairman of the commission is so hard-hearted as to state, "I feel it my duty to dissent from the same *in toto*," expressing the opinion that its recommendations are undemocratic and its whole plan opposed to the habits, customs, and traditions of the American people; that its suggestions are impracticable and impossible of performance, opening up unlimited opportunities for graft and corruption, establishing bureaucratic supervision of the economic condition of workers, and an autocratic control over business opera-

tions repugnant to American standards of freedom in manufacture and commerce.

So there we are. But where are we? It is certainly depressing to think of the final cost for a hundred million Americans if it costs five hundred thousand dollars to educate nine intelligent persons to the point where they cannot agree to disagree politely. A happy thought tells us that perhaps we may all continue to disagree contentedly without the aid of any commissions or the expenditure of a cent.

The American public has reason to criticize harshly a commission of industrial relations which was too restricted in outlook to comprehend the direction in which lies the solution of all problems involving industrial, legislative, or civic relations. Is it to be gainsaid that such problems are problems in education?

In corresponding measure to the degree and amount of ignorance in any community, there must coëxist justice and injustice, fair play or exploitation, contentment or unrest. In a country like ours, where millions of adults are unable even to read and write, and millions more rarely read even a daily paper, where many millions speak no English, and other millions are dependents and semi-defectives, is it strange that the more intelligent should be able to use to their own financial advantage the unschooled, the ignorant, and the unfortunate, that conditions of oppression should exist, and that industrial unrest should result? We should expect of a commission of industrial relations the analytical ability to tell their fellow-countrymen something more fundamental and less obvious concerning the causes of industrial unrest than that some people are rich and some are poor, that there exists unemployment, that judges are not always just, or that there are not everywhere right and opportunity to form effective labor organizations. We should expect an analysis of more basic factors underlying these self-evident conditions. We should look for a lucid exposition of how the public school may reach greater numbers for a longer period, and thus make for a better schooling of the people, and how the application of knowledge may replace emotionalism, prejudice, and passion in industrial relations; we should be given an evaluation of illiteracy and its relation to industrial exploitation, a definition of wage-worth, and how it may be increased, an authoritative study of disease in its relation to industrial incapacity and consequent low earning-power; a convincing demonstration of the connection between low-wage standard, scant purchasing power, limited industrial outlets, and sequent industrial struggles; an exact analysis of the scientific wage, and how it may be introduced. More basic remedies should have been proposed than mere economic blood-letting in the form of an income-tax.

Instead of a serious analysis of industrial relations, we were treated for months to the edifying and continuous spectacle of an itinerant forensic circus with side-show attractions and unlimited free newspaper advertising of the personnel of the commission. We are within our rights in expecting from experts not commonplaces of conversation or special pleas for panaceas, but facts and practical common sense as related to fundamental social conditions, and clear-cut statements as a guide for remedial action, not glittering legislative inconsistencies. A priceless chance to improve work relations has been wantonly wasted through lack of team-work and constructive leadership.

War and the Christian Ethic

IT is quite beside the point to prate about the violence Christian nations are doing to the laws of Christian conduct just because certain nations are content to be labeled, what they manifestly are not, Christian. To-day, when so-called Christian nations are flying at one another's throats, and we wonder whether, after all, Christianity has failed, we are simply

reaping what we have sown in our amazing willingness to accept national expressions of religion as being one with the religion of Christ. If the war means only this one thing to the religious world, namely, that it brings out in lasting emphasis the fact that Christendom is in many things at opposite poles with Christ and in most at variance with the principles of His religion, how great a boon it will be to the cause of vital Christianity! For we have all too long blundered in our readiness to accept the official acts of governments nominally Christian as being in line, if not one, with the principles of Christ's Christianity. It is only as we rid ourselves of emotionalism in thinking that we realize the spirit of the world is still the spirit of *get,* where the spirit of the kingdom not of the world is ever that of *give.* We cannot reconcile these just because it looks or feels pleasant and appeals to an unthinking sentiment: they are irreconcilable, and must war one with the other until in the end one proves the conqueror.

There is nothing more than hope to justify the propaganda of religious bodies that this may be the last war; nor are we encouraged to believe that the preaching of such a tenet will seriously influence men and nations as they are to-day when we reflect that our present despondency and grief are not because of the sin of the fighting spirit, but chiefly because of the loss of friends and property, a totally different thing to that Christian mourning which has the promise of being comforted.

"My kingdom is not of this world: . . . then would my servants fight." No, the kingdoms of the world will continue to fight until the fighting spirit is subdued in the individual man. Wars may be fewer, partly as the indirect result of the influence that comes from all that is best in the religious sphere, but chiefly because war costs more than peace. It is only the "servants" who will not fight, because they share, or hunger to share, the spirit of the ruler of the kingdom not of this world, the realization of which should open up wide avenues for action on the part of religious forces for increasing their numbers.

Those nations that are merely Christian by courtesy act naturally in fighting, just as the true servant of Christ, in abstaining from fighting, also acts naturally. With both it is, "first . . . that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual"; one is the only foundation of the other. We cannot build the structure until the foundations are properly understood and laid, and it is the failure to grasp this simple, but profound, truth which is largely accountable for the anemic quality of modern religion, our spirituality is to so great an extent unnatural. As things are, the onus of responsibility for fighting, in relation to God, rests upon the person who, claiming to be Christian, rejects deliberately the known teaching of Christ.

And this brings us face to face with the tremendous share of responsibility that rests upon corporate religion for the present bloodshed. So far from standing afar off and looking on with an air of lofty, outraged righteousness, corporate Christianity should be on its knees at the tribunal of penitence as it beholds its own sons in the thick of the carnage. This is the really *shameful* feature of the war, that the Christianity preached to the children has been of such a worldly, colorless, compromised nature as not even to suggest a check when the fighting spirit challenged.

If we are to profit by the lessons of this fearful bloodshed, clearly we must begin by realizing that war simply gives startling emphasis to conditions of life and action that form the norm of so-called Christian countries in times of peace. We war to get because we live to get; we oppress by force of arms because we oppress by the selfishness and self-interest of our social and economic life; we kill with shot and shell in war because we kill by callousness and lovelessness, treachery and self-seeking, in times of peace.

This is a day not so much for the repentance of nations as for the church to weep in penitence because it has been content to preach what it failed to practise.

Grand Central Types

Pictures by CHARLES HUARD

Verses by W. R. Burlingame and W. R. Benét

The Golfer

THIS is the golfing-man, who thinks
In terms of lofters, lies, and links,
And foozles, baffs, and handicaps,
Or others, more profane, perhaps.
He may be Travers, Vardon, Ray,
Or even Ouimet. Who can say?
Or it is possible that he
Can never hit the ball—like me.

The Money-goup

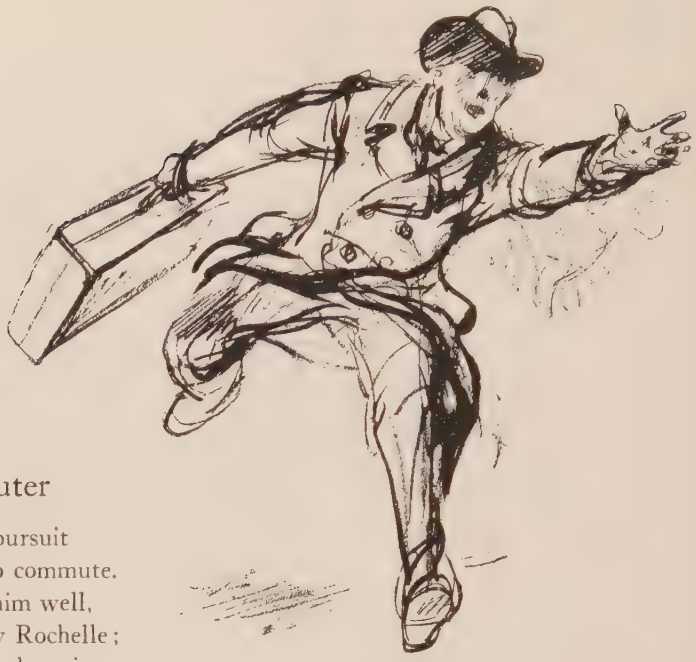
THIS person's face, I must confess,
Is not suffused with tenderness,
Nor does he savor, on the whole,
Of magnanimity of soul.
His mind, I fear, is bent on pelf,
And somewhat centered on himself;
Yet I may never hope to be
So rich an egotist as he.

Immigrants

Like gentle beasts, save for the women's eyes,
They huddle bewildered by strange sights and cries.
The men bovinely ruminate, and wait
Their friend at need to herd them through the gate.
But the shawled women's silence seems more wise:
They bear a dark foreboding in their eyes.

The Politician

This is the politician. Some
Confuse him with the demon rum;
While others hold he strives to please
His friends by making vacancies,
And gives commissions and cigars
In lobbies, anterooms, and bars.
But this is largely hearsay. He
Has never given one to me.



The Commuter

OBSERVE the daily hot pursuit
Of him who ventures to commute.
Is n't it fun? It keeps him well,
This five-sixteen to New Rochelle;
He would not practise, otherwise,
Such ante-prandial exercise.
Some scorn it. I, for one, am green
With envy of his five-sixteen.

The Strong-minded Lady

THIS is the irresistible force
Of philosophical discourse.
Her little boy, I 'm free to say,
Wishes to go the other way,
But that, I fear, she has forgot;
At any rate, it matters not,
His wanton wish. I 'm sure that I,
If I were he, should also cry.

The King of Indoor Sports

By E. L. McKINNEY

THE moment that I became aware that a literary career was staring me in the face I decided to buy a type-writer. There seemed to be something essential about it. Imagine a modern author writing in longhand! Impossible. So when the board of directors appointed me to draw up a resolution on the death of another member who had met his unexpected end by mistaking a highwayman for a motion-picture actor, and when the daily newspaper printed my protest—signed "Indignant Citizen"—against the crowded condition of the cars for our district, I made up my mind to obtain a type-writer, look up the business references of the Muses, and become a litterateur.

Of course I was familiar with type-writers in the distance; but as I had always considered them a mechanical nonentity associated in a desultory way with the business life of stenographers, I did n't know any more about their temperament or personality than I did about vacuum-cleaners or aëroplanes or pay-as-you-enter coin-boxes, or any other familiar thing that we trip over every day of our lives. So I sent for an agent.

The machine came incased in a water-proof cover to protect it from rain, flying oil, and such things that it would naturally encounter in an office. Later the agent came.

He took off the cover in the manner in which a waiter discloses a specially uninteresting dish at a hotel, and began immediately.

"The visible type-writer," he announced, "has practically driven out any other kind. The Pammerton is, above all, visible."

"I knew that," I said, "the moment I saw it." It was just as well, I thought, not to appear absolutely ignorant; and, then, I could n't see any well-founded defense of the invisible kind. To be sure, it would never look out of place in a room, or clash with the most exacting decorative treatment; but, then, one might place it somewhere and forget where, or leave it on a chair by mistake. All in all—

"The Pammerton," he continued, "has a tabulator, a back spacer, a marginal release, a two-ribbon device, non-friction type-bar, segment shift, automatic ribbon-reverse, and universal keyboard—" And he went on in the way that a department-store elevator-boy announces the contents of a floor.

"I presume," I said, just to show that I was acquainted with mechanics, "that it has a left-hand drive."

He went on:

"The Pammerton has a lighter touch than any other machine on the market. Notice the action."

He ran off a few random words—words that would come unbidden into any one's mind:

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

"Try the action yourself," he said.

I spread my legs firmly, looked fixedly at the "N" counter, and struck. Something went down, hit another thing, which hit another thing, which went up and collided with the ribbon thing that happened to be coming up, anyway, and I saw a gloriously anemic and half-nourished "B" on the paper.

"Pretty fine," I affirmed, nodding my head slowly and pursing my lips; "never felt a nicer—action."

"Try again," he said.

I plunged again; but my foot slipped, and some twenty of the thingumbobs rose as one man and stuck together. It looked like a mechanical mob scene, and filled me with consternation. The agent soothed their ruffled spirits, and they lay down again.

"The Pammerton," he continued, "has the best two-color device on any machine.

Look at this." He played a short piece with a syncopated bass, and I looked.

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

I saw, but now the sentence was in red. I have never seen a man so impressed with the necessity of political allegiance. I began to suspect that he had senatorial aspirations.

I bent down, adjusted my glasses, and looked carefully here and there. The arrangement of the letters fascinated me.

"I see," I said, with the air of a man used to other arrangements—"I see you have 'Q' followed by 'W'."

"Of course," he said; "that 's the universal keyboard. We could n't take liberties with that."

"Oh, naturally not, certainly not; only—"

And for the life of me I could n't think of any word in my every-day vocabulary that had a "Q" followed by a "W." However, I decided that that was nothing; the type-writer was doubtless a Polish invention.

The agent warmed up and expanded. He showed me the attachment for figuring batting averages. He showed me where his company had made two periods grow where one grew before. There was nothing the machine lacked. He elucidated, expatiated, and commiserated. Finally, after demonstrating the in-built rifle-range, as I remember, he pressed some booklets upon me and departed, leaving the machine to speak for itself.

I saw him safely out, and then crept back to the Pammerton. With feverish haste I pushed in a sheet of note-paper. It came to view slanted at an angle of twenty degrees with everything in sight; but that did n't deter me. I sat down, pulled up my sleeves, and hit the first key that presented itself.

With a whirring of wheels, the whole top story of the contrivance shot across a ten-inch horizon with the speed of a motion-picture express-train, and came to a stop with a grinding of brakes and a clanging of bells.

After it was quite still and had ceased trembling, I came back and looked at it. After a short and cautious examination, I concluded that whatever injuries there were must be internal. So I seized it temerariously by one of its horns and coaxed the excitable thing back. It yielded reluctantly, step by step, clucking as it came.

I made a note of the explosive plunger and started again.

"Now," I said, with teeth clenched and mind resolute—"now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

With the muscular forefinger of the right hand I struck the letters one by one, bravely, slowly, impressively. Then I looked up. There in red appeared:

NOw is teh t8mwf or al; gooof men to cone to th e aif og thier paryt/

I went out early the next morning and bought a fountain-pen.

Our Nature

By GORTON CARRUTH

IF Jones and Mrs. J. have known
The hardship folks go through with
Who have not means enough to own
The proper things to do with,
And then if better fortune brings
A home equipped completely,
With numberless electric things
That do the housework neatly;

So that, from keeping carpets swept
To roasting legs of mutton,
The Joneses scarcely toil except
To push the proper button,
Oh, are they quite contented then,
With comfort showered o'er them?
Not much. They promptly hire men
To press the buttons for them!

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Collection of Sir William Van Horne

Portrait of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and her son, the Marquis of Huntley

By George Romney

(Timothy Cole's Wood-engravings of Masterpieces)